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The American Mercury

Social Security—Fiction or Fact?
by Abraham Epstein

Why Germany Endures Hitler — *S. Miles Bouton*
Prophets Without Honor: 1914-1934 — *Ferdinand Lundberg*
Surrender By Sympathy — *Jules Romains*
The Soviet "Dictatorship" — *Anna Louise Strong*
Myself Upon the Earth — *William Saroyan*
Sam Gompers: Misleader of Labor — *George Simpson*
The Dilemma of Austria — *M. W. Fodor*
The Truth About the Chinese Reds — *Agnes Smedley*
Memoirs of a Wood Pulp Editor — *Ruth L. Porterfield*
Espionage in the Balearics — *Theodore Pratt*
Researchers Vs. Salesmen — *C. C. Furnas*
Sound Facts About Constipation — *W. W. Bauer*
The Farmers Get Tough — *Carey McWilliams*

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

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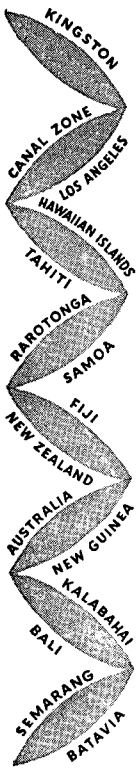

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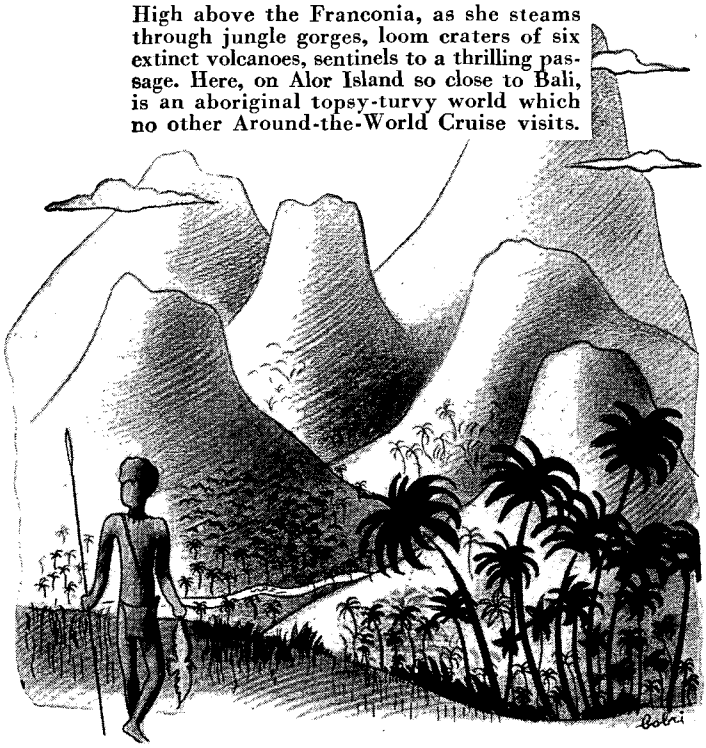

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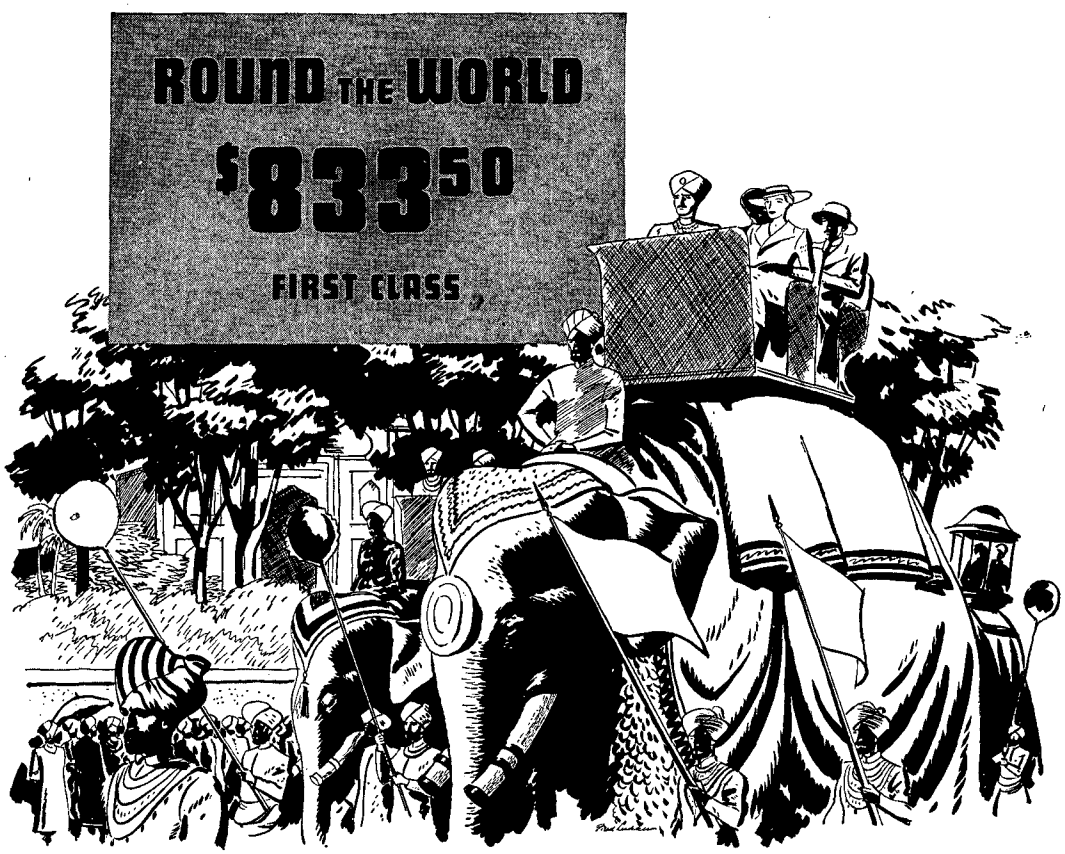

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XXXIII October 1934 NUMBER 130

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Social Security—Fiction or Fact?	Abraham Epstein	129
Surrender by Sympathy	Jules Romains	139
Why Germany Endures Hitler	S. Miles Bouton	149
Prophets Without Honor: 1914-1934	Ferdinand Lundberg	158
The Soviet "Dictatorship"	Anna Louise Strong	169
Memoirs of a Wood Pulp Editor	Ruth L. Porterfield	180
Sam Gompers: Misleader of Labor	George Simpson	185
Researchers vs. Salesmen	C. C. Furnas	193
A Challenge to Science	Alice Lightner	198
The Truth About the Chinese Reds	Agnes Smedley	200
Myself Upon the Earth	William Saroyan	211
Espionage in the Balearics	Theodore Pratt	218
The Dilemma of Austria	M. W. Fodor	221
Sound Facts About Constipation	W. W. Bauer	231
The State of the Union:		
The Corrupt Lower Courts of Philadelphia	J. T. Salter	236
The Farmers Get Tough	Carey McWilliams	241
The Library:		
The Coming American Revolution	Charles Angoff	246
Child Prodigy	Gertrude Diamant	249
White Indians	Flora Warren Seymour	251
John Dewey's Aesthetics	Ernest Sutherland Bates	253
The American Mercury Authors		256
Check List of New Books		iv
Recorded Music		xxiii

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
Charles Angoff, *Editor*
Lawrence E. Spivak, *Business Manager*

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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

A COWMAN'S WIFE.
By Mary Kidder Rak.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$2.75 5½ x 8¼; 292 pp. *Boston*

Life on a large cattle ranch in Southern Arizona as seen through the eyes of a woman who starts out as a tenderfoot and proceeds as rapidly as possible to learn the ropes. The results of her learning provide the greater part of the material for this book. Mrs. Rak has genuine literary ability, and her pages are filled with observations which could emanate from none but a witty and highly imaginative mind. There are vivid descriptions of the landscape, and also of the people who inhabit the region: the trappers, horse-thieves, cow-punchers, and bull-fighters. But most interesting of all is the author's treatment of the animals. In writing about horses and cows, Mrs. Rak describes them as individual personalities, believing that they are no more alike in intelligence or disposition than are human beings.

A SOLDIER IN SCIENCE.
By Bailey K. Ashford. William Morrow & Company
$3.50 5½ x 8½; 425 pp. *New York*

Colonel Ashford joined the Army Medical Corps in 1898, just in time to see active service in Porto. He liked the country, married a Porto Rican lady, and applied himself to the medical problems of the island. His greatest achievement was the discovery that the widespread anemia of the island was caused by hookworm. He organized a clinic for the treatment of the victims, and in the end managed to relieve almost the whole population. For this notable feat he got credit abroad, especially in Germany, but in the United States there was a disposition to give his bays to others. Now, however, his work is recognized everywhere. He helped to organize the School of Tropical Medicine at San Juan and is a professor on its staff. His book is briskly written, and constitutes a valuable record. There are fifteen illustrations and a good index.

SWIFT, *or the Egotist.*
By Mario M. Rossi & Joseph M. Hone.
E. P. Dutton & Company
$5 5¾ x 8¾; 418 pp. *New York*

It is always dangerous to sum up any complex human being in a single word, and the effort to do so, in this case, has proved fatal. Messrs. Rossi and Hone have clung to their eccentric theory about Swift's egotism at the expense of numerous distortions of fact and frequent glaring inconsistencies, with the inevitable result that the subject of their work remains as much of an enigma as ever. We are told that he had no aims, yet "he attained his object by writing" and when he "had nothing in view he did not write." He could not go outside himself, but "his work is mainly objective." He was always alone, yet "his friends were a constitutive part of his world." He had no message, yet he exaggerated and overdid sincerity because "he feared that he . . . might not say all he had to say." Hatred was his passion, but in his friendships "all the loving had to come from Swift's side alone." These are a few of the contradictory passages which occur in the introduction, and which mar a work otherwise worthy of praise. The style is forceful and pleasing, and the material is thoughtfully arranged.

GOD'S POCKET.
By Rachael Field. The Macmillan Company
$2 5½ x 8¼; 164 pp. *New York*

This is the story of Samuel Hadlock of Maine, sea captain and showman extraordinary. It is based upon his rather incomplete journals, and upon what memories of him are now extant. For the most part it deals with his adventures in Europe during the early Nineteenth Century. He had taken his traveling show, consisting of two Eskimos and an exhibition of native relics, utensils and weapons, to play the country fairs; his popularity soon increased to the point where crowned heads requested his performance. There is much quotation from the journals, which are those of an unlettered man, who spelled phonetically and knew nothing of English grammar. The story, when Miss Field sticks to it, is interesting and amusing, but her story comments are far from brilliant. She also writes poorly.

MEDICINE

I KNOW *JUST* THE THING FOR THAT!
By J. F. Montague. The John Day Company
$2 5 x 7¾; 265 pp. *New York*

This volume by the medical director of the New York Intestinal Sanitarium at times suffers from a skittish humor, but it is on the whole a very sensible discussion of various disorders—mostly of those that have the abdominal and intestinal regions as their center—and their treatment. There is an index.

Continued on page vi

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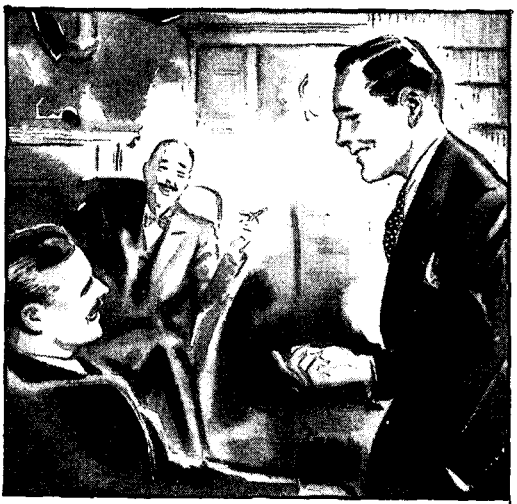

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ALCOHOL AND MAN.

Edited by Haven Emerson.

The Macmillan Company

$3.50 6⅛ x 9½; 451 pp. *New York*

The authors of this book are eminent physicians, psychiatrists, statisticians, physiologists, and biologists. With two exceptions, they are American scientists representing institutions throughout the country. The effort has been to present a source book of facts, avoiding at all times issues of morality. There is careful analysis of the effects of alcohol on the individual and on society, as evidenced by insanity rates, mortality figures, and crime incidence. The book presents a unity unusual in an anthology, an indication of the excellence of the editorial work. It is invaluable to any student of the problem of alcohol, which has not been solved by the Twenty-first Amendment any more than it was solved by the Eighteenth.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE THEORY OF WAGES.

By Paul H. Douglas. *The Macmillan Company*

$5 6⅜ x 9½; 639 pp. *New York*

This book won the $5,000 Hart, Schaffner & Marx prize for the best work on the assigned subject of the theory of wages. Theoretically and statistically it is probably the most elaborate discussion in existence of the forces determining wages. Professor Douglas subscribes, not to the bargaining or exploitation theory of wages, but to the productivity theory, which holds that labor in the long run tends to get the value that it specifically contributes to the product it helps to create. His own chief contributions to the subject are a statistical research which seems to give the productivity theory a more extensive and timely confirmation than it has previously had, and an inductive determination of the precise degree of the elasticity of the demand for labor. Professor Douglas is careful to insist that the productivity theory is merely an explanation of the way in which wages and interest are determined in a competitive and capitalistic society, and must not be taken as an ethical justification of the present system or of prevailing wages. Unfortunately his style is heavy and technical, and his material is badly organized. A summary of his findings and conclusions is sorely needed, and his final chapter falls far short of supplying it. There is a fifty-five page bibliography, and an index.

Continued on page viii

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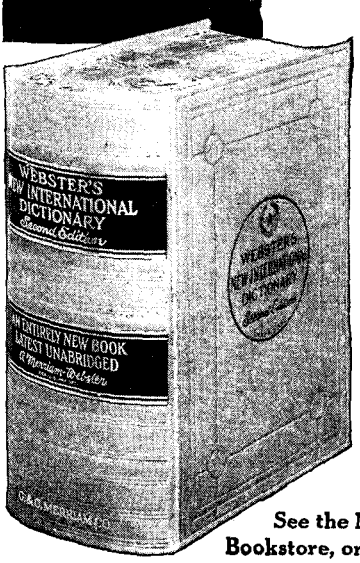

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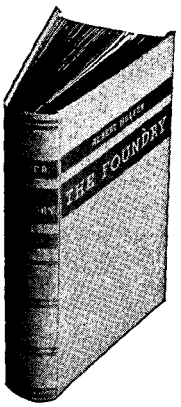

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Page ix

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THE CHINESE SOVIETS.
By Victor A. Yakhontoff. *Coward-McCann*
$2.75 5¾ x 8¾; 296 pp. *New York*

A highly readable and thoroughly documented study of the Communist movement in China—its background, origins, development, present status, and possibilities for future conquests. "The Chinese Soviets" has the clarity and sequence of a text-book without its tediousness. Those whose ideas of China are based on stories of the renowned Dr. Fu Manchu will do well to read this realistic study of what is happening in the land of the Celestial Empire to-day. In answer to the pressing question, Can Communism triumph in China?, General Yakhontoff declares that since foreign help to Nanking and other enemies of Soviet China is largely responsible for the prolongation of the struggle, it is reasonable to assume that, "were this support withdrawn, most, if not all, of China would turn Communist within a very short time." There are valuable appendices—reprints of important documents in contemporary Chinese history, a chronological table, and an index.

HISTORY

TWILIGHT IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY.
By Reginald Johnston.
The D. Appleton-Century Company
$5 6¼ x 9¼; 486 pp. *New York*

An account of the "twilight" period of the Manchu occupation of the Forbidden City. In order to lend additional lucidity to his history, Sir Reginald traces political developments in China as far back as 1898, and carries his story through to the emergence of Manchuria in 1931. But the actual "twilight" is represented by the thirteen years that elapsed between the establishment of the Republic in 1912 and the expulsion of P'u-Yi from the imperial palace by the "Christian General" in 1924. During this time the author served as Imperial Tutor to the boy-emperor, and therefore gained an inside knowledge of important events and personalities. The book contains numerous interesting illustrations as well as a brief preface written by the Emperor himself in Chinese.

FLORIDA OLD AND NEW.
By Frederick W. Dau. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$5 6½ x 9½; 377 pp. *New York*

Mr. Dau's book contains a wealth of interesting facts about Florida from the days of Ponce de Leon, who landed in 1513 to search for the fountain of youth, on down to the time of the sensational real-estate boom of 1925. The rise and destruction of the Huguenot Colonies, the period of Spanish colonial

Continued on page xi

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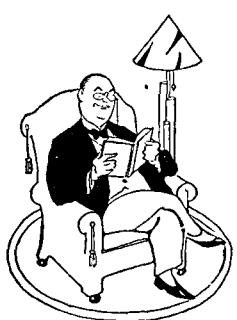

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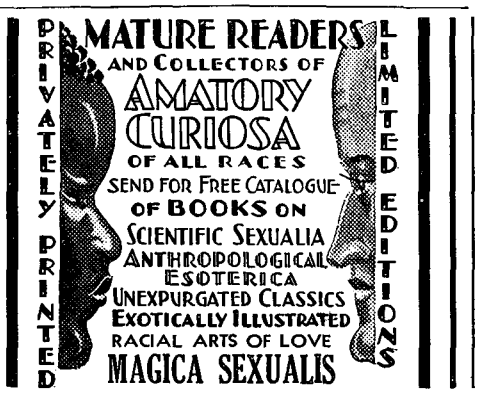

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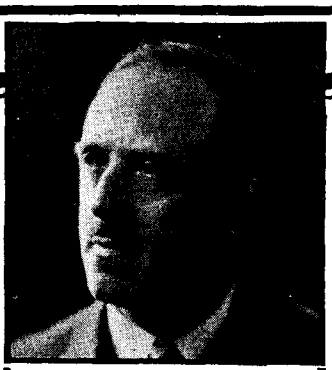

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Continued from page viii

life, the later revolt from British control, the War of 1812, the Indian War, and the slow and laborious reconstruction which followed the war with the Union—these and many other important historical events are discussed in this work. Also there are a number of miscellaneous chapters dealing with early Florida banks, early newspapers, forts, penitentiaries, agricultural products, and problems of government and education. Mr. Dau has covered his field both accurately and thoroughly, although from the standpoint of style and organization the book leaves much to be desired. There are numerous maps and illustrations, and there is a very adequate index.

POETRY

FRONTIERS.
By Daniel Henderson. *Bruce, Humphries*
$2 6½ x 9½; 92 pp. *Boston*

A collection of historical ballads which tell with pictorial vividness and dramatic power the story of frontier life in America. Whalers, planters, rangers, buffalo-hunters—these and other colorful figures move before the reader's eyes. Mr. Henderson combines the qualities of poet and historian, and his simple verses are imbued with much of the strength and color of pioneer life. The volume also contains several short lyrics which add little to the value and detract considerably from the unity of the book as a whole.

DAEMON IN THE ROCK.
By Edwin Richardson Frost. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$1.50 5½ x 8; 61 pp. *New York*

The verses herein are mainly schoolboy gibberish. Most of the poems are rendered incomprehensible by the most obscure of metaphors, and the rest contain words which have not appeared in an up-to-date dictionary for many years. Mr. Frost is a very young man, and may perhaps be excused on the grounds that he is suffering from the adolescent form of mysticism, but he had better learn of other things than the lesser Greek gods, or his future literary effusions will suffer a much worse fate than theirs.

Continued on page xiii

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Continued from page xi

THE ARTS

THE STORY OF ENGLAND'S ARCHITECTURE.
By Thomas E. Tallmadge.
W. W. Norton & Company
$4 5 x 8⅝; 363 pp. *New York*

Rather curiously, this is the first book on English architecture that attempts to cover the whole field. There is a rich literature on each of the periods, and especially on the Gothic, but never before has a writer essayed to run the whole gamut from the Roman ruins and Saxon vestiges to the latest confections of living architects. Mr. Tallmadge writes pleasantly, and out of a rich knowledge of his subject. He has apparently inspected nearly all the English buildings worth seeing, whether old or new, and what he has to say about them is always sensible and often pungent. His illustrations, unfortunately, are not as good as his text. The printing of the halftones is too pale, and there are not enough explanatory line-cuts. At the end is a long list of "places of architectural" interest, followed by a sketch map and an index.

A HISTORY OF SPANISH PAINTING.
By Chandler Rathfon Post.
The Harvard University Press
$7.50 6⅜ x 9¾; 357 pp. *Cambridge*

This is Volume V in Professor Post's monumental history of Spanish painting. It deals with the schools of Seville and Cordova in the latter part of the Fifteenth Century, especially the work of Master Alfonso and Bermejo. Of the latter Professor Post says: "Despite the readiness with which he absorbed foreign influences, he is always fundamentally Spanish. Indeed, he may be taken as the very type of the Spanish painter of the Middle Ages, not, perhaps, because his art is more strongly imbued with indigenous qualities than that of certain other medieval masters of the peninsula, but because, being a superior artist, he clothes the national qualities more authoritatively and impressively." There are 113 illustrations, a bibliography, an index of names of artists, and an index of places.

TRAVEL

ESKIMO YEAR.
By George Miksch Sutton. The Macmillan Company
$3 5¾ x 8½; 321 pp. *New York*

Dr. Sutton, who is curator of birds at Cornell, went to Southampton Island, at the entrance to

Continued on page xv

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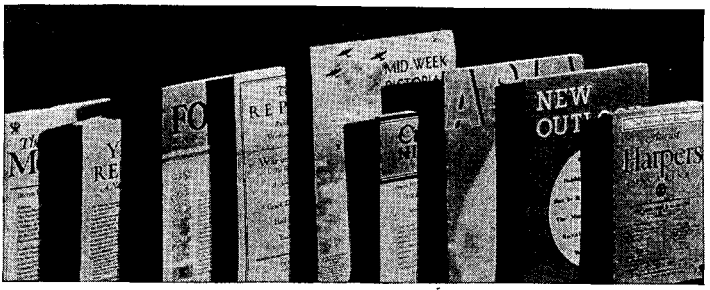

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Continued from page xiii

Hudson Bay, in the Summer of 1929, and spent a year there with the Eskimos. Southampton Island, which the Eskimos call Shugliak, is more than twice as large as Massachusetts, but it has only a few hundred inhabitants, and all of them are relatively recent settlers. Dr. Sutton found that they are largely of mixed blood, and that they have abandoned their primitive garb, at least in mild weather, for store pants, sweaters and golf-caps. But they still know how to make snowhouses, and Dr. Sutton gives an amusing account of his first night in one. He covered most of the island in his search for birds, and writes briskly of his adventures, none of which seems to have been perilous. There are some photographs and pen sketches, but a map is lacking.

ATTENDING MARVELS: *A Patagonian Journal.* *By George Gaylord Simpson.*

The Macmillan Company

$3 6⅛ x 9¼; 295 pp. *New York*

Dr. Simpson, who is associate curator of vertebrate paleontology at the American Museum of Natural History, went to the Patagonian *barranca*, or bad lands, in search of the fossils of extract animals. He made a rich haul, and he describes in some detail his methods of work. But he devotes a great deal less space to his quest than to the country and its people. They live miserably in a remote, half-starved and horribly wind-swept land, but he found them pleasant folk nevertheless, with a keen sense of the amenities. They are polite to strangers, but if one would settle down among them one must master the intricacies of their etiquette, which has an almost Medean rigidity. Dr. Simpson has some amusing stories to tell about them, and his narrative in general is unhackneyed and instructive.

AROUND MANHATTAN'S RIM. *By Helen Worden.* *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*

$2.50 6 x 8¾; 302 pp. *Indianapolis*

This is the report of a journey around New York's water-front; Miss Worden had already writ-

Continued in back advertising section, page xviii

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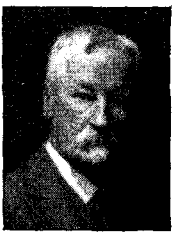

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VOLUME XXXIII NUMBER 130

The American
MERCURY

October 1934

SOCIAL SECURITY—FICTION OR FACT?

BY ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S commitment to a comprehensive program of social insurance on June 8, 1934, fell with the effect of a bomb-shell. Lulled into the belief that the New Deal had more than fulfilled its promises, the American public was surprised to learn that something strangely new was still in the offing. "Next winter," said the President in his message to the expiring Congress, "we may well undertake the great task of furthering the security of the citizen and his family through social insurance." On June 29 he appointed a Committee on Economic Security, composed of four members of the Cabinet and Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Emergency Relief Administrator. With the aid of a technical staff and an advisory council of national leaders, this committee is authorized to study social insurance and to recommend legislation.

A White House statement issued in conjunction with the committee appointment stated that the studies will include almost every phase of our economic and social hazards. "In dealing with social insurance," the statement read, "facts will be gathered and analyzed with regard to unemployment compensation, old age pensions, workmen's compensation, health insurance, mothers' pensions, maternity benefits, and insurance against the special hazards of self employment in small businesses and agriculture."

The President's announcement, as I have said, caused a furore. Although social insurance schemes have been in practical operation in some countries for nearly half a century, only the sensational pronouncement by the President himself rescued the subject from the taboo to which the press and even the academic world in the United States had consigned it these many years. Until recently, the subject of social insurance was flaunted only on placards in farcical Communist stage demonstrations. Since the President's message, a plethora of articles, editorials and interviews with omniscient industrial magnates has flooded newspapers and magazines throughout the country. Social insurance has even become a "proper" topic of discussion in the best of homes. As with Coué-ism, the New Era, and Technocracy, the unpretentious subject of social insurance in turn is presented as an instrumentality of wonder-working and Utopian powers. Enthusiastic writers are elaborat-

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ing plans so grandiose and enticing that for many years to come they will probably remain the envy of all Utopian dreamers. In the rush to acclaim a new panacea little effort is made to understand the essential meaning of social insurance. The American people are definitely in danger of being again carried away by perfectionist promises.

II

The student of social insurance must first of all impress the fresh converts that social insurance is not a cure-all. It cannot bring in Utopia. Social insurance does not aim to *abolish* the ills of capitalism. Unemployment insurance will not abolish unemployment. Old age insurance cannot wipe out old age indigence. Sickness insurance can no more eliminate the evils of illness than workmen's compensation laws, which have been in existence for over twenty years in this country, have been able to eliminate industrial accidents. Not only is social insurance incapable of abolishing these ills but its technique cannot readily be adjusted to meet the problems of all sectors of our population, particularly the farmers and the self-employed. Social insurance, in short, cannot basically change a social system.

Nevertheless, social insurance is extremely worthwhile. We buy and think highly of life insurance even though the agent, while promising us everything else, does not throw in a guarantee against death to boot. Without claiming to abolish our present day evils, social insurance does offer the best means so far devised for the most feasible alleviation of the major economic evils resulting from our present industrial order. It is worth consideration even if it alleviates only 70 to 80% of our extant hazards.

The significance of social insurance can best be understood by an analysis of the nature of our economic evils today. These arise principally from the fact that most of us depend for our livelihood upon a job over which we have no control and which pays us a wage or a salary only when we work. (The question of wage adequacy is not raised here.) Whenever, for one reason or another, we cannot work, our wages—the very means of our livelihood—cease. It is this loss of the wage rather than of the job *per se* which brings us to economic grief. Few of us are made unhappy by joblessness as such. Our ministers may preach about the inalienable right to work as necessary to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but many of us know that getting to work with the factory whistle is not in the least essential to our pursuit of happiness; nor does the lack of work as such interfere either with our life or our liberty. It is the fact that capitalist economy allows no pay for enforced idleness which creates our chief source of economic affliction. If by some device our pay, or at least a considerable part of it, could be restored for an appreciable period when through no fault of our own we are not permitted to work, the worst nightmare of a crisis would be dispelled. It is this assurance of some continuation of income, not the direct restoration of the job, which is the chief aim of social insurance.

There are many roads today which lead to the loss of pay. The reader thinks immediately, of course, of unemployment which means simply that employers are unable to offer jobs to millions of willing hands and brains. But in normal times sickness constitutes an even greater hazard. Old age either makes it impossible to hold on to a job, or, as is mostly the case now, makes employers hesitate to give jobs. Then there are accidents and invalidity.

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There are the widows and orphans who have lost their bread-winners. There are periods of maternity and, of course, many other minor factors which prevent one from earning a living.

These roads are strewn with economic wrecks. Despite our statistical obsession with the number of hogs, sheep, bales of cotton, stocks and bonds, and fancy "sociological" correlations, we remain, even after five years of the most devastating depression, the only industrial nation without any approximate knowledge of the number of our unemployed. Their number during this depression had been variously estimated all the way from eight to eighteen million, with the probability that one guess was as good as another. From two to three millions of our people are sick every day in the year. When the wage-earner is ill he not only receives no wages, but must, while lying on his back, provide at the same time for his family and pay the exorbitant medical, drug and sometimes hospital charges. There occur in the United States approximately three million industrial accidents every year. It is also conservative to say that about three millions of our nearly seven million aged are dependent upon others for support. We have nearly five million widows of whom a considerable proportion are without any means of their own and with dependents to support. Even ignoring all other hazards, this goodly number should provide us with sufficient headaches.

It will be readily conceded that there is no easy way of solving these difficulties by the mere stroke of a pen. No form of political government can today meet these hazards 100%. Social insurance advocates would be extremely foolhardy to claim a complete solution of these problems. They merely offer a device, which experience has proved to be the most practicable and effective means so far discovered, of alleviating the present ills to the greatest extent possible under our present social structure.

The social insurance rabbit is not pulled out of a hat by a code of cabalistic hocus pocus. The method of social insurance is neither mysterious nor magical. Its underlying concept is thoroughly familiar to Americans. Essentially it represents the highest development of the mechanics of insurance conceived in medieval times and preached to us daily by thousands of insurance agents. Is there a soul alive who has not been told by his insurance agent that by paying one premium of say $20 a year his home can be insured against fire up to $10,000? When his house burns down, the policy-holder has no hesitation in collecting the full amount of $10,000 although he may have paid only one $20 premium. Moreover, neither those who are terrorized by the social effects presumed to result from "getting something for nothing," nor the policy-holders who have paid premiums for years and whose houses have never burned, rise in stormy protest against this "outrage." The same applies to life insurance. One widow shamelessly collects $10,000 upon her husband's death although he had made only one premium payment, while other husbands continue to pay premiums their entire lives which may ultimately bring them no more than what they actually paid in.

Why do we no longer protest, as we used to a century ago, that this system encourages men to burn their houses and to commit suicide out of love for their wives? Because, regardless of these effects, we are somehow aware that this is part of the scheme of insurance which—by blending good, indifferent and bad risks—makes possible immediate benefits to those who suffer, at the same time giving assurance of future protection for all the

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insured. The insurance company is able to do this because in distributing the risk widely it knows from the laws of actuarial science that only a certain proportion of houses burn every day and only a certain number of men die at various ages. The fact that neither all houses are expected to burn nor all men to die at one and the same time makes it possible to guarantee the full policy protection to every insured. This is known as the principle of the *distribution of the risk*.

III

Why are we not using insurance on a wider scale? Why do we remain the least insured industrial nation despite the indefatigable and worthy endeavors of our towering insurance temples and the scores of thousands of insurance agents? Why is insurance in this country limited largely to life insurance? Why is the insurance carried by the masses of wage-earners limited only to burial insurance and insufficient even for that? The fault certainly does not lie with our mighty insurance giants. On the contrary, they have long and eagerly sought to sell us protection against sickness, accidents, annuities for old age, and they would not hesitate to write unemployment insurance. They valiantly struggle to sell us more life insurance and have repeatedly urged us to buy other forms of insurance.

Although we readily concede the correctness of the insurance agent's arguments that without insurance protection life will be tragic for our widows and orphans, that our old age and sickness will be despairing while our afflictions will be unbearable in unemployment, we nevertheless do not buy more insurance. Our answer is made for us. We just can't afford it. Since each of us is expected to bear the entire cost of the policies our wages and salaries do not permit us to pay out hundreds of dollars a year for such protection. For the insurance companies not only ask us to pay the full cost of the insurance itself but add from 25 to 50% more to cover the cost of overhead—the price for the insurance agent's endeavors to *sell* us insurance. And so we remain unprotected, unprovided for and fall victims to every misfortune that befalls us or our families.

It is at this juncture that social insurance comes to the rescue. First, social insurance tries to reduce the cost of insurance. By extending the insurance to large classes of workers throughout a State, or preferably the nation, the widest spread of the risk is attained. By making it compulsory upon large categories of workers who pay their small contributions through their employers, the vast army of insurance agents and highly paid officials are eliminated, with the resultant saving on an average of at least one-third of the cost.

In addition, social insurance seeks to remove the chief obstacle to more complete insurance by making possible also the *distribution of the total cost*. Social insurance to be worth its salt does not place the burden upon one group alone but seeks to divide it among all sectors of society. Ideally it endeavors to place the heaviest burden upon those elements in the community which can best afford to bear it. In other words, only a part of the costs of social insurance against the various hazards of modern life is placed upon the workers themselves. One share is borne by industry—which, in due time, transfers it back to the consumer—while another share must be borne by the government, which should raise this money from those in the community who possess the most, namely the recipients of high incomes and large inheritances. Through this plan the

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instrumentality of insurance can not only be made available to the mass of wage earners against practically all common risks, but there is also achieved a real distribution of the burden and a more equitable adjustment in our social and economic life. Since the evils arising from our present social organization are intrinsic to our present society as a whole, it is obviously fair and just to ask every element in the community to help bear its just share according to its means.

This is the ideal aim to which all modern social insurance aspires—a goal not yet attained completely anywhere. The struggle for social insurance has been bitter and prolonged everywhere, and its progress has been slow. In higher or lower form, however, the general method of social insurance is now applied in over sixty nations, covering practically all civilized countries whether they be capitalist, Communist, or Fascist. As compared with other industrial nations, the United States stands lowest in the development of social insurance protection.

Of the different risks enumerated above, that of industrial accidents is covered in every civilized country, although in the United States there are still four States without such provisions. Next to industrial accidents the illness of the worker is the most commonly insured risk. Sickness insurance, although in operation practically all over Europe, in some South American countries and in Japan, is still non-existent in the United States. Most industrial nations also provide benefits in case of permanent invalidity as well as for maternity, subjects hardly mentioned with us. Protection for survivors or widows and orphans exists in a great many nations, while the United States, although a pioneer in this field, remains with perhaps only about half of the problem met. Compulsory unemployment insurance systems are now in effect in thirteen leading countries. Since the Wisconsin Unemployment Reserve Act, just put into effect, completely violates every principle of social insurance, America still remains without any insurance protection for its unemployed.

IV

The fact that, despite our high industrial development, our public mind is least educated to the principles of social security devolves upon the New Deal a cautious policy in developing a social insurance program for the United States lest it be scuttled from its start. American workers today are the most helpless and economically unprotected in the whole industrial world. The dole in its most degrading forms flourishes nowhere to the extent it does in the United States. But the lack of social security is not entirely the result of our failure to discuss the subject in our legislative halls. Our workmen's compensation movement is nearly fifty years old. Agitation for old age pensions dates back thirty years. There was a considerable movement for health insurance nearly twenty years ago and unemployment insurance schemes have been discussed off and on for more than twenty years.

Why, then, has the movement for social insurance made so little progress in the United States? The limited space here would not permit a full discussion of this question even if a complete and accurate answer could be given. We must content ourselves with a bare outline of some of the major factors.

First, it must be remembered that we are among the youngest nations industrially, barely a generation old. It was but natural that in a land of almost inexhaustible agrarian and industrial frontiers we

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should not be impressed at once with the social evils arising out of our industrial society.

Second, social insurance legislation has been largely brought about in other countries by the trade unions and the radical and Socialist political parties. We have had no radical political movement in the United States with any real influence, while the American trade union movement had for years opposed every form of social legislation. President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor was originally opposed to the enactment of even workmen's compensation laws. He was against old age pension legislation until overruled by the rank and file. The A. F. of L. remained bitterly opposed to unemployment insurance up to three years ago. It has as yet not cleared its record from absolute opposition to health insurance which it combated about fifteen years ago in conjunction with the National Civic Federation and the insurance companies.

Third, there is the unusual difficulty confronting us in the variety of legal jurisdictions and the limited powers of Congress. Social legislation so far has been the prerogative of the 48 States, and the record of Congress in this respect is almost sterile. Also, unlike other countries, no act of Congress or State legislature even after approval by the President or Governor, when inevitably challenged by the opposition, is law until at least five out of the nine or four out of the seven judges on our courts of appeal say so. An unfavorable decision of an appellate court on social legislation usually puts the movement back many years.

Fourth, the opposition to social legislation in the United States has been by far more vicious and subtle than that in other countries. American employers are well and thoroughly organized to block labor legislation. More menacing even than the employers themselves are their professional agitators—the host of "research" directors and secretaries of chambers of commerce, manufacturers' associations, trade groups, etc., who must justify their high salaries by baiting their employers into a belief that catastrophe is upon them whenever the mildest necessary changes in labor legislation are suggested. This is accomplished with the most brazen hypocrisy. American employers' organizations rarely oppose labor legislation on purely economic grounds. Labor laws are fought not so much on grounds of cost which presumably industry cannot afford, but usually on the patriotic and moral grounds that even the slightest reform endangers the very foundation of the Republic by encouraging thriftlessness, undermining ambition, and degrading the ideals upon which this nation has been built. American employers always maneuvre to fight chiefly for the ideals of the Founders. This sentimental blah is immediately taken up by the press and sometimes even by the courts, with the result that even the most elementary reforms, have had a difficult road to travel.

Fifth, there is the inherent difficulty presented by the type of our legislator. Legislative committees are too frequently made up of new, inexperienced and sometimes very ignorant men. To such a committee in either Congress or State legislature it is futile to present a comprehensive plan or an integrated program of legislation. The average legislator is convinced that in the United States even a fragmentary program will somehow accomplish wonders. As a rule, he cannot possibly see the need of planning for longer periods than a year or two. Moreover, with little understanding of the in-

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herent forces in capitalist society, he looks at each crisis as the last crisis.

Because social legislation in the United States seldom has received the militant support of labor itself, while radical political parties are non-existent in our legislative halls, the movement for social legislation remains to this day more in the nature of a philanthropic reform movement rather than a powerful economic struggle between more or less equally powerful forces. Whatever progress has been accomplished has been due entirely to the small group of individuals banded together in private associations, who fight more or less militantly against almost universal and overwhelming opposition. This not only accounts for the very slow and piecemeal achievements of our social legislation but also for the emasculation of measures between their introduction and their passage in order to please everybody.

V

In view of our social-legislative backwardness and stupendous difficulties, the task before the President's Committee on Economic Security becomes manifest. In devising a program for social insurance for submission to the next Congress it must first of all determine the following basic questions: (1) Shall the law be on a Federal basis or shall it be left to the individual States? (2) How comprehensive a program shall the New Deal sponsor? (3) What principles must underlie such a program?

Most writers on the subject justly argue that only a Federal program is worth consideration. The President himself urges that "social insurance should be national in scope" and obviously this is the superior method. But what chances of success has such a program? Prior to the New Deal the Congressional record of social legislation was barren. The enactment of a national child labor law, later nullified by the courts, has actually set the movement back indefinitely. While the permanence of the N.R.A. codes which seem to take care of child labor for the moment is still to be determined, the opposition to the child labor amendment has become stronger than ever. Moreover, the constitutionality of the New Deal legislation is still to be decided upon, and one guess is as good as another in this respect. Should a Federal social insurance act prove unconstitutional the movement will definitely suffer a serious setback.

The device worked out in the Wagner-Lewis bill for unemployment insurance, whereby the Federal government levies an excise tax on all employers of labor, which tax is remitted in the case of employers making similar contributions to a State unemployment insurance fund, is indeed ingenious. But its infallible success may be suspected. Aside from its doubtful constitutionality, the program is essentially based upon the hope that States will be stimulated to enact such legislation because American employers will no longer have reason to oppose these laws on grounds of cost. But this hope is too hopeful. As already indicated, opposition to labor legislation in the United States is rarely based on grounds of cost. American employers have managed to convince themselves that they are fighting for an ideal and for the preservation of the Republic whenever they oppose social legislation. A federal tax of 5% on all industry in the country is not a serious burden and can easily be transferred to production costs. On the other hand, the employers are sure to argue: "How are we to be guaranteed that once a State law is put into operation the contributions may not

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ultimately go higher and higher?" The Federal excise tax will not, in their minds, eliminate the fear of the destruction of the noble structure which their professional agitators make them believe social insurance intrinsically involves.

The Federal subsidy system affords the most feasible and practicable plan at this time. The extension of Federal aid to States is both constitutional and in line with our established traditions. Precedents for such aid are numerous. Despite the serious drawbacks of separate State legislation, it is a historic fact that once a leading State enacts a labor law, it is not long before the majority of the States, or at least the most important and industrial ones, follow suit. Workmen's compensation laws, mothers' pensions, and old age pensions have each in their turn spread over the major part of the United States within half a decade or less. This occurred without any aid from the Federal government. With such aid, in fact, the process would have been materially hastened. By liberal grants-in-aid the Federal government can not only induce the quick adoption of social insurance laws in the most important States, but can also secure and establish adequate standards and a satisfactory uniform administration by conditioning the grant upon satisfactory standards. Such a plan can be made practically as effective as nation-wide legislation; at the same time, all dangers of constitutional nullification are eliminated. Even more important is the consideration that the New Deal has it within its power to provide for an adequate subsidy at once.

How comprehensive should the President's program be made at this time? Since we stand lowest in protective legislation, America obviously needs the most comprehensive program of social insurance. Moreover, as urged by the President in his message to Congress, "the various types of social insurance are interrelated; and I think it is difficult to attempt to solve them piecemeal." Conceding that the program should be as comprehensive as possible, there remains the problem as to *what is possible* at this time. Although this writer, probably more than anyone else, has urged the inauguration of the most comprehensive program, he is frank to say that nearly two decades of struggle for social insurance have made him aware not only of the urgency of this legislation but also of its realistic limitations.

The economic and political considerations which were responsible for the slow and piecemeal progress in this country as well as abroad cannot be lost sight of, since they are as powerful today as before. Of the various phases of social insurance, America is definitely committed to provisions for the aged. There is considerable sentiment in favor of unemployment insurance. But though health insurance is, in fact, as urgently needed, the American people know as yet very little of this subject. They know even less of maternity protection and invalidity insurance. Even the most advanced European systems have been unable to meet fully the problems of the farmer, the upper middle class and the self-employed through the medium of social insurance. Entrenched, formidable forces of opposition exist to each one of these measures. To group all these forms of security, essential as they are, into one comprehensive program at this time will merely consolidate the opposition into an almost insurmountable front. Moreover, without any previous experience in the administration of social insurance, such a scheme may be endangered by the sheer top-heaviness of administration. The lesson of the N.R.A. must not be forgotten so soon. It is not only social need but also

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realistic wisdom which must dictate that the program to be presented to the next Congress deal principally with old age pensions and unemployment insurance. By no means must this program be tied up with land reclamation, housing or decentralization of industry as suggested by some administration spokesmen.

VI

The principles upon which a program for the dependent aged and the unemployed should be based must be faced squarely. Both of these questions present a double problem: immediate provision and a sound future program. No system of contributory insurance can provide for some time for the aged, while an unemployment insurance system cannot offer adequate benefits sooner than a year or two after it is put into operation. To institute only a contributory system of old age insurance would be to place the cart before the horse. Although we must ultimately come to such a scheme, we have a more important mission to perform at this time. As a result of our long neglect of the dependent aged we have accumulated a problem of old age distress such as was never known before. These people must be our first consideration and we must deal with them before we can even pretend to establish security in old age. Clearly, there is no way of collecting contributions from these persons. Contributions presuppose income, but the overwhelming proportion of these aged are jobless, with no hope of ever finding work. They can be provided for only through an adequate system of noncontributory pensions along the lines now established in some of our more liberal States.

In view of the financial handicap of many States, an adequate old age pension system can be achieved only through a Federal subsidy to the States which enact satisfactory laws. Once this problem has been met we can then devise a plan of contributory insurance as a future program for younger people. But the future desirability must not blind us as to the great urgency of the present. It is indeed to be deeply regretted that the President in his desire to formulate a comprehensive system of social insurance failed to help the passage of the Dill-Connery bill, which sought to establish such a system of Federal pension aid. This bill had been favorably reported by both Senate and House committees in two Congresses and the last Congress would have glady enacted it but for the fact that no favorable word for its passage was received from the President.

A similar situation confronts us in the case of the unemployed. Their immediate needs can be met only through an adequate and self-respecting system of direct government relief, supplemented by as wide a program of public works as is economically necessary and socially useful. Since an unemployment insurance system can be made to function much sooner than an old age insurance system, its inauguration should not be postponed for one day.

If it is really our desire to introduce social insurance in this country the plan for unemployment insurance becomes clear. It is plain that the Wisconsin system of individual company unemployment reserves can by no possible stretch of the imagination be considered a social insurance plan. By providing that workers must look only to the meager funds of their own employers, the most elementary principle of insurance—the distribution of the risk—is completely violated. The goal underlying the Wisconsin plan—the prevention of unemployment rather than the continuation of some income during un-

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employment—may be a worthy Utopia, but it is not the aim of realistic social insurance. Any plan to be worth the paper it is written on must at least embody the State-wide pooled fund. Neither social insurance nor real security is possible unless the various risks, good, indifferent and bad, are lumped together. It is socially just to expect help from those who are luckily placed to those who, through no fault of their own, are not so fortunate. Direct governmental contributions must from the start be made a part of the system of unemployment insurance or it will never be made adequate. Without such aid, moreover, the burden will inevitably fall largely on the workers, while those elements in the community who can best afford to help will escape their share. This writer is convinced that in unemployment insurance as well as in old age pensions the Federal subsidy system—rather than the principle of the Wagner-Lewis bill—offers by far the surer method of success and the better solution all around.

Social insurance legislation is the crying need in America today. The opportunity to accomplish something of fundamental social significance is before President Roosevelt. A program of social security based on a realistic and pragmatic appreciation of all the existing political, economic and social forces can be attained in the next Congress. And it is an ancient truth that it is wisest to lay the foundation solidly and slowly so that the structure built upon it will not totter before every strain and stress.

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SURRENDER BY SYMPATHY[1]

BY JULES ROMAINS

MARIE had said to Sammécaud: "I'd rather go there by train. To go the whole way from Paris with you by car would be rather too rash. Meet me with your car at Laroche. I'll take one of the morning expresses. It's a bit farther from Laroche than it is from Saint-Florentin. But the expresses don't stop at Saint-Florentin."

To run no risk of being late, Sammécaud left Paris at seven o'clock in the morning. He had only just bought the car, and he drove it himself. After dreaming about a big Mercédès, he had contented himself with a forty horse-power Bertrand, with a two-seater phæton body, and a rumble seat. The car could do its hundred kilometres an hour over a straight piece of road; and uphill, with cut-out open, it made quite an effective row.

He got there an hour too soon. It was the first time he had had so long to look forward to meeting Marie. He did not find the hour drag too much. He settled himself down in the buffet.

His heart beat like a young man's, and he found himself playing the young man's game of looking at the clock and then looking away. He started on an odd war with time, trying, in turn, to ride roughshod over it, to flatter it, to cheat it, and finally to stare it out of countenance. He tried, too, to anticipate in thought all that would, all that might, happen. His whole body was in a fever, now stiff, now weak as water. Pain was akin to pleasure. He was like a man on the eve of a serious illness, half frightened and half pleased. His impatience was the very reverse of boredom, since it increased his sense of life, splitting up time in a remarkable way, but giving to the innumerable fragments a curious quality of meaning. The minutes were interminable, but each pulsated with significance.

Today for the first time he was to see her getting out of a train and coming towards him among other passengers in the setting of a station. The general situation was easy enough to imagine: somebody dear to you gets out of the train and looks around for you; then, all at once, her face lights up and she comes towards you. But still it was profoundly exciting to see how one particular person, one definite woman, with her own figure, her own way of walking, her own eyes, and no other, would superimpose herself suddenly upon that general idea.

"Starting from some moment now quite close, I shall have a memory, the beginning of a habit, an emotion which will become familiar, which I shall know as: welcoming Marie on a station platform." He reflected that the tissue of love, often very loosely woven, very fragile at the outset, can find nothing that strengthens it better than such typical impressions.

In point of fact, he was even more moved than he had anticipated. When the express stopped, he did not see anybody getting out at first. He had time to run, with all the speed of a dream, through a whole series of

[1] Translated from the French by Warre B. Wells.

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hypotheses of disappointments. Then a woman appeared at a door. It was Marie. She was the only person who got out of the train, the only person who came across the tracks. He felt, without asking himself the reason, that her being all by herself made it much more moving.

She lingered in order to avoid reaching him until the moment when the express left the station. She was holding a little parcel, which must be a present for the boy. She let him kiss her cheek, made a vague gesture of kissing him back, blushed, and looked around her anxiously.

She was delightful, he decided; like a shy morning rose. The excitement of the journey had given her animation, the cold had stung her cheeks to a brighter color. There was an air of freedom in her movements, due, perhaps, to the country station, to the fact that she was far from all her ordinary haunts, that she looked forward to the long hours that stretched before them.

"Don't go too fast. I'm not very warmly dressed, and I'm afraid of catching cold. Besides, we've plenty of time."

"What train are you catching back?"

"There are several. I've made a note of them. There's one about five o'clock, as far as I remember. That's the one I ought to catch. The others are quite late—about dinner-time."

"You mean they get to Paris about ten or eleven o'clock?"

"Yes, about."

"Well, it's one of those that you'll catch, my dear. The latest possible one. Don't be stingy about this day of ours."

"But it gets dark quite early. What are we going to do with ourselves once night falls?"

"We'll think about that when the time comes."

"And what about yourself—don't you mind having such a long drive back at night? It really would be much more sensible if we parted about five o'clock."

"Oh, I'm not going back to Paris tonight."

"How's that?"

"I should have had to explain things at home. And I wanted to avoid doing that in case someone started putting two and two together. I'm supposed to have gone to Lille and that neighborhood, and it's difficult to drive to Lille and back in one day, especially if you do any business on the way."

"Where are you going to sleep?"

"I don't know. At Sens, perhaps."

He looked at her. He was tempted to make a bold addition to his words. The wind of their passage, the purring of the car, created the illusion of a world of adventure, of a gay, end-of-the-winter world. A world for men of twenty.

A poignant thought shot through him.

"I was twenty once. In those days people must have talked just as ecstatically as they do today about 'being twenty.' I used to hear them, or I used to read about it. Did I ever realize that it applied to myself, that I was one of the men of twenty, that it was about my own good fortune that people were so enthusiastic? . . . No, I don't remember that I ever did. What veil is it that's drawn, what is the evil spell, which prevents one at that age from seeing a happiness in oneself that the whole world is busy pointing out?"

All the more reason, when one was past forty and when one had a sudden illusion of being twenty again, to snatch at it, to make it truly one's own by some desperate enterprise. The young man is so often shy and silly; the mature man too polite, too circumspect. Twenty does not think much of itself except in retrospect. The best way of being twenty, of being it most intensely,

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of being twenty for an hour, was just this way that comes, as a momentary illusion, to a man in his middle years.

II

He leant towards Marie, the word "sleep" buzzing in his head, giving form to the pulsing of his temples, turning into the dizziness of desire. But just at the moment when he was going to murmur into her ear a question which would contain that word "sleep," so voluptuous, so equivocal, so evocative of warm sheets and soft pillows, he said to himself that he could never manage to say it, even in the simplest sentence, without making it sound a shocking liberty and causing Marie to blush for having used it herself.

As for saying it in an offhand way, that would be a crime; it would be like throwing cold water on that burning, buzzing word that throbbed in his head. Much better keep it to himself. He might content himself with some apparently blameless sentence, in which only the intention, the stress, would be bold, such as: "Perhaps you could arrange not to go home until tomorrow morning"; but that wouldn't be the same thing. It was the idea of "going to bed" that counted, not that of spending the night at one place or another. And what was intoxicating about it was not so much the making of a practical suggestion to Marie—there was no hurry about that—as the pouring into her ears, at that very moment, all the caressing, suggestive sense of a word.

But the prudence of middle age stopped him. He had pledged himself not to frighten her. Just for the sake of a moment's intoxication he was not going to put her on her guard prematurely and spoil all the chances of the day.

Even so, his movement, followed by his silence, had had something rather disturbing about them. Marie turned her eyes away and blushed slightly.

They were making their way along a stony, slippery road, between wintry trees.

"This is where the forest begins," she said. "You'll see how fine it is. Or, at least, I find it fine, even in winter. Don't you think so? All those little branches—see how delicate they are—and the color of the sky at this time of year."

"What's the name of the forest?"

"The Forêt d'Othe. Such an old-sounding name, isn't it? I can't tell you all the things it makes me think about. I'm still very childish in some ways. The Forêt d'Othe: I imagine people of another age, in armor, Burgundians, and everything you can think of in the way of fights and flights in the depths of woods like this. It must have been a fine place to hide yourself, to take refuge. We have to pass through a little village called Arces. Have you got a map?"

"Yes, there's one there, in that kind of pocket just in front of you."

"I think we've chosen the best way. If you follow the valley, the road is better. But it's straighter this way, and we stay in the forest longer. As it's such a fine day, the bad surface doesn't matter so much."

"Show me where we are."

"About here, I think."

She smiled. She was quite proud of being able to find out where they were, of being able to direct him. With her little finger she pointed to a spot on the map. Her nail moved quickly to and fro along part of the road that cut through the long green mark of the Forêt d'Othe. Sammécaud seized the finger that was so demurely minding its own business, raised it to his lips, bit it, and kissed her hand.

She looked at him tenderly, smiled, made a little face at him, and then glanced back

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at the map, as though to say: "Can't you be serious? How do you expect me to guide you properly?"

A little farther on, he took advantage of a cross-road to pretend that he was not sure of the way. He stopped the car.

"Show me where we are now."

She smiled again, by way of showing that she was not taken in. Then she unfolded the map and pointed to a cross-road.

"I think it's here."

But her finger contented itself with barely touching the paper.

Sammécaud leant over the map; then he put his arm around her shoulder, drew her head towards him, and kissed her face. She managed to confine his kisses to her neck, her cheeks, the corner of her mouth. Meanwhile she kept her eyes on the little road which they were about to leave to the left. She snuggled up to her friend, and said:

"Look over there. I don't like to see the forest coming to an end. I love the places where you can feel that it shuts you in completely in all directions."

They reached the first houses of Arces.

"I'm wondering, my dear, what plans you've made about lunch."

"None at all."

"What do you do as a rule? You don't lunch with these forest-rangers of yours, do you?"

"Yes, sometimes. But then I tell them beforehand."

"And this time you haven't told them?"

"I just told them that I was coming, without arranging anything else. I thought perhaps you mightn't like to eat with people like that; and also that it would make things more embarrassing, because they might be led to ask you questions."

He noticed a little hotel.

"The point is that, if we pay our visit there now, it will be very late for lunch afterwards. And anyway they'll want us to stay. You're not afraid of the food being too bad in this inn?"

"Oh no, I should love to lunch there, I adore little inns."

She knew very little about them. M. de Champcenais avoided them when they were driving together, not so much from snobbishness as because he was convinced that they gave you bad food and rough wine, and that there were draughts under every door. These inconveniences were not compensated, in his eyes, by picturesqueness and poetry, because he had no sense of such things.

Marie could appreciate them, though perhaps in a rather conventional way. But when she had done getting excited about this aspect of them, she experienced in such places a feeling which was quite sincere and which she could not explain: a kind of profound tranquillity, which was like nothing else, evolving something that was buried deep in her childhood, almost beyond memory.

They sat down in a sunny little room, at a table between two windows. On a table-cloth with red squares they were served a meal which they pronounced excellent. It was the first time that they had had one alone together.

At the end of it Sammécaud said suddenly:

"There are bound to be rooms here. And, to judge by what we've seen, they should be quite simple, of course, but very clean. I'm wondering whether it wouldn't be a good idea if I stayed here for the night. It would be a pleasant memory, and I shouldn't feel our parting so much."

He made inquiries. They offered to show him some rooms.

"Come with me. You can help me choose."

The landlady asked:

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"A room with a double bed?"

". . . Yes," said Sammécaud, in an oddly hesitant way.

Marie seemed a bit embarrassed in the landlady's presence. But she went with them.

On her advice, Sammécaud chose a rather fine room, with a high provincial bed, a big blue plush arm-chair, a round table, and a gray couch.

He asked them to light a fire, and said that he would be back in the evening.

III

The forest-ranger's house was a little off the road, in a small clearing which was continued, behind it and to the left, by a long path between the trees, like a horse-track.

The first person they saw was the boy. He was standing behind a small wooden fence. He watched them coming. His hand was clenched on the bevelled top of one of the stakes. It made him look as though he were holding a weapon.

He was rather tall, his head sunk between very square shoulders. It was big, though not enormous, and curiously shaped. The chin and forehead were both small, and between them the face seemed to swell, so that it looked like a bell-shaped pot crowned by a little round lid, an appearance that was enhanced by the cap-like shape of the short, thick hair.

Despite himself, Sammécaud glanced at Marie, amazed that such a child should have such a mother.

The boy kept on watching their approach, without making any move. He had rather prominent eyes, far apart. His expression was serious, almost hard. But as they came nearer, he started smiling. He stared at his mother as he smiled, paying no attention to Sammécaud. It was by no means a sheepish smile, but a slow, a profound one.

Marie had tears in her eyes. She spoke to her friend quickly, in a low voice, without looking at him, as though she wanted to forestall anything he might say, or even think.

"Later on, I'll arrange to leave you alone with him. You can have all the time you want. And then you'll tell me, won't you?"

"Marc, take Monsieur to see the tree you were telling me about. . . . No, I can't come with you. I'm a bit tired. I'll wait for you here. When you come back, Monsieur will take you driving in his car."

The boy made no reply, glanced at Sammécaud, and led him towards the path which plunged into the woods. He walked with a steady stride, which was already that of a grown-up. Still, his breath came in short pants, like that of somebody who has just been running. Sammécaud noticed that his eyes were the same color as his mother's, though their blue might be a bit harder and more opaque. His hair was a darker brown.

(Sammécaud experienced a strange, though not a really painful, sense of bitterness as he noted these resemblances. He did not avoid the idea that this boy was the son of the woman he loved. On the contrary, he clung to it, obsessed by the ambiguous emotion which he derived from it.)

As the boy said nothing, Sammécaud asked him:

"What is this tree you're taking me to see?"

"An oak—that we cut down—my father and I."

At these words, "my father," which evidently meant the forest-ranger, Sammécaud felt a queer tingling in his cheeks, as though he had experienced a personal affront.

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The boy had a harsh, broken voice. He had spoken the sentence in three portions, as though it were a piece of romantic poetry, with marked pauses. He pronounced his words queerly. But did he owe that to his education or to some personal idiosyncrasy?

"You like that kind of work, eh?"

"It's not everybody that can do it," said the boy. "I'll bet that you—you wouldn't know how."

"Oh, I'm sure I shouldn't!"

"I bet you'd use the ax just anyhow. And probably you couldn't keep it up long, either. You don't look very strong in the arms. And you'd never think of roping the tree."

"That reminds me, you must show me just how you rope it."

"You'd never think of roping the tree."

He repeated his sentence in a different tone, which seemed to make a statement and convey a reproach at the same time. Then he added:

"And all of a sudden the tree would come down and hit you in the mug."

He burst into a laugh which sounded cruel.

"Is that real malice?" Sammécaud asked himself. He reflected that feeble-minded people often betray a naïve ferocity. But at this moment little Marc took him by the hand and looked up at him with friendly eyes.

"It isn't malice necessarily. When I go through the workshops, I hear the workmen making jokes in that tone. In the same way, he didn't mean to be rude when he said 'mug.' It's just the kind of thing he would pick up in a forest-ranger's house. It's true that the schoolmaster on the bicycle Marie told me about, and the priest—does he come on a bicycle, too, with his cassock tucked up, bumping over the pot-holes?—should have corrected him."

The tree, a magnificent oak, was lying in the middle of a lot of smaller trees. It had snapped off some of their branches in its fall, but otherwise had not damaged them. It had been topped and stripped so that it looked like an immense coffin.

Marc gave a precise explanation of the felling. He was sometimes confused in what he said, but never in what he meant. He seemed to take a very keen interest in work of this kind. Together with childish remarks—which, for that matter, might have come from the mouth of any boy of twelve—he made others which showed seriousness and a kind of precocious maturity.

For example, he said:

"We waited too long. You see, the worms have bored into it. Perhaps half the planks they cut from it will be worm-eaten."

No doubt he was repeating what he had heard the forest-ranger say. But he had made the meaning of it all his own; and he said it with a frown of his low forehead, the expression of a conscientious professional. (Without a trace of that childish showing-off which Wazemmes, his elder by nearly five years, would have put into it.)

Sammécaud was perplexed. With the best will in the world, he could not regard this boy as normal. Nor, on the other hand, could he see in him an imbecile, or even a mental defective. Had he been tempted to do so, he would have been brought up sharp by noticing the way the boy smiled. Malice? Thoughtfulness?—it was difficult to see exactly what they meant.

On the way back to the house he tried to make the boy talk in general about the life he led, what he thought about it, how he felt towards various people.

His questions did not yield very much. Not that Marc's silence seemed due in any way to precaution. There was nothing of

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the whipped dog about him. But perhaps in the environment in which he lived, people were not in the habit of making reflections of this kind. Or else Sammécaud lacked skill in helping to get them out of him.

He gathered, however, that little Marc was not unhappy. Quite the contrary. The forest-ranger and his wife clearly treated him affectionately. It wasn't unlikely that the man sometimes lost his temper with him, or that the woman boxed his ears. But there were also kind words, bread and jam, care and kisses when he caught cold; and Marc was not so sensitive as a little townsman.

Above all, there were his excursions in the forest with the ranger; tracking down poachers, getting into touch with charcoal-burners and wood-cutters (it was they, as a rule, who felled the trees, under "Father's" supervision).

As for his real parents, it was very difficult to make out just what they represented in his eyes. More than friends. Very special patrons. If you like, members of the family, but of that ill-defined kind to which godfathers and godmothers belong. M. de Champcenais? He came very rarely and was probably not very effusive when he did. Marc respected him, but did not love him. To Marie he obviously had a deep devotion. He thought her magically lovely. If the idea of elegance had entered into his mental vocabulary, it was clear that he would have bowed down and worshipped her as the world's quintessence of elegance.

Though he could not manage to put the question to him frankly, Sammécaud became convinced that Marc knew quite well just what a father and a mother meant. His familiarity with the farm-yard had doubtless sufficed to give him sure and certain knowledge on that point. From everything he said it was clear that when he called the forest-ranger and his wife father and mother, he gave these words their full meaning.

"Marie doesn't realize this. It will hurt her a lot. Still, I must do my best to tell her."

At the end of their visit little Marc was allowed to get into the car. He inspected it in silence and was satisfied when Sammécaud took him for a little drive of about a kilometre. He showed no desire to go any farther and asked scarcely any questions.

Then Sammécaud turned his attention to the forest-ranger and his wife. The man, with his bushy beard and his corduroy suit, had an air of frankness about him. His wife seemed to be the kind of person conventionally called "my good woman." Neither of them appeared more grasping than most people of their condition; and they did not seem to be the kind of people who were capable of being really unkind to anybody. Their home, as Marie had said, was spotlessly clean.

The visitors said good-bye. Marie kept her eye on Sammécaud all the time, eager to surprise his reactions in the presence of the boy. This idea dominated her to such an extent that she took leave of her son with more casual marks of affection than usual. Perhaps a certain amount of embarrassment was involved. It was as though she meant to convey to her friend:

"I don't want you to think that I'm showering tenderness on him just because you're here, when you know very well that I've deserted him."

IV

But once the car had started, Marie turned to Sammécaud with a pressing: "Well?" She coupled it with a glance of beseeching curiosity.

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Sammécaud answered her little by little, deliberately. He was doing his best to be both tactful and truthful. With his two hands on the driving-wheel, he cocked his head and blinked his eyes, trying to find just the right thing to say. Or else in the business and noise of changing his gears he tried to disguise the embarrassment which her questions caused him. It struck him that the grinding of his gears supplied fugitive symbols of the difficulties of this conversation.

What he said to her was something like this:

"Honestly, I got a better impression of him than I expected. I feel that what puts you off most is something queer about his face, about his voice. But he said a lot of things to me that were full of common sense—not in the least more backward than things that any boy of his age might say. On the contrary, some of them showed astonishing maturity. He's got a gift of observation. Of course his manners aren't like those of the tiresome little brats we're used to in Paris, who spend their time hanging round drawing-room doors and make a nuisance of themselves with their precocious prattle. . . . But I haven't the least doubt of his being intelligent, and it's quite likely that he may develop on his serious side in directions that may lead, some day, to unexpected results. . . ."

Marie's face beamed: her lips trembled, so eager was she to believe what Sammécaud said to her. Her eyes overflowed with gratitude. But they still held a look which seemed to say: "Please don't deceive me."

Sammécaud repeated:

"I'm telling you just what I feel. I'm not thinking in the least about saying something just to please you."

To this Marie's whole face replied: "But still, I'm so glad to hear you say it!"

Then, all at once, she turned contrite again.

"If you really mean that, Roger, I've got to call myself the most frightful names! We haven't even got any excuse for deserting this boy of ours. It isn't he who's a monstrosity—it's ourselves! We're the most monstrous of parents!"

"Listen, my dear—you really must listen to what I have to say. To begin with, the word 'desertion' is rather excessive. . . . But still . . . if you like . . . I'll admit that perhaps in some respects you might have found a happier way out of it. Fundamentally, though, I don't think you made so much of a mistake as all that. In fact, I'm quite sure that this boy of yours has enjoyed just the right kind of conditions for growing up along his own lines; for starting his development, at least, in the way that suits him best. In our own circle in Paris, in the midst of smart, superficial, teasing comrades, among people who are in the habit of expecting you to be just as showy, as alert, as anybody else, he might have been very unhappy. You said so to me yourself the other day, but that doesn't make it any the less true.

"And so, take it all in all, you haven't got anything to reproach yourself with. If you had to make a fresh start, I should say to you, quite conscientiously: 'Send the boy to live with simple people in the country, and think again later on.' I could tell very well, from what little he said to me, that the schoolmaster's lessons aren't what really appeal to him. The mistake we make is that we're too given to think that there's only one type of intelligence. I'm convinced that once upon a time, at the period when education wasn't so standardized as it is now, lots of boys who turned into distinguished men would have proved the most frightful dunces at school. By dint of hearing themselves called idiots, they would

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have ended by becoming idiots. But, instead of that, they were brought up in the open air. They were taught how to ride, how to handle weapons. . . . I repeat, darling, so far as the past is concerned, you have no reason whatever to reproach yourself."

"How sympathetic you are, Roger!"

"No, I'm not being sympathetic. I'm just being fair."

"Oh yes, you are—so sympathetic; and so understanding!"

She cried from gratitude, from affection. She took his hand. They were on their way through the village of Arces again. It was getting rather cold. They came in sight of the hotel.

"Darling, wouldn't you like something hot to drink? We have an hour or two before your train goes; and there's still heaps to talk about."

They asked for tea in the little room where they had had lunch; but there was sunshine in it no longer. It reeked of winter now, of the unfriendly loneliness, the dank of the provinces.

"Why not make use of the bed-room, monsieur and madame?" the landlady suggested. "I can have tea sent up there. Now that the fire has been lit some time, it ought to be cosy."

Sammécaud glanced at Marie. She seemed to consent.

"It's really the obvious thing to do," said Sammécaud, as they went upstairs. "They would have been astonished if we had refused."

The bed-room was warm. They drew up the table, the arm-chair, and another chair to the hearth. As though she were somewhere so familiar as scarcely to force itself on the attention, Marie, absorbed in her thoughts, sat down in the arm-chair and surrendered her hand to Sammécaud, who sat down beside her.

He knew that she had been crying, and he could still see traces of tears about her eyes.

"You've no idea how much good you've done me, Roger. But did he say anything to you about us?"

Sammécaud told her that the boy showed no bitterness towards them; that his father meant to him, perhaps, only somebody rather remote; but that for his mother he had something more than affection: a mixture of intense admiraion and love.

Marie's hand, held by Sammécaud's, trembled with joy.

"But exactly how does he regard us?"

"To be quite frank with you, I am afraid that the confusion in his mind which you feared has more or less arisen. You must admit that it was inevitable. But it would be irreparable only if he did not love you and if, therefore, when you reveal the truth to him some day, you exposed yourself to a frightful disappointment. That is not the case at all. My impression is that the truth would be very welcome to him. So, when you think the right moment has come, you can rest easy in your mind about that."

"For we'll have to tell him, shan't we—some day or other?"

"That goes without saying."

"When?"

"It seems to me that the time ought to coincide with a change in his—position, in his treatment. . . . Don't you think so?"

Marie lowered her eyes and thought deeply; not in order to criticize what he had just said, but to take in its full meaning. She listened to Sammécaud as though he were an infallible counsellor.

"Tell me just what you have in your mind. I feel so sure that you are right. What ought I to do now? What would you do in my place?"

"I was just thinking. . . . I don't believe there is anything to be gained by leav-

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ing things as they are. They have yielded all the good they can. . . . On the other hand, I'm not in favor of a complete change of system. . . . To have Marc at home with you, to make him live the life of a little Parisian all at once—no, that would be asking for trouble. . . . I should be inclined to look for a solution in quite a different direction. . . . Wait a moment. I've got an idea. I'm not sure that it would do, but—I'll think it over and make some inquiries. . . .

"What does he now need most, this little Marc of yours?—I was just going to say: this little Marc of ours." (She squeezed his hand affectionately.) "He still needs an open-air life, with more physical exercise than dreary book-work; but he needs, too, a less crude environment. He must acquire polish and be educated up to his social position. . . .

"If he were my son, I tell you frankly, I should ship him straight off to England. There are schools there, so I've heard, which ought to suit him perfectly. If he were abroad, anything odd about him would be much less noticeable. Besides, English people, even boys of that age, are much more patient, much more tolerant of other people's peculiarities. All he need do is to excel a bit in some form of sport; and I think he's quite capable of doing that. He won't be a bit unhappy.

"When he comes back from England, he will have learned to speak English, he'll have English ways. . . . If there's still anything awkward about his speech, people will put it down to his foreign education; it will have an exotic flavor about it. Even his physique will have acquired a British veneer. There may be a touch of the boxer about him, or of the professional football-player—both of them quite fashionable, I assure you. . . . He'll be presentable, and you'll be proud of him."

Marie flung her arms round his neck, too deeply moved to tell him what comfort his vision of the future brought to her.

An hour later, in the bed-room at Arces, on the high provincial bed, Marie de Champcenais had become Roger Sammécaud's mistress.

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WHY GERMANY ENDURES HITLER

BY S. MILES BOUTON

How could Germany descend to the depths of brutality and ruthless crushing of all human rights that have marked the course of National Socialist rule from the beginning, culminating in the barbarous murders of June 30 last and the following days? The Germans are admittedly the best educated people in the world. Their contributions to the arts and sciences have been impressive, their contributions to letters respectable. On the purely material side of civilization Germany is a good half century in advance of the rest of Europe. There are probably more bathtubs in Berlin alone than in any entire country on the Continent.

Why have not the Germans risen up against the crazed gangsters who have made the name of their fatherland a byword in the civilized world—who have placed a stain on it which a whole generation will not be able to wipe out? The history of most European countries and even of little Ireland is full of the names of voluntary martyrs, of men and women who deliberately courted death in opposing despotism. The revolution of November, 1918, in Germany produced only four genuine martyrs; two of these were Karl Liebknecht, the half-Jew, and Rosa Luxemburg, Polish Jewess; and Nazi Germany's history contains no such names. The men and women clubbed to death, "shot while trying to escape," "suicided" or slain by firing squads or murderous Black Shirts were done to death merely because of their opinions or their race. There are millions of Germans who hate Naziism and all its works. But even at the very beginning, when resolute opposition could have availed much, they kept silent, or permitted themselves to be "co-ordinated."

The reasons for all this are to be found in German history. They have nothing to do with race or blood. The "Aryan," "Nordic Germanic" theories of Hitler and his followers are utter nonsense. The Germans are a conglomerate of many races—ancient Pruzzen, Wend, Sorb, Lithuanian, Celt, Alpine and other blood —yet the reactions and psychology of all these different races and mixtures are essentially the same in respect of the important phases of life and thought. They have been shaped in the same mold, chiefly a Prussian mold, by a common history and a common language. One notes the same process in America. Young immigrants settling in the East begin talking through their nose, chewing gum and reacting to their other surroundings precisely like native Americans within ten years. The German, smitten on the nose in Germany, calls for the police. Give him ten years in America, and he smites back.

The end of the Thirty Years' War found Germany's intellectual and cultural life all but utterly destroyed. The century produced a few men prominent in physical science, but no literary light or other

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cultural leader to compare with dozens of names in France and England, which steadily increased their lead. French became the language of courtiers and the best society, and its influence grew as a result of the immigration of the Huguenots. King Frederick William I did not feel it necessary to have his children taught German. Frederick the Great wrote all his works in French, and spoke German—a very bad German—only to underlings who did not understand the more "elegant" French. Leibnitz wrote some of his principal works in French, and the same was true of other leaders of thought in his century. The only voice raised against this came from Moses Mendelssohn, the Jew, the great philosopher and great German patriot.

It must be remembered also that Prussia and almost all other German states were under absolutist rule for more than six centuries after Magna Charta had been granted the English by a reluctant King, and for three-quarters of a century after the Constitution of the United States was adopted.

II

The result of all this was that a feeling of inferiority, which had already been engendered by the backwardness of the Germans in comparison with the peoples of the kingdoms to the west, was rendered more acute. The French Revolution stirred such feelings mightily. "Liberty, fraternity, equality" across the Rhine, but absolutism and despotism at home. England had long had popular government, and across the Atlantic a new Republic had come into being, dedicated to the proposition that all men are born free and equal.

The subjugation of Prussia by Napoleon in 1806 was received by the bulk of the people with complacency. The leading newspaper of Berlin praised the French commandant of the city, and expressed the hope that he might long continue in his post. "Rattle your chains," said the great Goethe. "The man [Napoleon] is too strong for you." And he entertained French officers in his home while the Prussians were under the iron heel of their conqueror. The attitude expressed by the newspaper and by Germany's mightiest literary figure is typically German. It helps make understandable why the masses of the people have so meekly submitted to the despotism of Adolf Hitler and his lieutenants. I have pointed out in an earlier article ("Germany Sinks into Slavery," in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for May) how the Germans rushed to do obeisance to the Poles after the latters' victory at Tannenberg in 1410, how stalwart monarchists became equally stalwart republicans after the revolution of 1918, and how ardent haters of Hitler became his bootlicking sycophants after his accession to power.

As the Napoleonic yoke grew heavier, a reaction began to make itself felt among the more articulate part of the nation. Only a little more than a century earlier French troops had ravaged the Palatinate. The general level of well-being was still lower at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century than in 1618. And now a foreign conqueror held the country. Why all this series of catastrophes? Could it be due to defects in the German character? Obviously no German could admit that. The real reason could only be that the Germans were a people of such surpassing excellence and generally superior qualities that they had become the objects of envy for all other—naturally inferior—peoples.

This was the genesis of that arrogant boasting which I described in the article

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referred to above—that the whole world would some day "regain health through the German character"; that the coming Federation of Europe would fly the German flag "because all that is great, fundamental and eternal in every European institution is German"; that it is the Germans' mission "to civilize the earth"; and hundreds of other equally arrogant boasts, which have continued down to today and even grown more boastful, so that we hear the cherublike Dr. Frank, the youthful Nazi Minister of Justice, proclaiming that "the blood-substance of the Germanic race constitutes so preëminent and unique an asset of the world as a whole that we can justly regard it as the duty of the entire human race to safeguard this basic German element out of gratitude."

The defeat of Napoleon, although accomplished only with the aid of the Russians, gave a tremendous impulse to this arrogance, and then came Gobineau, the Frenchman who, trying to establish his descent from the Vikings, published his essay on the inequality of human races. And the Germans learned that they were even better than they had supposed. The "Germanic Aryans," it appeared, were the sole originators and furtherers of civilization and culture. Houston Stewart Chamberlain, the Germanicized Englishman, carried on the work, and under Hitler the "Aryan" nonsense—exposed almost forty-five years ago by Huxley as a ridiculous error—has been accepted as a gospel in a Germany where even ethnologists do not know that the word merely designates a language-group and has nothing to do with blood or race. And that the Sumerians and other pre-Aryan families, to quote Professor Gordon Childe of the University of Edinburgh, created the civilization of which we are the heirs at a date when "the ancestors of the Germans and Anglo-Saxons were filthy savages, picking up shellfish on the shores of the Baltic. There is not a trace of Aryan elements in any sense among the creators of civilized life."

Accepting even the Germans' own theory of what constitutes an "Aryan," the great majority of the people do not satisfy the requirements. In 1895 Professor Otto Ammon was gravely disturbed when his researches showed that only 1.45% of the inhabitants of Baden could be regarded as belonging to this alleged race.

Yet a highly educated nation has reached a point where it believes not only that "non-Aryans," that is, in effect, Jews, not only never made any contribution to German civilization, but even that they are an unqualified evil, and that all of Germany's misfortunes are due to them.

Here again the people's historical heritage furnishes the explanation. No other country on earth has such a long record of persecution of the Jews as has Germany, going back to the first Crusade. Optimists who believe that Hitler may eventually modify some of the laws against this people have no conception of the extent to which the Germans' minds have been poisoned against the Jews for nine centuries. Anti-Semitism, the chief point in the Nazi leader's program, appealed to a greater part of the German people than did any other point. In almost every department of life the Jews were represented out of all proportion to their numbers. This was especially true in the arts, sciences and learned professions. Only 1% of the whole population consisted of Jews, but 28% of Germany's Nobel Prize winners belong to that race. The explanation lies, of course, in the Jews' greater intellectual alertness, persistence and energy, but a people taught to regard itself as the real Chosen People, and at the same time

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burdened with the inferiority complex engendered by their long history of travail and disaster, could naturally not accept such a conclusion. For them the explanation lay in Jewish dishonesty, tricky and unfair dealing, and thus between three and four million Germans—for one-quarter of "non-Aryan" blood is as bad as 100%—have been reduced to the status of pariahs, with less rights than are enjoyed by foreigners, and many have been beaten, robbed or even murdered.

III

Another reason for the failure of the Germans to offer any opposition to the murderous Nazis is that they lack what has been elegantly termed "intestinal stamina." This may seem at first sight an astonishing assertion regarding a militaristic nation, but it is none the less true. The German will not fight when the situation becomes hopeless. When I went to Germany for the first time in 1911 I was much interested in pugilism, and took in many matches. I was astonished to see what a great number of them were ended by throwing up the sponge in the midst of the conflict. I had never seen an American pugilist give up, and instances of such quitting probably do not happen in America once in a hundred fights, but they are common in Germany.

When Great Britain entered the World War the Kaiser is reported to have said: "The English are tough opponents. They are so dumb that they don't know when they are licked, and they keep right on fighting."

Probably he did not say it, but he could well have done so, and this bulldog spirit marks the difference between the two peoples. A friend of my son's, a medical student, said to him:

"I don't mind fighting, but when I get hit so hard it hurts, I don't want to fight any more."

This young man—he is now a physician—epitomized in these words the attitude of his people. I have seen many blows struck in Germany, but I have never seen a man thus struck attempt to defend himself.

Perhaps the most striking testimony to this lack of the bulldog spirit is the accepting by Germany of a treaty containing the famous "war guilt paragraph," Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles. It is improbable that any other nation on earth would have signed such a document in any circumstances. Certainly America would not sign such a treaty, Great Britain would not, France would not, Poland would not, even little Ireland would not. But the Germans signed, and their lack of "intestinal stamina" has proved a curse not only for them, but for the whole world. There would have been no Hitler, no massacre of men and women at the order of this Twentieth Century Ivan the Terrible, if the alleged statesmen at Versailles had framed an intelligent treaty.

Back of the submission of the German people to Nazi rule lies, as the really dominant factor, the glorification of Authority, with its corollary, Obedience. Karl Friedrich von Moser (1725-1798) wrote in his essay, "Vom Nationalgeist": "Every nation has its great motive-principle. In Germany it is Obedience." This principle of obedience to authority rests on the German conception of the state. For politically enlightened nations the state exists for the people: for the Germans the people exist for the state. They have no rights as against the state, and the state is Authority, incorporated in its *Beamten*, its officials, from the head of the government down to the pettiest rural constable.

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"To whom God gives office he gives also understanding" (*Wem Gott ein Amt gibt, gibt er auch Verstand*) says an old German proverb. Even when Germany had a civilized form of government, this belly-crawling submission to Authority reached, for free peoples, extraordinary and even laughable forms. The "Cobbler of Köpenick" will be recalled—the little shoemaker who donned the uniform of an army captain, commandeered a squad of soldiers and led them to the city hall in Köpenick, where he ordered the mayor to hand over the City's funds, dismissed the soldiers, and went home with the cash-box. The whole world laughed about it at the time, and even some unregenerate Germans also laughed—or were ashamed.

An "insult" to an official was much more severely punished than an insult to an ordinary citizen. One of the things that most impress—and delight—the newly arrived German immigrant in America is that he can call the President an ass or an idiot without being punished for it.

Under Hitler this glorification of Authority has reached heights unknown since the Eighteenth Century. In his speech before the Reichstag on July 13 last, in which he attempted a "justification" of the summary murder of seventy-seven men and women (and there were undoubtedly many more, for no official statement of this government deserves an iota of credence), he declared that he himself was "the supreme court" in such cases. During the trial of the men accused of burning the Reichstag, the attorney for one of the defendants made a timorous attempt to discredit the testimony of an official of the Department of Justice. The presiding judge interrupted him.

"It is unheard of," he said, "that the word of a German official should be discredited."

There can be no justice in a land where the word of a witness cannot be impeached because he is an official.

The Socialistic reforms instituted by Bismarck in a vain attempt to check the growth of the Social-Democratic party were a further step inclining the Germans to look to the state for everything. "Get yourself born: the state will do the rest," became the slogan, and the Germans became even a still more regimented people, who, apart from the routine of their daily occupations, look to Authority to manage everything for them.

IV

This crushing out of all initiative manifests itself constantly in happenings that amaze the beholder from a free country. Not long after I reached Berlin with my family in 1911, my wife and I were awakened one night by sounds of dissension in the Holsteinischestrasse in Berlin-Wilmersdorf, directly in front of our apartment. I looked out of the window and saw a man lying on the sidewalk, surrounded at a respectful distance of some twenty feet by a dozen men and women. I drew on my trousers over my night attire, stuck my feet into slippers, and went outside. The man on the sidewalk was only semi-conscious. I lifted him to a sitting posture, and discovered that his nose had been smashed in—by a blow with brass knuckles, as I afterward learned. He was bleeding profusely. I called to the bystanders to bring some water, and after I had repeated the demand two or three times one man brought a pitcher, handed it to me, and retreated to a safe distance. I washed the victim's face and got a little water between his teeth. After perhaps ten minutes a policeman appeared and took charge of affairs.

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And then I learned that one of the bystanders was the victim's brother! He had left it to a foreigner, newly arrived and still speaking German with an accent, to look after his own flesh and blood.

So abject has the submission to Authority become that the German does not dare defend himself from assault. I have told above of seeing many blows struck, but none returned. The extent to which this goes is shown by many happenings.

Two or three years before the war a young woman was annoyed by a masher in the Friedrichstrasse in Berlin. Unfortunately for the masher, she was a member of a troupe of athletes, and she dropped him with an uppercut to the jaw. The man rose, called a policeman, and the young woman was arrested.

The judge fined her 25 marks for assault!

In 1912 my wife and I were returning home about midnight when we heard voices raised in the Mehlitzstrasse, in Berlin-Wilmersdorf. (I name these streets in order to give verisimilitude to a narrative which might otherwise seem "bald and unconvincing" to readers in a free country). Two men and their wives were using heated words. Suddenly one of the men began striking the other man's wife over the head with his walking stick. The husband of the woman attacked ran down the street crying: "Herr Schutzmann! Herr Schutzmann!" (Mr. Policeman! Mr. Policeman!)

In 1911, only a few weeks after I reached Berlin, an altercation arose in a subway car at a late hour in the night between a tall young man and a slight girl. Suddenly he darted across to her and struck her in the face. This was new for me, and I knocked the fellow into a corner and gave him a second blow for good measure.

"You will get off with me at the next station and I'll have you arrested," he said between sobs.

"With the greatest pleasure," I replied.

A German standing behind me whispered: "Don't do it. You'll be fined heavily."

I could not believe it, but I took his advice—luckily, for he was right. There is no doubt that all the other passengers in the car regarded me as a low, brutal rowdy, who ought not to be permitted at large in a country with real *Kultur*. It is obviously easy to cow into submission people whose natural human reactions have thus been harnessed by Authority.

All these incidents—and they are but a few of the many I have personally witnessed in the last twenty-three years—are typically German. They illustrate strikingly how the Germans look to the state and its duly constituted authorities to do everything for them except eat, breathe, sleep and work. But they can be very punctilious in insisting that things be done by the competent authority. This was amusingly shown in Berlin less than a year ago. A drunken man was creating a disturbance in a restaurant, and the owner, intending to dial "K 1", the emergency police call, mistakenly dialed "K 2", the fire department's call. The fire department arrived and the situation was explained.

The drunken man refused to leave at the fire chief's order. It was his right, he declared, to be thrown out by the police, and he stood on his rights. So the police were called, the disturber of the peace was taken into custody in due form, and the firemen returned to their quarters.

But even a show of authority is at times sufficient to produce results. On April 1, 1933, it will be remembered, a nationwide boycott of all "non-Aryan" places of business was carried out. On that day I found a young Storm Trooper standing in front

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of the entrance to a store where I wanted to buy something. He remained there although I made a movement to enter the place. I looked him in the eye, and said:

"You have instructions, have you not, to use no violence?"

"Jawohl, Herr," he replied.

"I have no such instructions," I said. "Step aside."

He stepped aside with great celerity. Yet he had a sheath-knife on his hip, and he knew that any assault on a Storm Trooper had been made a felony by order of the Cabinet, the only law-giving body in Hitler's Germany.

A uniform of almost any kind, especially if a sword or dagger be worn with it, always inspires respect, and the same is true of civilian dress of a kind showing that the wearer belongs to "the better classes." When wearing a top hat, cutaway and striped trousers, I have never been addressed by a lesser title than *Herr Doktor*, and often as *Herr Baron*. The head game-keeper on a large estate in Eastern Germany, where I was shooting deer and partridges two years ago, insisted on addressing me as *Herr Baron* even after I had told him that I was a mere commoner. Any man invited by the *Gutsherr*, the owner of the estate, himself a nobleman, to shoot his game and be his house-guest could not be of smaller rank than baron for the game-keeper.

One of Hitler's professed aims is the abolishing of all class distinctions. Even if he should hold power for years longer than there is any possibility of his lasting, he will not and cannot succeed. Respect for *der bessere Herr* (the man of better class), for titles and for nobility and royalty is too deeply ingrained in the German character to make it possible for one or even two or three generations to undo the development of centuries.

V

In view of what I have set forth thus far, Hitler's accession to power should be more understandable. And there are other factors in his favor. One is the Germans' amazing lack of any self-critical faculty and of any sense of the ridiculous—and this is true of all parties and all sects. During the campaign preceding the elections to the National Assembly of 1919 the *Vorwärts*, the central organ of the Social-Democratic party, which had for decades been carrying on a rabid campaign against all churches and all religion, headlined an article:

"Women! Protect your religion! Vote for the Social-Democratic Party of Germany!"

Some months ago the Nazi government gave solemn assurances that there should be no more attacks by radio on Austria from Munich by Theodor Habicht. When the attacks continued and Austria protested, it was solemnly stated by Berlin that Herr Habicht's broadcasts were now meant "only for German hearers." The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, "coördinated" as soon as Hitler came to power, published on August 17, 1933, a report from Vienna that all Austrians carrying on anti-Austrian propaganda abroad would lose their citizenship, and that the property of political parties whose activities were prohibited in Austria would be confiscated. This was precisely what had been done in Germany, but the *Allgemeine* headlined its report indignantly:

"Deprivation of rights in Austria!"

Nazi Germany has thrown tens of thousands of men and women into concentration camps, where many of them were murdered and thousands beaten. Yet a common headline in the German newspapers has been:

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"Unheard of outrages in Austria! Nazis thrown into concentration camps!"

On May 2 last the main German radio station reported solemnly "a reign of terror" in the Saar district, and complained bitterly of prohibitions of newspapers there. Eighteen days later it was asserted from the same station that the head of the provisional Saar government "complains of terrorism while he himself brutally terrorizes the inhabitants." And Joseph Goebbels, the ineffable "Minister for Public Enlightenment and Propaganda," has the effrontery to declare that the German press is not muzzled.

Any people but the Germans would either weep or laugh at all these things, but the Germans have been taught to believe what Authority tells them. The situation, by the way, is extraordinarily depressing for American and British wives of German citizens, who, themselves German by marriage, may neither weep nor laugh for fear of compromising their husbands, and who must also submit to seeing their children of tender age compelled to make long night marches with pack, or else, refusing to let them join the Hitler Youth, rob them of all chance to enter a university, since only students approved by the Nazis are permitted to enter the institutions of what is still called higher learning in Hitler's realm.

The reason for the Germans' failure to react to the bloody terrorism of their rulers as other peoples would react can also be found in their history of seventeen centuries of almost continuous warfare. This long preoccupation with war made the profession of arms—in other words, militarism—appear the highest calling for a man. The Germans of today are the natural heirs of that Frederick William I who is glorified as "the Soldier King," and of his son, Frederick the Great, who despoiled the Empress Maria Theresa of some of her choicest provinces in a shameless war of conquest and took the province of Posen from helpless Poland. Building on this heritage, Hitler has brought militarism to heights that make the last Kaiser look like an extreme pacifist. It is this that makes the Nazis' Third Reich a menace to the peace of Europe and of the world.

The coarsening effect of militarism is probably responsible also for a marked obtuseness toward mental suffering. A Jewish woman whom I know heard her little boy praying: "Please, God, let me not be a Jew." This is a profoundly pathetic thing, but Germans to whom I reported it were not impressed. "The Jews have themselves to blame."

Another factor—and one which calls for a degree of charitableness in passing judgment on the Germans as a whole—is that the great masses do not know what is happening in their country nor in what light their rulers are viewed by the outside world. Their press is told not only what it may and may not print, but also what it must print. The condemnation of Hitler's speech in the Reichstag on July 13 last was universal in the civilized world, but here are some of the headlines over the German papers' foreign correspondents' reports:

"The World Admires the Leader"; "Strengthening of Hitler's International Authority"; "The Impression Abroad—The Leader Has Increased His Authority"; "Hitler's Position Stronger Than Ever Before."

German-language papers from other countries, especially Switzerland, are carefully watched and confiscated when they contain news or comments unfavorable to the Nazis. Frequently they are barred from Germany for weeks at a time. Until the official murdering of June 30 and the fol-

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lowing days evoked a wave of horror and condemnation in the press of the whole world, the foreign-language newspapers had suffered rather less than those printed in German, but wholesale prohibitions of papers from almost all countries then followed. Hence the only way the Germans have of knowing what is happening is by word of mouth, and the country is so infested by spies, both volunteer and paid, and punishment is so certain and so drastic, that the colporteurs of such news risk their liberty or even their life.

Readers of any good newspaper in foreign countries know more about the happenings in Germany than is known to all but a comparatively very few Germans themselves. This is especially true as to the United States and Great Britain, where the people are kept in touch with German affairs by a news service which does high credit to the honesty and intelligence of the correspondents furnishing it.

But the end of Hitlerism will come, and it would come very soon, despite all the factors described, were it not for one further factor which cannot be lightly disregarded. It is expressed by the anxious question, which I have heard literally hundreds of times from patriotic Germans who hate Hitler and all his works:

"Aber wenn Hitler geht, was dann?" ("But if Hitler goes, what then?")

Communism? Civil war? Chaos?

A people accustomed to freedom would not hesitate. But the Germans have never known freedom as it is known by politically enlightened peoples. The chief hope of civilization lies today in the steadily worsening economic situation in Germany. When Jeshurun waxed fat he kicked, but the Germans kick when they begin to have to draw in their belts. The revolution of November, 1918, was really a hunger revolt—nothing more. So also was the Kerensky revolution in Russia in 1917. The Germans do not worry much about freedom, but any hungry people will fight for bread.

History is getting ready to repeat itself in Hitler's Third Reich. The only question is how long the martyrdom of this so great but so tragically misled and deceived nation must go on.

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PROPHETS WITHOUT HONOR: 1914-1934

BY FERDINAND LUNDBERG

FINANCIERS and politicians of Europe and America have been blatantly avowing for several years, while tearing their hair and beating their breasts in lamentation, that they had no advance warning of the economic collapse of the entire world, which has left large sections of the United States, Europe, Asia and Latin America echoing to the sounds of civil strife, the ominous marching of troops, and incipient revolt. Newspapers have done their share in spreading this message of innocence for the financiers and politicians.

The actual truth, fortunately for the prestige of the human mind, is that every stage, every detail, of the economic disease now ravaging mankind was foreseen by experts, who warned draconically, sometimes a decade or two in advance, of what was almost certain to happen as a result of inept and selfish policies of business and government leaders all over the world.

There is probably no one more ignorant of the profound forces with which he idiotically plays than the financier or statesman. The history of the Twentieth Century shows this abundantly. Both types are busily engaged digging their own graves, having forgotten nothing and learned nothing. And when it is a plain matter of reversing dangerous policies that have brought whole governments to the brink of oblivion, both merely dig faster and deeper.

The men who paramountly foresaw the world disaster are the political economists, practitioners of the "dismal science." And in referring to political economists I pass over those who prattle in college classrooms about unearned increment, the law of supply and demand, and other such inanities and those who have sold their birthright to become in reality paid apologists and propagandists for banks, commercial establishments, and newspapers.

Some of the men whose warnings, predictions and criticisms I will cite fragmentarily have directed their generalizations to embrace the workings of the entire economic and social system. Others have confined their studies to specific details of it. Some have approached the problem from the standpoint of the world market, others on the basis of pure theory. Had even a fractional part of their advice been acted upon properly by the lunatics who are running the world much of the present—and future—misery of mankind would have been avoided.

The scope of this review embraces the World War, the Treaty of Versailles, the events leading up to 1929, and the later period of the world depression.

II

Long before 1914 it was generally known that war was coming. Only the precise causes of the war were not generally known. When war did come, people on

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both sides were told to believe that it was a war for national preservation, for the salvage of civilization. But the political economists long before knew that it was to be a war of commercial aggrandizement and nothing else. With few exceptions the commercially-controlled press saw to it that the general public did not learn what the political economists knew.

For one of the earliest detailed warnings among orthodox political economists it is necessary to go back to 1902. In that year was issued a memorable book, "Imperialism," by J. A. Hobson, an Englishman. This book outlined the dangerous growth of the foreign investments and markets of the top financial interests of the leading nations, and the parallel growth of armaments, which could only lead to a tremendous war.

After a detailed survey of the relevant data Hobson in his closing passages remarked:

> That this policy [of imperialism] marks a straight road to ruin there can be no doubt. But how to stop it? What principles of safety can we lay down? Only one—absolute repudiation of the right of British subjects to call upon their government to protect their person or property from injuries or dangers incurred in their private initiative. . . . Analysis of imperialism with its natural supports, militarism, oligarchy, bureaucracy, [tariff] protection, concentration of capital, and violent trade fluctuations, has marked it out as the supreme danger of modern national states.

The people of the warring nations were told to believe that they were fighting for beautiful ideals, because mankind is willing to suffer limitlessly for ideals. But in March, 1914, four months before the irrelevant shots were fired at Sarejevo, H. N. Brailsford, another English political economist, published a book entitled "The War of Steel and Gold." It revealed the exact commercial nature of the onrushing war, and the best summary of the volume consists of the Treaty of Versailles and the subsidiary peace treaties written more than four years later! Indeed, one might suppose that the authors of the horrendous Versailles document had plagiarized Brailsford!

Political economists in Europe had to shut up, of course, as the militarists took over the entire state machinery in 1914, but there were others alert to the situation beside Hobson and Brailsford. For 1914 war-time comment we can find illuminating examples in the United States, which show that the human mind, when untouched by financial influence, was adequate to the task of foreseeing where events were leading.

George E. Roberts, economist for the National City Bank, writing in the influential monthly bulletin of that institution for September, 1914, said:

> As to the permanent effects of the war . . . the economist sees the terrible waste of capital and lasting injuries [sic!] inflicted upon some of the leading nations of the world. . . . Such losses must necessarily fall upon all nations. . . . Growth [of the world investment fund] means that mankind will be equipped with more effective means of production and distribution, and that the common supply of necessaries and comforts will steadily increase, while losses from that fund mean that this progress will be retarded. . . . Capital will cost more in every market and for every use. . . . These warring countries have supplied regularly perhaps $1,500,000,000 per annum of new capital for other countries. . . . If [this capital] is not forthcoming, trade will not be very good in Canada, South America and other new countries. . . . Much of that trade will simply disappear. History contains no parallel to the conditions and problems . . . which are likely to confront us until the equilibrium of the world has been reëstablished, which is years in the future.

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In this generally correct diagnosis and prognosis the National City Bank economist, one of the best in the United States with a market orientation, was taking a broad, theoretically sound, long-term view.

As Wall Street became involved in loans to the Allies it is interesting to note how this publication, still under the editorship of Mr. Roberts, and other American bank publications, shifted from a correct, detached, long-term view to a short-term, war-mongering view.

By May, 1917, the publication of the National City Bank had unfortunately changed its tune as follows: "There is no reason to anticipate that a declaration of war by this country will have any immediate [sic!] effect upon the business situation other than that resulting from additional stimulus."

It went on to applaud the declaration of war, proving that the institution rules the economist, not the economist the institution.

In a 1914 speech President Wilson, with disarming frankness, avowed the belief that the war was commercialistic and reprehensible. Perhaps he had read Brailsford and Hobson, for he was much given to reading British political economists. At any rate, he changed these views by 1917, just as the National City Bank economist changed his.

The system rules the President, not the President the system.

Professor Irving Fisher, of the political economy department of Yale University, in the New York *Times* for August 17, 1914, said:

> The cost of the war is certain to be frightful, both in loss of wealth and loss of life. . . . The future historian will, I imagine, find it difficult to assign any considerable responsibility to anyone, even to those who play the central rôle in the war drama. . . . The present war will have been utterly in vain. The same causes will continue to produce the same effect [sic!]. The nations will again vie with each other to have the biggest armies and navies. The people will again have to carry an increasing burden of taxation and military duty.

This was foreseeing 1934 with a vengeance!

Professor William Sloane, of the history department of Columbia University, in the *Times* for September 20, 1914, called the war "a disaster of unparalleled significance" and "a future menace to civilization." He warned the United States against meddling with it and demonstrated the unveracity of Sir Edward Grey's shameful White Paper. But, then as now, those who determine policy in the United States had no time to listen to genuine authorities.

As the United States drifted nearer to the abyss of war it became "unpatriotic" to give warnings such as those of Fisher and Sloane and analyses such as that provided by the National City Bank in 1914. The press was convincing the nation that Germany was uniquely guilty and was ready to swallow the United States, despite Professor Fisher's *a priori* thesis that guilt could not be ascertained.

Because of the censor, political economic study all over the world was at low ebb during the war and many economists were conscripted for war service with government bureaux. But, in August, 1916, G. Lowes Dickinson, diplomat and student of economics, published a pamphlet entitled "Economic War After the War," warning against just what was later criminally arranged through the Treaty of Versailles, and what is now going on with no serious official alarm at the loud ripping of the social fabric.

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III

Enough has been selected from a vast mass of material to show just how firmly orthodox political economists had the world's basic problem in mind before the war. Many, of course, said nothing but knew what was going on. Turning to what are known as the "unorthodox" practitioners of the science we find the conclusions not very different although, it must be admitted, stated with greater boldness and clarity. There are no institutional or social inhibitions in the school of heterodoxy.

The Marxists had made the political atmosphere hideous with warnings for full twenty-five years before the war. The correctness of their forecasts is decidedly uncanny to anyone not familiar with their method and theory.

At the Basle Congress of the International Social Democratic Party (Second International) in 1912 there was issued a manifesto whose analysis of the approaching war and its certain effects provided a telescope into the future for all who cared to look. The manifesto was in part as follows:

> Let the governments remember . . . they cannot unleash a war without danger to themselves [sic!]. Let them remember that the Franco-German War was followed by the revolutionary outbreak of the Commune, that the Russo-Japanese War set into motion the revolutionary energies of the peoples of the Russian Empire, that the competition in military and naval armaments gave the class conflicts in England and on the Continent an unheard-of sharpness and unleashed enormous waves of strikes [sic!]. It would be insanity for the governments not to realize that the very idea of the monstrosity of a world war [sic!] would inevitably call forth . . . the revolt of the working class.

After the Socialist Party split, at the beginning of the war, with most of its leaders inconsistently adhering to the war parties in each nation, a group of revolutionary Socialists, including Lenin and Trotsky, met in Zimmerwald, Switzerland, early in 1915 and, in advance, summed up the history of the world to the present day with astonishing epigrammatic exactitude. Their manifesto contained the following:

> The burdens of war will consume the best energies of the peoples for decades, endanger the achievements of social reform [note Fascist Germany, Italy, the Balkans] and hinder every step forward. Cultural devastation, economic decline, political reaction, these are the blessings of these horrible conflicts of nations.

Lenin soon after the outbreak of the war wrote in Switzerland:

> The objective revolutionary situation created by the war and becoming ever wider and ever deeper, inevitably gives birth to revolutionary sentiments. . . . A sudden change in the mood of the masses becomes not only possible but more and more probable, a change similar to that . . . in 1905 . . . when backward proletarian masses grew in several months, and sometimes in several weeks, into an army of millions following the revolutionary vanguard.

But the most long-range and correct forecast in the camp of economic and political heterodoxy came as far back as 1888 from Frederick Engels, co-worker with Marx. In a letter to Wilhelm Liebknecht, dated February 23, 1888, Engels wrote:

> How things will turn out when it actually comes to war it is impossible to foresee. Attempts will no doubt be made to make it a sham war, but that will not be so easy. If things turn out as we would like it, and this is very probable, then it will be a war of positions with varied success on the French frontier, a war of attack lead-

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> ing to the capture of the Polish fortresses on the Russian frontier, and a revolution in Petersburg [sic!], which will at once make the gentlemen who are conducting the war see everything in an entirely different light. One thing is certain: there will be no more quick decisions and triumphal marches either to Berlin or Paris [sic!].

If only the self-infatuated generals had known this! The generals, together with the statesmen and financiers, really should go in for a little elementary study for their own benefit.

In another prognostication made on the basis of his knowledge of political economy Engels foresaw the Schlieffen "swinging door" plan of German advance through Belgium, a plan not born in the mind of the German General Staff until 1905, and he predicted that Germany would regard the Belgian Neutrality Treaty as a "scrap of paper." His own words were unconsciously repeated by the German government in 1914! This is an example of the "makers of history" using words which a seer of political economy and history had put into their mouths twenty years in advance. On the same occasion Engels also predicted that the German advance would be halted at the Marne.

Writing about the coming war in 1891 Engels said:

> This war, where fifteen or twenty million armed men would slaughter one another and lay waste Europe as never before, must either bring about the immediate victory of Socialism, or so shatter the old order of things from top to bottom, and leave behind such a heap of ruins, that the old capitalist society will become more impossible than ever before, and the social revolution, though it might be set back for ten or fifteen years, would however, in this case also, have to conquer and in so much the more speedy and thorough fashion.

The year 1933 saw the outer limits of this later prophecy reached, but recent events in Germany and Austria attest to the soundness of Engels' views in 1891. Nobody doubts any longer that a social revolution in Europe is on the immediate agenda of history.

IV

The erroneous view put out by Allied governments during the war that German economy would speedily collapse was not refuted by Allied political economists because of the censor. But a neutral economist, Gustav Cassel of Sweden, wrote a book in 1916 which proved that Germany could continue indefinitely with the then current alignment of forces because of the marvelous efficiency in the use of labor behind the German lines and the development of substitute raw materials. The Cassel volume made it clear by implication that Germany would win—unless the Allies received additional help, because the German-Austrian economy was concentrated in a small area. As it was, the Eastern, Southeastern and Southern fronts crumbled before the German industrial juggernaut, and without American assistance it was evident that France and England would break on the Western front in 1918.

After the war the world was filled with revolutions, mutinies and strikes according to scientific prediction, and people were disillusioned to learn that the war had been fought for the financial profit of industrialists. Despite the empty victory citizens in the Allied nations were ugly in mood, and politicians feared to tell what the war had cost and would continue to cost in expanding taxes, unemployment, lowered living standards and cataclysmic crises. The magic rallying

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cry was raised that Germany must pay, and it proved popular. The political economists knew at once that this was a base deception which could only lead the world into a deeper morass.

The Treaty of Versailles was immediately rejected by every political economist worthy of the name in every nation. The onslaught against it was led by John Maynard Keynes, former Cambridge professor of mathematics who had been drawn into economic study and was economic adviser to the British peace mission. Keynes resigned indignantly from the delegation when he saw the plainly dangerous terms of the treaty. He immediately sat down and wrote one of the most brilliant post-war books on public affairs, "The Economic Consequences of the Peace."

For the deadly accuracy of its predictions it takes rank with Hobson's "Imperialism," Brailsford's "The War of Steel and Gold," and Engels's letters of 1888 and 1891. It was published just as the treaty was ratified, but was not featured on the front pages of the newspapers along with the pro-treaty speeches of the statesmen.

Sir George Paish, Brailsford and Hobson came out of their enforced war-time hibernation to endorse Keynes's views, and were joined by younger men like Professor Harold Laski. The Russian Marxists, sitting on top of a victorious social revolution, agreed with Keynes, and said the treaty would lead inevitably through commercial disaster to increased armaments, higher taxes and new wars. The United States was not a direct party to the treaty, but Keynes and his colleagues have made it abundantly clear that the American government by its insistence on maintaining the post-war inter-governmental debt structure, whose ultimate payments to the United States came expressly out of German reparations, has been a controlling party to the maintenance, not only of the treaty, but of the armament situation in Europe, against which successive American Presidents so piously inveigh.

The Keynes volume, without qualification, said the treaty would lead to a general collapse of prices, to the creation of a multiplicity of tariff barriers which would reduce trade and increase unemployment, to national and corporate bankruptcy, to the birth of violent nationalisms and to ultimate political and economic chaos as well as new wars. The years 1929 to 1934 have seen the fulfillment of Keynes's predictions, the plagiarization by history of a theoretical hypothesis. Most of the forces against which Keynes and his colleagues fulminated are still in full operation, with the throttle wide open.

Reviewing Keynes's book in January, 1919, Harold J. Laski asked: "What, under such circumstances, is the outlook for world peace and reconstruction? Certainly the outlook is not bright."

The Disarmament Conference at Geneva is still circling after its tail, its delegates hopeless. And yet the very interests which despair at the insolubility of the problem are those which deliberately created and perpetuated it!

Dr. Friedrich Hertz, Austrian writer on political and economic subjects, in August, 1919, warned:

> Certainly the subjugated nations will be quite ready to foster everything which may lead to the breaking of their chains. . . . Those states will be exposed to the most violent convulsions, to war, treason, revolution, and the breakdown of the social order. Indeed, there are in the peace terms the germs of new wars, which may involve the whole of Europe in terrible bloodshed again and end in chaos.

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Many more accurate forecasts from German and Austrian sources could be cited, down to the present day. Because economic and political analyses from those countries have been sedulously discounted for years as motivated by a desire to escape just payment for the war, I refrain from citing the vast material available in Central Europe. It is worth noting, however, that Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, has since the end of the war been correct in almost blinding fashion in forecasts of what the Allied subjugation of Germany was doing to the world and to the Allies. Hitlerism could never have risen in Germany without the outside pressure from the Allies and the United States.

F. W. Pethwick Lawrence, in a pamphlet published in London in February, 1919, just a month after the peace treaty was ratified, wrote as follows:

> A still more serious problem to be faced by the Allies when they consider the imposition of a vast indemnity, is the effect it would have on international relationships and the necessity for maintaining military, naval and ærial establishments after the war. . . . It might mean a permanent army of occupation of at least a million men, but even if this were avoided it would certainly imply a tension in Europe which would translate itself into big standing armies, great fleets and swarms of military æroplanes.

In the light of this, what a farce the disarmament conferences seem. In the light of England's long-standing willingness to cancel reparations if the United States cancelled war debts, how can the American government escape blame for Europe's present armed condition?

Moving out of the range of the immediate post-war period we find that no lesson was learned by the statesmen, industrialists or financiers from the warnings of political economists. But the warnings have continued down to the present.

Before the London School of Economics, on July 7, 1923, Professor Cassel said: "The real calamity [of the war] was the devastation of the social organism which keeps the machinery going. The worst of the thing is that this devastation is still continually going on, making all efforts at reparation vain and futile." He went on to denounce reparations as the creator of dangerous future dislocations in world economy, which would make many people suffer far from the scene of reparations. In April, 1928, Cassel wrote that the problem of unemployment would be the big issue facing the world in the near future, but those in control of the government machinery, especially in the United States, made no effort to prepare for the emergency. Now the politicians claim they had no warning!

V

In the New York *Journal of Commerce* for January 8, 1930, Cassel stigmatized the Hoover stabilization program as a "mistake of the first magnitude," and went on to tell why. Most of his colleagues agreed. Both the Dawes and the Young Plans were rejected by Cassel and the others as the maunderings of madmen.

One of the brightest stars in the post-war public affairs of the world has been Sir George Paish, former editor of the London *Statist* who temporarily got off his base during the war. On October 12, 1921, at a conference on economic recovery in Westminster Abbey, Paish declared that unemployment would double in a year and that Europe could not recover if the Russian economy withered away under the post-war economic blockade laid down against the Bolsheviks. In July,

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1919, Paish wrote in the *Statist* that the war debts were "digging the grave for world credit" and that "the world should understand that the peace treaty has done nothing whatever to strengthen the financial position." Speaking before the American Manufacturers' Export Association in New York on October 25, 1923, he said that Europe was being "ruined by her statesmen" and the mesh of debts and tariffs. Unless tariffs were lowered he forecast "a catastrophe toward which the entire world is now moving with ever-increasing rapidity . . . Disastrous consequences must ensue from the present policies of those responsible for national and international affairs." As to the Hoover war debt moratorium, widely hailed as a world panacea by the press, Paish said immediately: "I do not want to undervalue it, but it must be realized that this action will not solve the problem. It will not be possible for the world to recover unless a permanent settlement is reached."

Perhaps the most important post-war warning and generalization by Paish or any other individual was contained in an article he wrote in 1927 for the *Zeitschrift für Geo-Politik,* where he said: "Unless relief [from tariffs, debts, economic nationalism, increased armament expenditures] comes in the near future the whole system must very soon collapse. Thus the collapse of the international credit system becomes dangerously imminent. Symptoms of crisis have accumulated in abundance."

The utterance of Paish was considered of such staggering import in Russia that it became the basis of considerable discussion at the Sixth Congress of the Communist International in 1928. The notion of Paish, that the capitalist system would collapse very soon, was rejected as scientifically untenable by the Marxists. They stated that a collapsing system will always be propped up by its beneficiaries until it is overthrown by its victims. The Marxists' final thesis, a remarkable document in the light of subsequent events, contained the following:

> The general crisis of capitalism is assuming new forms and is developing special and specific contradictions which arise out of the radical structural changes that have taken place in the world economic system. . . . All these contradictions cannot but lead, in the final analysis, to another explosion. The growing productive forces of capitalism come more and more into conflict with restricted internal markets . . . The attempts to alleviate these difficulties by forming European and international cartels merely reproduce on an extended basis and in new forms the competitive struggle between Great Britain and the European Continental States. . . . The problem of markets and spheres of investments becomes extraordinarily acute. Hence, the maturing of a new series of gigantic military conflicts, of wars of intervention against the U. S. S. R. . . . Therefore, the development of the contradictions of capitalist stabilization inevitably leads . . . into a period of gigantic cataclysms.

This was 1928, more than a year before the deluge.

Sir Arthur Salter, economic adviser to the League of Nations and member of many official British missions, on July 30, 1924, was quoted as saying: "Germany, unable to meet reparations without outside capital, will inevitably accept the Dawes Plan." He later denied having said this, but he inadvertently let the economic truth out. Speaking before the International Chamber of Commerce on June 30, 1927, in Stockholm, Salter said that continued tariff warfare meant that "millions of people throughout Europe will die, other millions will be unemployed, and countless others will be condemned to live in misery and degradation."

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At Yale University, on January 25, 1929, Salter said: "Economic factors are at the root of most of the dangerous situations which confront the world. Very often what looks like an argument between diplomats is an argument between farmers. Coal and politics are inflammable, and oil and politics are explosive." Before the Foreign Policy Association in New York, on February 16, 1929, Salter said that nationalism was reducing trade, and he cited the findings of the World Economic Conference of 1927 to the effect that "the chief remediable evil that was reducing the world's prosperity was the fact that trade barriers, including tariffs, are in the world as a whole too high, too unequal and too unstable." In a book entitled "Recovery: The Second Effort," issued in 1931, Salter outlined the need for a severe cut in reparations and inter-governmental debts in order that "revolution and social disintegration" may be avoided. He also demanded tariff reductions, an abatement of nationalism, and higher prices or reduced interest charges.

Professor Frederick Soddy, distinguished Oxford physicist, who made his early reputation with radium experiments but who, since embarking on the study of economic questions, has become a monetary authority ranking with Keynes and Cassel, said in London on December 11, 1923, that "behind Parliament, behind even the Throne there is a great unseen power which could make war and peace and render a nation stagnant or prosperous—the power of finance." He said that it was an "invisible devil at work producing periodic outbursts of national fury, and unless the financial question is squarely faced it is quite likely that in the course of a generation this country will be fighting even America."

Professor Soddy, on November 1, 1933, before the dollar was devalued 40%, said: "Gold has no real relation to the price level at the present time except as a smoke screen."

The subsequent failure of prices to rise in line with the devaluation shows the correctness of this view, which he was not alone in expressing.

VI

There were post-war warnings in abundance here in the United States about the coming crisis. The late James P. Warburg, head of the Bank of Manhattan, warned in 1929, more than half a year in advance, that the stock market would collapse and that there would be possible widespread "business depression." Warburg's warning was contained in a report to stockholders of the International Acceptance Bank on March 7, 1929, printed in all financial papers.

During the post-war period preceding the débâcle in the United States, Professor H. Parker Willis of Columbia, former secretary of the Federal Reserve Board and editor of the New York *Journal of Commerce,* stood out as an accurate critic from the limited but very well-grounded standpoint of public finance. From 1926 to 1929 he was a consistently harsh critic of Federal Reserve policy. He also insisted as early as 1926 that Russian trade was necessary to the United States, saying: "The only question at issue is not whether we will grant the capital but whether we will put it in direct and take the profits, or whether we will go through an intermediary such as Germany and let the intermediary take the profits while we sit by content with the interest."

American capital went into Russia through Germany, thereby fooling Amer-

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icans about the necessarily close economic relations with the Bolsheviks. Among the many consistently correct observations of Professor Willis we may take one, made on May 2, 1929, before the Institute of Social Sciences at Bowdoin College, as an example:

> From the immediate standpoint of national policy, a very decisive alteration in our course of action is demanded. I think we cannot deny that of recent years our Federal policy has been one of drifting and of adapting legislation to expediency. A radical change [sic!] of front in connection with economic matters is called for.

Willis and Warburg were not exceptions on the American scene, by any means. The whole 1929 smash-up was foreseen as early as 1913 by none other than United States Supreme Court Justice Louis D. Brandeis, who wrote a valuable little book entitled "Other People's Money." The problem of private control by banks of the economic destinies of common people is set forth very well in this volume, although the unrealistic remedies are worthless. "We must break the Money Trust or the Money Trust will break us," Brandeis wrote. Also: "The Money Trust cannot be broken if we allow its power to be constantly augmented." It was greatly augmented, by the way, during and after the war. One of the chapters of this volume, titled "The Failure of Banker-Management," reads like the *ex-post facto* criticisms during 1933. Professor Laski has spoken of this book, written sixteen years before 1929, as the "proper epitaph" for the 1929-1933 period, leaving it clear that a jurist with some knowledge of political economy can write the epitaph of a period nearly two decades prior to that period, just as a political economist like Engels can put words into the mouths of statesmen more than two decades in advance.

George E. Roberts in the *Journal of the American Bankers Association* for January, 1926, wrote:

> The back door of Reserve credit is open to speculative activities. . . . Speculation is legitimate but may be overdone, and when this occurs the inevitable reaction will have ill effects outside the immediate interests concerned. . . . Federal Reserve credit . . . should not be drawn upon to support a speculative boom.

Several years later, when the perversion of Federal Reserve credit was much greater, Roberts had changed his tune to say that it was not dangerous, undoubtedly responding again to institutional influence, as in 1917. Speaking on October 23, 1925, Roberts said: "The essential fact of the situation is that we do not need gold; instead of being a benefit it is almost sure to work mischief [sic!], while Europe does need it and ought not to lose it." Several years later, with gold pouring into the country for speculative outlet, Roberts again reversed himself and said it was no cause for worry. But always his first, and, we may presume, independent views, have been quite correct, just as they were in 1914.

Dr. Benjamin M. Anderson, economist for the Chase National Bank, on August 4, 1924, wrote in the New York *Times* that "the abnormal gold and money situation calls for two lines of operations. For the long run we must earnestly coöperate with Europe. We must lower our tariffs so as to permit Europe to send us more goods instead of gold in payment of debts here; we should throw into the general settlement the problem of the debts of the European Allies to our government." On February 18, 1924, Dr. Anderson urged higher Federal Reserve discount rates so as to make speculative credit dearer. Five years later, too late, Washington gradually increased the rates.

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Dr. Anderson also said in 1924: "If we should be so foolish as really to use up the credit facilities made possible by our abnormal gold stocks, we should find ourselves in a very embarrassing position indeed when the tide turns and the outside world is in a position to draw gold from us once more. We must recognize that we hold a very large part of our gold in trust as a consequence of the abnormal world situation . . . Our own best interests . . . require us . . . to refrain from tying it up in non-liquid credits." As it turned out, much of the gold was tied up in non-liquid credits, bringing about the panic of March, 1933.

Expert warning had been given long in advance about the foreign loan situation which Congress was so horrified about last year. Dr. Max Winkler, associate professor of economics at the College of the City of New York and former vice-president of Moody's Investors Service, on March 17, 1927, issued a statement, reading: "Any one who has followed closely the various foreign offerings in this country within recent months could not help noticing the steady decline in the quality of such new loans . . . The situation reminds one a good deal of conditions obtaining in England during the latter half of the Nineteenth Century when enormous sums of money were lost in the acquisition of many new but unsound foreign investments. . . . It is still time to guard against losses." On May 5, 1927, Dr. Winkler roundly denounced the competition for loans among bankers as unfair to the investor. On November 4, 1927, he assailed the Stock Exchange for listing European stocks controlled abroad, among them the ill-fated Kreuger issues. As to the abortive Hoover boom of 1930, Dr. Winkler wrote in the New York *Herald Tribune* on April 27, 1930:

> Analysis of prevailing conditions in the economic field fails to reveal any substantial reason for the pronounced strength in the stock market. The enormous drop and continued weakness in commodity prices, the sharp decline of our foreign commerce, the steadily growing number of bankruptcies of banks through the country; the unemployment situation, despite assurance from Washington, and unsettlement abroad [are all signs of weakness and not of recovery].

The bottom dropped out of the market a few weeks later.

On January 6, 1930, before the false Hoover boom began, Professor Irving Fisher, who had been on board the prosperity band-wagon and had not thought a severe decline in stock prices possible, came to his senses with a bang and predicted that there was impending "a general price collapse and a long depression." Notwithstanding the fears of Fisher and others, nothing was done to prepare for the situation.

Financiers and politicians are fond of saying that in public affairs "hindsight is better than foresight." This is wholly incorrect, as the aforementioned quotations abundantly show. On the basis of the theories formulated by the classical political economists foresight can be just as accurate as hindsight, it being possible to steer human affairs decades into the future with the same accuracy that a navigation officer takes a ship through a fog.

Warnings to the point of surfeit have been given to financiers and statesmen for decades, but their policies have always been deliberately chosen without regard for public welfare, and are still being chosen and acted on without the slightest heed to the vigorously renewed harsh warnings of the political economists.

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THE SOVIET "DICTATORSHIP"

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

On my recent visit to America after three years' absence, I lectured all over the country on my twelve years in the Soviet Union. I was struck by an appreciable increase in would-be intelligent questions about dictatorship in government. "How can three million Communists rule one hundred and sixty million people?" is the simplest form that the question takes. It may be accompanied by envy of Communist shrewdness in putting it over, or by a sophisticated fling at Stalin —"just another Hitler!" It may show the superiority of the intellectual climber, aware that dictatorships are made today. Oftener it implies some aloofness of America, not to be caught in the nets of Europe. "Those backward Russians, those quarrelsome Europeans may need dictatorships; but *we* will make our changes democratically."

I have little doubt that if, and when, a Fascist dictatorship takes hold on Washington, it will write on its banner: "Back to Jeffersonian democracy," for Fascism always hails some ghost of ancient history with a passionate disregard of fact. As Mussolini revives the Roman Empire, and Hitler rules in the name of Germanic gods, and Japanese Fascists cry: "Back to Asia," so we may expect democracy as it fades to become even more vivid as a slogan.

Do we not even now observe that those patriots who are most convinced of America's democratic uniqueness, are the ones who yell most vociferously to Washington: "Let Congress get out of the way of the President"?

I shall not raise the obvious question whether one hundred and twenty million Americans are ruled today by three million or by a very much smaller group. Nor shall I note how attempts to make deep social changes "democratically" have ended in recent years in Fascism, so that the last war may perhaps be called by future historians "the war that ended democracy in the world." I shall give no theoretic analysis of "dictatorship of the proletariat," since I count myself no authority on Marxism. I shall even avoid, when possible, the word "democracy," which to some connotes hypocritical farce and to others a mystical faith handed down by the Fathers, and has always ambiguous implications.

My task is simpler: I am neither economist nor historian, but a reporter living now my thirteenth year in the Soviet Union. I have lived and moved among the daily workings of a great dictatorship, which calls itself a "dictatorship of the proletariat" and which most of the world's would-be sophisticates call the dictatorship of Stalin.

And though every Open Forum in America has discussed dictatorship versus democracy thrice annually for the past three years, and every serious magazine has all but exhausted its readers with the subject, it has not, I think, exhausted

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the subject. The discussions I have heard have, in fact, hardly started the subject, for they set out with a singular avoidance of facts. They set out with a wish-fulfilment rather than with a search for information; and they usually put on one side Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini—all dictators, to be contrasted with democracy, actual or hoped for. They seek the flattering contrast of democracy with dictatorship in order to avoid the truer and more annoying contrast of the Soviet Union with the capitalist world.

But I am also indulging in theory; let me turn to the facts of my twelve years' experience. I think at once of the millions of ordinary folk giving time in the Soviet Union to the job of governing, on housing commissions, taxing commissions, social insurance commissions, investigating commissions of all varieties. I remember where "planning" starts, not in some Moscow "throne-room," but on winter evenings in the snow-bound rural village over the "plan" of the collective farm, or after working hours in "production conferences" of foundry hands and forge men. I think of the hundreds of new ideas in government and in economic administration that begin in a Ukrainian township or a Ural steel mill or a Central Asia cotton gin and that sweep the country through mass acceptance to universal adoption. I think of hundreds of men and women I have known in government offices, as factory managers, inspectors or judges rising steadily from the masses through years of voluntary government work in which millions take part, and always keeping in touch with some farm or factory through which they interpret and lead the will of the mass. I remember the proud words of a small official in Molvitino township: "Why should we ask Kostroma? Haven't we a Soviet Power of our own?" . . . and the testimony they bear to local initiative and rule.

I shall therefore content myself with concrete reporting on items of daily life in the Soviet Union, which show how our life here is governed, adding such personal interpretation as my twelve years have brought me. To know such facts is of vital importance for all serious people today. For government by debate and vote-casting, which was a natural expression of the past centuries of trading capitalism, is proving inefficient in the intimate adjustments of today's more interdependent world. If anything of that self-expression and mass initiative which men have valued in the past under the term "democracy" is to survive in our industrial society, it must be in a form far more complexly organic. It must combine and organize the intimate varieties of a million wills more concretely and more fully than does either the parliamentary form derived from last century or the more medieval rule to which Hitler makes return. Does the Soviet Union offer advance in this direction?

II

Let us seize the sharper horn of the bull at once: that exiling in recent years of perhaps a million *kulaks* (the better-to-do peasants who exploited hired labor or tools of production) from their rural homes in European Russia and Ukraine to Siberia and the Northern woods. Here was an act of ruthless dictatorship which caused in America wide comment, and is still the stock example of writers to illustrate the fanatic tyranny of the Soviet Power. What was the process? How was it carried on?

The usual assumption outside the Soviet Union is that this exiling occurred through drastic action by a mystically omnipotent

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G. P. U. The actual process was quite different; it was done by village meetings of poor peasants and farm-hands which listed those *kulaks* who "impede our collective farm by force and violence" and asked the government to deport them. In the hot days of 1930 I attended many of these meetings. There were harsh, bitter discussions, analyzing one by one the "best families," which had grabbed the best lands, exploited labor by owning the tools of production, as "best families" normally and historically do, and who were now fighting the rise of the collective farms by arson, cattle-killing and murder. Meetings of poor peasants and farm-hands discussed them, questioned them, passed on them, allowing some to remain but listing others as "dangerous to our peaceful development,—should be deported from our village."

The meetings I personally attended were more seriously judicial, more balanced in their discussion than any court-trial I have attended in America; these peasants knew they were dealing with serious punishments and did not handle them lightly. But if, as some claim, there were often meetings which were swayed by "outside agitators," or where personal hates were rampant, this would hardly alter the case; these are everywhere to be found in popular meetings. But those who envisage that the rural revolution which ended in farm collectivization was a "war between Stalin and the peasants," simply weren't on the ground when the whirlwind broke. The anarchy of an elemental upheaval was its chief characteristic; it was marked by great ecstasies and terrors; local leaders in village, township and province did what was right in their own eyes and passionately defended their convictions; Moscow studied and participated in the local earthquakes, and out of the mass experience made, somewhat too late to save the livestock, general laws for its direction.

It was a harsh, bitter and by no means bloodless conflict. I was reminded of it again when I saw the farm laborers' struggle in the valleys of Southern California in the autumn of 1933. There were the same graduations from half-starved farm-hand to wealthy rancher, though the extremes in California were wider. In each case deportations occurred with the sanction of the state. California authorities deported pickets who interfered with the farming of private ranchers; Soviet authorities deported *kulaks* who interfered with the collectively owned farms of poor peasants and laborers. In proportion to the number engaged, there were more shootings in California. In both cases the central government sent investigating commissions, moderating and therewith sanctioning the local actions. The Governor's commission in California threw out a few of the more untenable cases against strikers, while township and provincial commissions in the USSR reviewed and cut down the lists of *kulaks* for exile, to guard against local excesses. But the active winning will which could count on government backing was in California the will of wealthy ranchers and financing corporations; in the USSR it was the will of organized farm-hands. That, in its simplest essence, is "dictatorship of the proletariat."

It by no means follows that dictatorship by a proletariat, or by a populace or by any organized combination of masses, or even "dictatorship by a majority," is any less tyrannical in the limits imposed on the life of an individual than is the mandate of a czar. It is even more tyrannical for those individuals who cannot identify themselves with the ruling will, for a czar can be bribed, persuaded or

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"reached" through ministers, but it is difficult to bribe the masses unless you have exceptional talent. To take an example from a non-controversial field, I note what are so aptly called "dictates" of fashion, as an example of mass dictatorship far more ruthlessly prescribing details of individual dressing than sumptuary laws of a medieval autocrat would dare do.

It does not even follow that dictatorship "of the proletariat" means freedom for the individual who is a "worker." Ask any worker who ever belonged to a trade union what freedom he has to work when his union votes to strike. The dictatorship of his organization may compel his wife and children to hunger; yet he courts violence if he seeks to feed them. Nor are strikes invariably called by the will of the majority of workers, whatever the constitution may say. They are called by the majority of those who go to meetings, under influence of their leaders—a very different thing. Such is the way the Soviet Union is governed: by the will of all persons engaged in production who are interested enough to come to meetings and work actively for what they want. It is at once more dynamic and more organic than any counting of hands or ballots.

It is no valid criticism of the Soviet government to say that more people suffer under its regulations than under the laws that are passed in Washington. Washington, until the days of Roosevelt, hardly intervened in individuals' lives at all. How much freedom is allowed to the individual workman by Henry Ford, to the individual business man by the chain store, to the individual banker by Morgan? How much freedom is allowed to the average American by the combined net work of his boss, his banker, the stores where he trades, the laws of his country and the habits of his neighbors? Combine all these forces, let them operate in one direction by a common plan, and you have the amount of latitude allowed to the individual in the land of the Soviets.

I often wonder whether any person who has grown to adulthood, as I did, in that period of competitive capitalism in America when it was possible to choose between conflicting masters and thus gain the illusion of freedom, can ever completely fit into the life of the Soviet Union. I speak as one who suffers under dictatorship, who resents the censoring of my articles to a gray monotone, for I was born to the anarchic freedom of the western pioneer. Yet that anarchic freedom is doomed in any case, whether through Socialism controlled by the masses, or through monopoly capitalism, controlled by the few. There remains for us all but one free choice, one last and final choice of masters. If I have in part succeeded in adjusting myself to the dictatorship of the Soviet Union, where so many good "friends of the Soviets" have failed, it is because of my three years' experience of trade union life in Seattle, in the old, and justly denounced, American Federation of Labor.

With all its shortcomings, that trade-union experience taught me, what most American liberals and radicals never learn, that the will of the group you choose may smash your individual preference in the intimate desires of your life, and you must obey. In compensation therefor you can be part of a mighty organizing power that makes history; you can share and help create a collective will that is strong and free.

This is the only freedom permitted in the Soviet Union; to some it seems oppression, to others it seems incredibly spacious liberty, heretofore unknown in the world.

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III

How wide is the actual participation of masses in the apparatus of government in the USSR? Whence come the ideas that are finally expressed and followed in the life of the land? What initiative, what creative energy is allowed? Who correlates and chooses between the many ideas? Who rises to high posts and by what means? Let us consider these questions in the Soviet Union, in determining what kind of dictatorship it is.

Before one can decide how many citizens participate in governing, one must know what the government is, and what it is supposed to do. This is by no means simple; I do not know, I do not think anyone knows, what the government in Washington claims as its function. Is it the government's job to get prosperity for its citizens? Or merely to police the dog-eat-dog fight of rival industries? Is it the government's job to get work for all who need it? Or merely to arrest the unemployed who become clamorous? Who am I to decide among the cloud of witnesses?

Yet there is one thing on which all conflicting witnesses agree—that the government in Washington does not exist to run any kind of profitable enterprise. At the mere suspicion of anything so "un-American" as an industry run by the state for profit, all sides at once raise up protesting hands. They may differ as to whether NIRA is useful or destructive, whether Civil Works should be continued or abolished, whether four or eight billion is the sum of public money to spend for the sublime purpose of starting the "wheels of private industry" again. But that this last is the sacred goal which hallows all the sacrifice—to start the wheels of private industry so that businessmen may again make profit—everybody agrees. Whether by acts of commission or acts of omission, this is the ultimate aim of Washington.

The function and aim of the Soviet government is just the opposite. The expansion of publicly owned properties through profitable operation until all production and distribution is publicly owned, and their improvement to supply a high standard of living and a well-rounded life for all citizens—is the first and fundamental task of the state in the USSR. This incidentally explains its "one-party system," its "dictatorship." Here is no parliament, adjudicating between rival private owners, between steel mills of Birmingham and textile mills of Lancashire. Here is rather a board of directors possessed of the mines and mills of the country, with one chief task, to organize and operate them well. The bulk of legislation which clogs the parliaments of the world disappears under these conditions; problems of management arise to replace it, on which any man may speak as loudly as he chooses, but to which action rather than speaking, is the approved approach.

This first essential task of government —the management and improvement of publicly owned properties—starts at the factory bench and in the "brigade meeting" of the farm.

A perfect snapshot of the Soviet proletariat caught in the act of "dictating" appears in a recent letter on an inside page of *Pravda* signed by three railway workers from the Vspolia railway station on the Northern Railway. They recount how the Seezeran station of the Kazan Railway was recently lauded by a whole page in the railwaymen's daily paper, the *Whistle,* and how the chief of locomotive service of the Kazan Railway, Nazarov, also issued a report filled with the virtues of Seezeran as a model station worth copying by all transport workers.

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"Becoming acquainted with the reputation of Seezeran through these articles in the *Whistle*, continues the letter, "the workers of Vspolia station decided to send a brigade to Seezeran to study its experience. The election fell on us. On reaching Seezeran we found that twenty other brigades with a similar purpose had preceded us from various parts of the country. This confirmed our impression of the importance of Seezeran. However, to our great regret, the more we studied, the more we convinced ourselves that Seezeran cannot be used as model."

The three workers from Vspolia then expose the fictitious bookkeeping that gave Seezeran its reputation. Falling into conversation with an engineer named Sednin, they learn that he received his locomotive from the repair shops, took it on a run and discovered four unrepaired defects; but the station master ordered him to enter these as "new repairs" instead of "repeats," in order to protect the reputation of the repair shops. When Sednin persisted in reporting the "repeats," he was demoted to a worse engine. The Vspolia "brigade" discovers that many locomotives are sent out from the repair shops defective, and that if the "repeats" were properly listed, there would be hundreds per month instead of the "model figure" of nine.

Further investigation shows that in order to give a low percentage of "sick" locomotives, they are "written out" of the repair shop two days before they are actually fit for service; and that in order to get a high production rate per man, the number of employés is given as 1,290 when it was actually 1,585 in April and 1,595 in May, the two months under observation. The letter conscientiously notes "excellent work" of the coal bunkers, but "certainly Seezeran as a whole cannot serve as a model for our railroads."

This letter, which will have far-reaching effects in investigations and demotions, and in reprimands as high up as chief of locomotive service, Nazarov, for basing a report on incorrect data, is such a normal daily process in the USSR that the *Pravda* readers will not even notice those aspects of it which must strike an American as amazing. Imagine workers in a small railway junction of the Erie reading in a daily newspaper devoted to railwaymen that a certain station on the Pennsylvania is a model; imagine them electing a delegation to go and study it with a view to improving their own station. If this can perhaps be imagined, then assume still further that all the bookkeeping inside the Pennsylvania repair shop is open to these visitors from the Erie and to twenty delegations from other roads on similar errands. Note, finally, that when these workers find defects in an alien railway station, they do not go home and gloat over the inadequacy of their rival, but give time to investigate and draw up a public report, which censures a chief of locomotive service, not for wages, hours or conditions or work, which might conceivably be the province of workers, but for inaccuracy in reporting production.

That is a typical photograph of Soviet workers in the act of managing their common properties. On acts like this is based the whole of the Five Year Plan which startled the world. The "plan" takes form in workers' conferences, known as "production meetings," which all workers in any given shop are urged to attend and which the more active ones do. They discuss problems of production, how output can be increased for the coming year, what raw materials, machines and skilled labor are needed to that end. Their discussions are enlarged on a factory scale; they go from the factory to the central

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offices of a trust. The trust replies that the country needs certain new machines, and asks the workers whether these can be made in their plant to avoid import from abroad. There follow workers' suggestions, new inventions, adaptations of the plan. Delegates from other industries which need the machines arrive to explain and consult.

The biggest industrial plants, producing equipment on which the rest of the country depends, become naturally the "political centers" around which smaller groups of workers coalesce. I can pick them out in Moscow: the Electric Works, Auto Works, Ball-bearing Works, Aviation Works, and a score of others; they are centers of government and power. When any new problem confronts the nation, from the organization of harvest transport to the expansion of industry into the Far East, these big "political centers" send forth chosen "brigades" of half a dozen to several score workmen, for temporary or permanent new assignments. They become "patrons" of struggling collective farms, and teach them bookkeeping or division of labor. From their experience arise new ideas and policies for the nation; and before any new policy is considered, wide sampling of workers' opinions takes place in these political centers throughout the land. When the new policy is carried into being, these workers and others organized around them become the active force for putting it over.

IV

Political life in rural districts starts with the organization and use of the soil. Sixty or a hundred peasants in council—the collective farm of a small village—meet with a representative of the township land department to draw up their "farm plan." They take account of number of households, of people, of horses, ploughs, tractors, the extent and type of the land. I have seen these "plans"—they cover twenty-four large sheets of typed questionnaire, including the little community's food and fodder needs, the past crop rotations, the marketable crop demanded by the state. The sixty peasants in council, meeting again and again through the winter, decide by what concrete means they will arrange their fields for all these purposes; and how they will expand in coming years. The "plan," registered with the force of law in the township center, becomes the basis on which county-wide, nation-wide farm plans are based.

From this simple economic foundation all other government tasks in the USSR begin. Taxing commissions, housing commissions, social insurance commissions, sanitary commissions, complaint commissions—in all these tasks of execution and checking, wide masses take part. They are carried on literally by the unpaid voluntary labor of millions of citizens, served by the secretarial work of a much smaller number of full-time officials. They call it "doing social work;" every worker and office employé is urged to do it; factories and offices pride themselves on the proportion of their staff which takes voluntary part in public affairs. Frequently it runs to 70 or 90% of the total number of workers.

Driving along a country road fifty miles from a railway I see four women on a shady bench poring over a ledger;—a rural tax commission revaluing village property for report to the village meeting. A few miles further is a district court, holding traveling session under the trees; it has drawn in local peasants to serve as co-judges. When Moscow decrees a passport system and opens scores of offices for listing and investigating, the work is largely

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done by volunteer "brigades" of teachers, office workers, factory workers, women on old-age pensions emerging to do their bit in government. In a Stalingrad tractor plant, American workers were induced by the urging of the Russians to become members of the City Soviet, that the needs of three hundred Americans working there might be expressed. All minority groups of workers are given special attention, that every shade of desire and knowledge may combine in the "common will." But they must combine and not compete; they must add their bit to a common program, not propose diverging programs.

Whence come new ideas in the country's life? The hundreds of new methods annually adopted in industry, farming and political organization spring from no central genius in Moscow, but from the hot experience of a million local men. Every day in the year Moscow newspapers carry at least twenty new ideas sent by peasants, workers, engineers, reporters; *Pravda* and *Izvestia* each have at least sixty to eighty full-time correspondents scouring the country for "success stories" of good methods; those which appeal to the far-flung readers spread rapidly through the land. The *Whistle*, organ of railway workers, issues a special "card service" of new ideas in the railway service, each of which has originated locally and been tested by groups of workers and engineers; there are many thousands of these cards, each of them subscribed for by thousands of railway workers. "Socialist competitions" thus started locally and developed across the country into a hundred forms of mutual stimulation of labor. Thus also began, last autumn in the Caucasus, the plan of organizing the old men of the collective farms, who had hitherto been rather left out, as "inspectors of quality;" within three months it was a nation-wide policy.

Practically all new government officials arise from the men and women who have already served long apprenticeship in unpaid "social work." Gribkova springs to mind, an energetic woman who is chief of Workers and Peasants Inspection in a township. Twelve years ago Gribkova was an illiterate farmhand, who wished to "better herself," and got a job as longshoreman loading boats on the Volga. Thus she entered the public services where, in her own words, "the road lay open to all life." Working her way downstream she got a job as unskilled worker in a textile mill, which like all Soviet factories, was a center of education, political life and advancement. She learned to read and write; took technical courses and began to handle a machine, took political courses and became an "active one" in her factory. From this point her rise was possible in two directions; through technical training to high posts in industry, or through political training to posts in government. Gribkova chose the latter; she worked on workers' investigating committees till she became proficient in this task, and was chosen by her fellow workers as part of their "quota" for a two-year course to prepare needed factory inspectors. She is now a full-time official.

This is the normal path to political office in the USSR. But if Gribkova is wise, even after she becomes a full-time official, she will keep up close connection with her factory group. There is no hard and fast line between full-time officials and the millions who do part-time government work. A textile worker, by showing efficiency in the factory day nursery supervision, may become assistant chief of the city's Motherhood and Infancy Bureau without leaving her loom. A man whose financial ability is practised as dues collector for his union may rise to part-time

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work as assistant chief of the city taxes while continuing his other job. Even if "freed from production" for full-time public service, he may return to his factory as teacher in bookkeeping two nights a week in the factory school.

This doubling of factory toil with government posts is not caused merely by shortage of skilled personnel; it is a conscious policy of keeping close connection between workers and government. Workers who take no part in government work are considered lazy and backward, and are subjected to frequent campaigns to "draw them into the tasks of governing." On the other hand, government officials who do no work in factory or farm organizations soon lose caste as "alien to the masses." These are the every-day relations of proletarian dictatorship.

V

To correlate and guide this widely scattered initiative of the masses and to carry it forward in the direction fixed by the October Revolution, is the function of the Communist Party, which is not "three million people ruling" a recalcitrant hundred and sixty million, as often pictured abroad. It is rather the most energetic part of that hundred and sixty million, who give their full time to the public tasks of creating a new social and economic system, considering this the continuing purpose of their lives. That the party has its share of "yes-men" and careerists is merely saying that it is composed of human beings. But efforts are constantly made to improve the quality of membership and to keep them closer to the masses. Applicants who are engaged in intellectual or office work are commonly required to spend two years doing regular "social work" in some factory, before even making application for membership in the party. The view of the workers in that factory is taken regarding their "capacity to interpret and lead the masses," which is supposed to be the function of party members.

Every Communist is expected to give considerable time outside his job to routine "party work," in some of the multitudinous tasks of organizing masses in industry and government. He is subject to "mobilization" to be sent far from home and friends in order that some new factory or distant province may have a good quota of "experienced party men" to lead the workers in the direction fixed by the "party line."

For it is not enough to interpret the will of the masses as a ballot might or a showing of hands. The will even of one man varies; it may be stirred to high endeavor or relax to drift the easy way. The will of masses also varies, depending on their leaders. They cannot be led consciously against their own interests; but they can be led to endure severe hardship, make heavy sacrifices if the result in some future good is clearly shown. Certainly no group of unurged soldiers would ever vote to storm a trench; and certainly the workers and peasants of the USSR would not have voted unurged, unled, for the hardships of the Five Year Plan taken out of their own food and comforts, and for the painful speed of collectivization without adequate machines or organizers. But when the Communist Party analyzed, urged and demanded, showing the world situation and the need of making the USSR self-sufficient, showing the goal of a Socialist state and the hard road to its achievement, they were able to find, organize and create, deep in the heart of the masses, a will that carried through. Without that will in the tens of millions, the three million could have done little.

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I recall the Communist organization that carried through the sowing in Molvitino township, some five hundred miles northeast of Moscow, a backward folk on poor soil. There were 317 Communists and 450 Young Communists in a population of 55,000, widely scattered through more than a hundred hamlets. Every one of these party members had his task in supervising and stimulating the sowing which he did outside his regular job. One night at two in the morning I went with the township banker to his assignment in a small collective farm of twenty families. We trudged three miles over hills and swamps and reached the village as dawn was graying. The banker checked their sowing record, made suggestions on their bookkeeping, gave them the news of how the rest of the township was sowing, discussed with them minor problems of organization while he walked beside them in the fields. He was back in the town at 6 A. M., rested till the branch of the State Bank of which he was local manager, opened at nine, and was back again on "party work" that evening, checking up a different farm. Every other party member in Molvitino did similar work in the sowing.

When Molvitino township won the banner in Ivanovo province as first in sowing, the party secretary Krotov told me the secret of their success. "First, we keep up the quality of our party members; if a Communist isn't known by his work, we clean him out quickly. The second help was our organizational plan, keeping day and night in touch with every farm during the sowing. . . . That's the real secret, the mass believes us, believes us without limit! Look what we did with the early sowing and the extra-early! Straight against century-old tradition we went. We said: plant three weeks earlier than before; plant on the mud of melting snow. And the masses, worried, wavering, believed us and planted. Already they see the shoots."

Not by accident does Stalin guide from the post of General Secretary of the Communist Party, rather than from any governmental office. For the work of the party is wider and greater than that of government; to run the state is but one of its many tasks. Part of its members, surrounded by and leading much larger numbers of non-party workers, are used to run the state. Another part, similarly aided by non-party workers, runs the great trade unions with more than twenty million members. Others guide the collective farms, which are economic organizations of peasants, in no sense governmental, yet kept in line with "party policy." Other party members correlate the work of nation-wide coöperatives, or the "Friends of Children," or the "Automobile Society," or the score of voluntary organizations which are not at all governmental.

The legend persists outside the Soviet Union that we who live here are quite thoroughly regimented by an all-powerful state. Actually, one hears much less of the state than of the "line of the party," which plans beyond the state. In these past twelve years I have seen the forms of the state changed often, administrative districts expanded, contracted, new government departments added, combined or abolished, new functions given to the state or taken away and given to trade unions or coöperatives.

The state today, in most of our common thought, is chiefly Litvinoff's foreign policy and Voroshiloff's army, both of which have the task of protecting our peace to build. In internal affairs the state remains as the concentration of our finance, the correlation of our industry, farming and transport, a very flexible instrument, rather than an end or a power.

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The function of Stalin has no parallel in America or in any government, for he is not a government official at all. In no sense is he a "ruler," giving "orders." He is the chief analyst of the "party line" which takes precedence of all concrete laws and orders. Though he is cheered at all congresses, whether of government, trade unions or farms, yet those who cheer him never inquire what is "Stalin's will?" They inquire what is Stalin's analysis of the world situation, his summing up of the important next steps.

"We have several good comrades who could run the government of the Soviet Union," said a responsible Communist to me. "We have others who can run the whole net-work of industries, and others who can manage trade unions. But we have no one who can interpret so matchlessly as Stalin has done in the last two party congresses, the place of the USSR in the whole changing scheme of World Revolution, and exactly what weight must be given to each aspect of our daily struggle. This is Stalin's contribution; it is the highest function in our country."

The Soviet Union is the one country in the world where the function of analyst and prophet ranks highest.

Men in the Soviet Union speak of Stalin's "authority," but not of Stalin's "power." "Power" resides in the will of working masses; "authority" is that prestige of ability and knowledge which enables a man to interpret and create collective will. If Stalin should die tomorrow; if a thousand of the highest men in the Soviet Union should be blown up by dynamite in a single hour, the "Soviet Power" would be unchanged either in policy, method or the rate of its motion. There would be a serious change in quality of work from the loss of these efficient people; but the "power" of the masses would put forth new leaders to interpret its will.

In all the great processions that storm the Red Square in Moscow, it is Stalin with the other chiefs of party and state who stand in the high tribune to receive the salutes of the marchers. But once in my twelve years in the USSR I have seen Stalin himself march in procession, paying tribute by salute to power above his own. Certainly he would not thus salute any branch of the Soviet state, for the party is above the state which it leads. Still less would he march in salute to any representative of capitalist power, which he considers it the party's task to supersede.

But on the day when Moscow welcomed back the heroes of the *Chelushkin* and the aviators who saved them, Stalin and the chiefs of party and state strode through the Red Square beneath them, with hands raised in tribute. Those snow-burned men and women in working garb represented the heroic, collective will of Soviet workers conquering the yet-unconquered North. These shall outlast all states and classes and all political guidance, into that day when men of forge and farm, of laboratories and ships, coöperating through technical, social and economic relations, go forward with science to dominate the world.

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MEMOIRS OF A WOOD PULP EDITOR

BY RUTH L. PORTERFIELD

THE idiosyncrasies of wood pulp editors and authors first came to my attention in 1926 when I started work in a wood pulp publishing house in New York City. Even before I was hired I was given a foretaste of the picturesque possibilities of the profession by the editor to whom I had applied for a job.

Having heard through an agency that the gentleman in question was badly in need of an assistant and eager to obtain one without delay, I expected that he would be businesslike and hurried. Such, however, was not the case. The first forty minutes of the interview he devoted to a monologue on dogs and guns, with occasional side excursions into the subject of women—his favorite topic, I discovered later. In the course of his rambling remarks he finally got to the subject of education, which must have reminded him of why I was there, because he suddenly asked what college I had attended. When told, he registered brief interest and then inquired, "Was it an A.B. or a B.A. degree that you got there?"

Surprised by this question, I was still more bewildered when, without waiting for an answer, he said, "Take off your hat." Noting my evident astonishment at this Ziegfeld touch, he explained, "There are certain kinds of hair that I simply can't stand looking at in the office, so I always ask my girls to take off their hats." In the same breath he added, "Put your hat back on and come in Monday at nine, if you want to, and start work." He then shook hands and disappeared without giving me a chance to reply.

Monday at nine found me in a very large, dusty room, with packing cases in one corner and the editor in another. Scattered around at drafty points in the rest of the room were seven or eight desks, one of which was assigned to me.

There was mild confusion that first morning caused by the editor's discovery that he had for months been sitting on several manuscripts, long since given up for lost by both sorrowing authors and indifferent staff. Then some unprecedented activity on the part of the cleaning woman suddenly dislodged them from the recess between his chair and the leather cushion on it.

"I wish we had never found them," he remarked pensively. "They're awful stories, but I suppose I ought to buy them after keeping them so long. However," he added more philosophically, "they won't be the first duds I've bought. The safe is full of stuff we'll never use."

Temporarily cheered by this recollection, he was again embarrassed when he discovered my presence. In hiring me, it seems, he had made a slight mistake, having overestimated the amount of work to be done and underestimated the number of his staff. There was nothing for me to do. I offered to leave.

"Heavens, no," he said hastily. "I always like to have an extra person or two in the

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office, because you never know when somebody will leave. Stick around and read the magazines, and there will probably be something for you pretty soon. It'll save me a lot of trouble when somebody leaves." I followed this advice for about a week, and then someone did resign and I had a job.

The next three years were scarcely less strange than the first day. The editor displayed an almost pathological aversion to work, and his tireless devotion to the cause of conversation made it difficult for his staff to do anything but listen to him. Once embarked on his favorite theme—the pitiful inferiority of the female sex—he was usually good for a session of two or three hours. He liked to have us nod and smile at appropriate points in the narrative or even to express our appreciation of his wisdom verbally, if we could be brief about it. After giving me some work with the remark that I was to finish it "within the next week or two," he always sat down and talked to me for a few hours and then invariably inquired if I hadn't had time to complete the work.

He was always in a good mood, but when he was feeling particularly fine he liked to put on his secretary's coat and hat and silver fox fur and throw toy airplanes around the office. This fun generally lasted until he scored a touchdown by hitting someone in the eye or breaking a pair of glasses. During the summer his favorite diversion was cleaning the white shoes of those of his staff who would permit the practice and drying them on the top of his desk. "This does me more good than a trip to the beach," he would murmur as he painstakingly scrubbed. Nor was he at all embarrassed when surprised at his unconventional labors by the owners of the magazine; it was always they who crept apologetically away.

He had nicknames for all of us, most of the names being those of famous racing horses of the last decade, and he usually referred to himself as "papa."

There were other picturesque editors in the building—among them a woman who interpreted everything in terms of cats. When she was not at the office she spent much of her time rescuing down-and-out felines by carrying them off in a large market basket, cozily cushioned and fitted with a first-aid kit that would have made the Red Cross envious. Nor did she divorce this passion for her "furred friends" from her work. A few of her more perceptive authors soon realized that the open sesame to her heart and to a check was an adroit allusion to cats. The news spread quickly in wood pulp circles, and it was not long before Persian kittens figured prominently in almost every manuscript that came to her desk.

II

In the matter of fantastic behavior, however, these local luminaries ran our authors a poor second. A group of so-called "regulars" made of our office a second home. They must have done their writing at night, for during the day they were practically always with us. Drunk or sober, they leaned on our desks, discussing their work, their wives, their divorces (past and pending), and their debts.

It was with the last topic that they were chiefly concerned. Some of them earned a great deal, but they were chronically broke. Almost without exception, they suffered the initial handicap of having to pay alimony to several divorced wives. When the aggregate alimony amounted to more than the unhappy husband could earn, he sometimes settled the matter by drinking himself into a coma. Regaining

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consciousness in a hospital or jail, he would soon start to work on a new story in order to pay his way out of the difficulty.

In a mood of *Weltschmerz* engendered by such a situation, one of our better authors one night made the mistake of hailing a cab and telling the driver to take him to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, so that he could visit his stepmother. It was a sad moment for the taxi-driver, some twelve hours later, when he discovered that his fare was completely penniless. And too late our author recalled that his stepmother had been dead for years. Thus it was that he spent a sad two weeks in the taxi-driver's Bronx apartment, a virtual prisoner, until he could write enough to pay his three-hundred-dollar-taxi bill, plus accruing charges for board.

It was this same gentleman who later decided to visit the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré at Quebec to see if religion could succeed, where earthly measures had failed, in curing him of a marked tendency to drink. However, the traditional method of approaching the shrine on one's knees proved too much for him. Halfway up the steps he collapsed and was taken to a hospital, where it was found that he was suffering from a severe attack of delirium tremens.

To defray the expense of this illness, which proved fairly lengthy, he pawned his gold-headed cane, his diamond studs, and all his clothes. A trifle belatedly it occurred to him that he would need a suit if he were to appear in public. It was a depressing moment but he was equal to it. After slight deliberation he engaged a suite at the Chateau Frontenac, had himself delivered there in the hospital ambulance, took to his bed at once, and soon completed a story for us. When he received a check for it he summoned a tailor, and in a few days was his old resplendent self in an exact duplicate of a plaid model worn by the Prince of Wales that year at Ascot.

Another of our authors, on being reminded one day that he had received a thousand dollars in advances without producing a usable manuscript, became very dejected. During a night of reflection in a Turkish bath, he decided that suicide was the only way out of his predicament. One by one the obvious methods of carrying out this program suggested themselves, and all but one of them he rejected as being "too expensive." It would, he brooded, be easiest and most economical to fling himself from some high building. It was morning by that time, so he telephoned us to say good-bye and to tell us of his sad resolution. His immediate destination, he informed us, was the Woolworth Building, a sufficiently lofty structure for his purpose.

When we next heard of him he was in Nebraska. On the very verge of release from earthly cares, it seems, he had realized that it would be thoughtless to take such a step without first going home to say good-bye to his family, so he had caught the first train going West. Back on the ancestral farm there was great rejoicing at his unexpected return. But joy soon changed to sorrow when the dolorous nature of his visit was revealed. However, parents, friends, and distant relatives rallied and began an intensive campaign to dissuade him from his gloomy purpose. And they soon succeeded in convincing him that he was a great man and a wonderful writer who could on no account be spared.

Just about this time he decided that his life as a wood pulp author might be easier if he married some member of our staff. So in fine disregard of the fact that

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he had a wife in New York who was facing eviction from their apartment for non-payment of rent, he dispatched a telegram to a girl in our office asking her to marry him. Later he may have recalled the prevailing laws against bigamy, because he did not protest the absence of an answer to his telegram.

Finally, he sent us a story and, with the proceeds of its sale, started a triumphal trip back to New York, stopping off in various Mid-Western cities for visits with his several divorced wives. By one of these ladies, he discovered to his great surprise, he was the father of an eighteen-year-old son. "A fine, manly chap," he told us later. "I had completely forgotten about him."

III

Social engagements with these gentlemen were of doubtful value, and our staff as a whole shrank from them. Occasionally, though, one of the authors would be so importunate in his pleas to talk over his work at luncheon or tea that it was difficult to refuse his invitation. Thus it was that our most dignified middle-aged editor found one day that she had a luncheon engagement at the old Waldorf-Astoria with our most notorious drunkard.

He called for her in a cab. She observed that his sartorial splendor was marred by a prominent display of large safety pins at various strategic points in his attire. She did not, however, realize just how drunk he was until the cab stopped at the Waldorf and he flung a twenty-dollar bill at the taxi-driver with the remark that he could keep the change. As soon as they were seated in the dining room, he began to weep bitterly and unrestrainedly. The head waiter and others clustered around in great alarm. Finally he explained, amid reverberating hiccoughs, that the cause of his grief was the fact that the rose decorating his table was not so fresh as those on adjacent tables. No time was lost in bringing him another flower; whereupon he gave way to fresh hysterics in the arms of a waiter. At this point our editor quietly left without waiting to discover the further cause of her escort's tears. Engrossed in his own antics, he didn't notice her departure; at least he never mentioned it.

Of course, all the authors who haunted our office were not thus blithely irresponsible. There were droves of the unsuccessful who were persevering as they were impoverished. One pathetic little man was a frequent visitor. He was usually waiting for someone to leave her typewriter for a few moments so that he could make use of it.

The dozens of stories that he wrote in a tiny, illegible longhand he copied in our office, doing it unobtrusively, a few pages at a time. He sold only two or three of these a year but attempted to live on the proceeds in a horrible little uptown cellar that he rented for a dollar or two a month.

Another characteristic visitor was an elderly housemaid from the suburbs who had for years devoted her rare moments of leisure to writing a very long detective serial and, with her last few dollars, had had the manuscript professionally typed. Reformed convicts seemed unanimously fascinated by the possibilities of the wood pulps and, armed with the ubiquitous autobiographical serial, came to visit us in great numbers.

We spent the hours that were not troubled by the heart and financial problems of our authors in editing copy according to the rules and regulations of the house. It was our business to hold the authors to observance of such basic wood

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pulp traditions as making all heroines very young girls, presenting the West purely as a cowboys' Valhalla, and bringing all criminals—except those of the Robin Hood type—to summary and violent justice. If the story deviated too essentially from such standards, it was beyond the help of editorial intervention and had to be returned to the author.

It was also our responsibility to preserve certain extraordinary amenities of style. Practically all wood pulp publishing houses have their own little blue books, which list various proscribed words and expressions and their presumably more euphemistic equivalents. Profanity is strictly forbidden, as is mention of certain "coarse" words. What these words are differs with the different wood pulps. Such arbiters, however, take a firm stand in agreeing that "crimson stream" is less revolting than "blood," that "limbs" are nicer than "legs," and that "chest" is preferable to "breast." Carrying this train of thought to its logical conclusion in editing an Edgar Wallace detective serial, one conscientious copy editor was responsible for the solecism of having all sandwiches served during the course of the story made of "sliced chest of chicken."

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SAM GOMPERS: MISLEADER OF LABOR

BY GEORGE SIMPSON

It is now ten years since Sam Gompers was gathered to his fathers, but his soul goes marching on—in the persons of William Green and Matthew Woll. A name without a man has ruled over organized American labor since 1924. Previous to that a man without a philosophy presided over the destinies of the American proletariat. Nowhere in the annals of labor history, on this continent or across the water, has there been such complete and such childish domination of trade unionism as Sam Gompers exercised in the years 1881-1924.

"At no time in my life," he naïvely asserts in his autobiography, "Seventy Years of Life and Labor," "have I worked out a definitely articulated economic theory. As there has been need for practical action in various fields, I have always squared proposals upon the few fundamental principles that determine all my judgments." Nobody has ever discovered what those fundamental principles were, but many a thorough-going Socialist and proletarian can attest to his lack of them. Only Sam Gompers (he said anybody who cared a cent for him called him Sam) knew what his principles were, and he carried them to the grave with him. And with the same lack of enunciated principles which carried Gompers to fame in the American labor movement, Messrs. Green and Woll are carrying on the work of "the Chief."

Gompers himself was not unaware of why he did not articulate an economic theory. A theory of labor is possible only in terms of a conception of class, an analysis of the workings of capitalism, and it ultimately demands a Socialistic philosophy. But to Gompers Socialists were the real danger to American labor. "According to my opinion," said the great man in his cumbersome English, "professional Socialism accompanies instability of judgment or intellectual undependability caused by inability to recognize facts. The conspicuous Socialists have uniformly been men whose minds have been warped by a great failure or who found it absolutely impossible to understand fundamentals necessary to developing practical plans for industrial betterment." He never realized that the greatest weakness of American Socialism has been its belief that affiliation with men like Gompers and an organization like the A. F. of L. could ever bring a proletarian society into being in this country. To their face, Gompers said, "Economically you are unsound; socially you are wrong; industrially you are an impossibility." And it was with this skeleton of a mind that American Socialism—to its everlasting shame—tried to play ball for so many years.

He consistently opposed the formation of a labor party, and the reason he assigned was symptomatic of his puerile tactics. "How," he asked a colleague who proposed such an organization, "do you expect us to get those fellows [Democrats and Republicans] to put labor planks in

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their platforms if we have our own party?" It never occurred to him that a labor party might win seats in Congress. With 3,000,000 workers affiliated with the A. F. of L. (at one time, during the war, there were 5,000,000), he feared to lead a movement for a labor party. A labor party would have meant the forging of a proletarian philosophy. But a proletarian philosophy would, to Gompers, have been un-American. The last qualification is the keynote to Gompers' thinking on the subject of labor. America—first, last, and always. "America," he said piously on Washington's birthday in 1918, while this country was in the midst of war, "is not merely a name. It is not merely a land. It is not merely a country, nor is it merely a continent. America is a symbol; it is an ideal; the hopes of the world can be expressed in the ideal—America."

No man in American public life, not even our most aimless President, has been able to mouth such grandiose sentiments, and succeed in meaning so little as did Sam Gompers. Even those remarks which seem at first blush to be fertile in thought, turn out to be mere verbiage. When he says, "A man's labor is not a commodity," you wake up with a start, only to subside when you discover that he never learned that under capitalism a man's labor *is* a commodity. He would never even admit that there was such a thing as capitalism, and the way he denied it is a sample of his intelligence. He denied it by denouncing a man of straw. "There is no more demoralizing theory than that which imputes all human evils to capitalism or any other single agency," he said. But whoever imputed "all human evils," to capitalism? Gompers was forever a child. He was bewildered, he was uninformed, and he loved to roll in vast seas of meaningless patriotic verbiage.

II

Who was this staunch American; who was this upholder of the principles of our Fathers; whence came American labor's Messiah? He was a little Jewish boy, born in London, on January 27, 1850, who knew nothing but poverty until he came to this country in 1863, when he was initiated into the land of plenty by way of the lower East Side of New York, the nearest counterpart of a medieval ghetto that the New World has seen. He came to the land of liberty, and he never forgot it. The philosophy that brought him to the position of power he occupied for almost half a century might have served equally to induct him into the American Presidency. It meant nothing, and therefore was the Open Sesame to public office and public trust. His belief in America he brought with him from England, and with it he was laid to rest in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery (of all places for a labor leader!) on December 18, 1924.

Though but thirteen when he arrived in New York, he was an experienced cigar-maker, having learned the trade from his father in London. His ability as a cigar-maker no man has ever denied; it would have been well if he had persisted in making good cigars rather than in founding a capitalistic labor movement. He joined the Cigarmakers' International Union in 1864, holding, as he always proudly said, union card No. 1, and he continued as a member until his death. This entitled him to say, even when he visited King George at Buckingham Palace, "I am a working man." That made everything right in Gompers' eyes.

In 1881, when the organization which was the foundation-stone of the A. F. of L., the Federation of Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada,

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was formed, Gompers had, through his work in the Cigarmakers' Union, reached a position of prominence. He was the vital force in the Federation until 1886 when the present A. F. of L. was organized. He was elected president of the A. F. of L. in 1886 and held that office until his death, with but one year out, 1894-95, when the magnificent DeLeon cornered enough votes to unseat him.

It must truthfully be acknowledged that the A. F. of L. did not make Gompers; Gompers made the A. F. of L. He came to the A. F. of L. stripped of the bit of Socialism he might have gained from his experiences in New York. From his friend and early teacher, Ferdinand Laurrell, to whom he dedicated his autobiography, he learned that he should "attend the Socialist meetings, listen to what they have to say and understand them, but do not join the party." From the same paragon of proletarian ideas, Gompers also memorized this enlightening bit of labor-strategy: "Socialists the world over are of the same mental calibre—there is only one way to deal with them—don't argue, just tell them." Unfortunately, Pedagogue Laurrell never taught Gompers what to tell them. That may be the reason why Sam grew so heatedly inarticulate when he fought with Socialists.

As a young man in New York Gompers assiduously attended Cooper Union, and studied scientific subjects. And his social philosophy forever bore the stamp of having been learned in an engineering school. His book-learning was negligible. He seems to have paid some attention to the ideas of the Positivists, and made a pass or two at Marx. He missed completely. A good example of his intellectual profundity is offered by a story he tells in his autobiography. It demonstrates how careful a thinker and reader he was. He says that he became interested in the works of Herbert Spencer and met the philosopher of the Unknowable when he visited this country.

> I read with great care and deep interest the works of Herbert Spencer. Independent of his fundamental principles, there was a sentence used in one of his books which at first blocked my further reading of him until I caught its underlying meaning. The sentence which dealt with human progress and development was expressed in these words: "From the indefinite and incoherent heterogeneity to the definite coherent homogeneity."

A grosser misinterpretation of Spencer could not be made, since the sentence whose "meaning" Gompers was trying to ferret out reads in part, "from indefinite and incoherent *homogeneity* to definite coherent *heterogeneity*." Gompers just turned it upside down. That was also what he did on a larger scale to the American proletariat.

III

His position in the A. F. of L. gave Gompers tremendous power. He won his way into the White House as an adviser to every President from the time he first became the Federation's head man. And from the way he tells it he found himself most at home with Presidents and kings, prime ministers and crown princes. It was not long before he forgot, by hard trying, that he once made cigars and had been born in Whitechapel. Such loss of memory came easy to Gompers, just as it does to the *nouveau riche*.

But we must not be too hard at this point with Gompers. He had his uses, but he outlived them. He did succeed in getting through the eight-hour day and the Saturday half-holiday law; he did live to see a Department of Labor in the Presi-

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dent's Cabinet; he did fight against labor injunctions; he did pave the way for child-labor legislation. But in so doing he never laid the foundation for anything else. To lay a foundation you have to have something to lay it on. The quicksand of "Americanism" will never succeed in doing anything else but swallow the proletariat.

The lack of a proletarian social theory wreaked havoc with any good ideas Gompers may have had. It led him from a really forthright opposition to war in 1897 to the most outlandish jingoism in 1917 and 1918. In 1897 he had said:

> In all countries it has always been and is today that workers are required to bear the brunt of battle and to sacrifice their lives upon the field. It therefore is more essential to them than to all others that international disputes should be settled by arbitration instead of by force of arms; their lives and the interests of those dependent upon them are sacrificed by wars; the burdens of war are borne by the worker, the evils growing out of the passions excited by war all have the trend to oppress the laborers.

A fine statement, you will say. But Gompers never knew why the statement was true. He had no conception of the capitalistic interest in imperialism, and no realization of the ultimate tightening of the lines of the class-struggle. Consequently, in 1917, by which time he had gotten sops for the American workingman from the "robber barons" and had seen himself ensconced in the councils of the demagogues, his "Americanism" came to the fore and he proclaimed to all the world that we were entering the war "to make the world safe for democracy" and that we were fighting against "German aggrandizement under the domination of autocracy, militarism, and Kaiserism." Nobody has ever found out what Gompers thought Charley Schwab got out of the war, or whether he ever knew that there was a man named Krupp who had some slight concern and stake in German industry in 1914.

Without a Marxist-Leninist theory of imperialism and war, no labor movement is going to save its proletariat from being killed for its capitalists. But such a theory means acknowledging a basic opposition between workers and exploiters. Such a theory Gompers later said, in criticism of Lenin, was undemocratic.

His success in the A. F. of L. gave him a world-wide reputation and ultimately led to his being hailed as the leader of international labor. He was president of the Pan-American Federation of Labor from 1918 to 1924, and practically dictated to Calles and Obregon in Mexico on the question of labor. In 1895, 1909, and 1918, he was fraternal delegate to the British Trade Union Congress. In the last-named year he came into contact with British Laborites and his reactions were the same as he had had forty years before to American Socialists. He was head of the Committee on Labor during the war, and his most penetrating comment apropos of his job was that he found "Keep the Home Fires Burning" a thrilling song. In 1919 he went to Paris and became the chairman of the Commission on International Labor Legislation. He tried to have the Senate ratify the Versailles Treaty and wanted America to join the League of Nations. He thought Woodrow Wilson was a great man because Woodrow Wilson thought Samuel Gompers was a great man.

By 1910 he had the ear of every Representative and Senator in Washington; State legislatures heeded his demands; ward politicians trembled at the thought of his wrath. He visited Puerto Rico twice to study labor conditions, went to Cuba

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three times, Mexico once, and Canada many times. His influence upon Canadian labor has been enormous, but where is Canadian labor today?

Every time he found himself in a convention that was revolutionary he withdrew and took the A. F. of L. delegates with him. He attended the revolutionary labor conference in 1919 at Amsterdam, and when the conference passed a declaration of revolutionary principles he walked out with his faithful bloodhounds who were trained to smell out anything that had the odor of proletarianism. He contributed a definition of the principles affecting the status of labor to the Treaty of Versailles, but what good has it done? Sops remain sops as long as capitalism remains the foundation of world-economy.

IV

Gompers had no theory; consequently he distrusted all other theories. He claimed to have an experimental method, as opposed to dogmatic Marxism. But this "experimental method" that Gompers spoke of was nothing more than the ripest fruit of a bourgeois, liberal mind. He used the term "experiment," but what he meant, and he never denied it, was compromise. He always spoke of himself as a "middle-of-the-road" man. Of course, it would have upset him completely if you had asked, "What road?"

He asked that this message from him be read over his bier:

> Say to the organized workers of America that as I have kept the faith I expect that they will keep the faith. They must carry on. Say to them that a union man carrying a card is not a good citizen unless he upholds the institutions of our country, and a poor citizen of our country if he upholds the institutions of our country and forgets the obligations of his trade association.

That, in essence, was the labor philosophy of Sam Gompers as he himself wanted it to be remembered. In that statement is hidden his own view of what trade unionism means. He himself called his doctrine "trade unionism pure and simple," with no political attachments. Reed, in his book, "The Labor Philosophy of Samuel Gompers," has very nicely restated that position by saying that to Gompers trade unionism was a business activity. It was not a means for attaining political power, and surely not for ultimately handing over the ownership of production to workers. Trade unions were organizations to get higher wages, shorter working hours, better working conditions. There was no conflict between capital and labor in Gompers's eyes. Labor was a competing industry, and it competed with manufacturers' associations, chambers of commerce, and the like.

Gompers gave this "pure and simple" doctrine the high-flown name of "voluntarism," by which he meant that laborers were not to be forced into unions; unions were there to help labor get more profits. He conceived of a union as a body of profit-making individuals. To keep them pure and simple he insisted upon high dues and restriction of membership. He himself said that he wanted "trade" unionism, not industrial unionism. He wanted none of the revolutionary organization around basic industries, such as steel, coal, building trades, etc. His trade unions were grooved in narrow channels, such as bricklayers, hodcarriers, etc.

But being pure and simple was not enough. No force was to be used. Chapter V of Volume One of his autobiography is entitled "I Learn the Weakness of Radical Tactics." In his last words to the A. F. of L., he said:

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> Where we have blundered into trying to force a policy or a decision, *even though wise and right,* we have impeded, if not interrupted, the realization of our aims. [Italics mine].

How an organization can give up a wise and right policy and think it is gaining its ends is a possibility that only a mind like Gompers's could conceive. You may excuse this statement on the ground that he was a dying man when he wrote it, but it remains true that the same kind of sentiment was expressed by him several times throughout his life. He thought like a cadaver even in his prime.

Labor, to Gompers, must take its chances in open and fair competition with capital. He never realized that there was nothing open and nothing fair about the competition, and that labor was not the concern of American economy. His idea of "the common welfare" is a reiteration of that confused metaphysics called "common sense." There was something, Gompers believed, called the common welfare which was higher than any partial interests. He believed it so much that he wrote a book called "Labor and the Common Welfare." The idea that capitalism was an economy partial to capitalists was incomprehensible to Gompers, for after all Gompers was in essence the chairman of the board of directors of a great corporation, the A. F. of L. To undermine capitalism was to undermine his own organization and his life's work. "Trade unionism pure and simple" is merely another way of saying "company unionism."

V

From this theory of "pure and simple unionism" Gompers evolved the notion of no political action. He had incorporated into the Constitution of the American Federation of Labor this tell-tale clause: "Party politics, whether they be Democratic, Republican, Socialistic, Populistic, Prohibition, or any other, shall have no place in the conventions of the American Federation of Labor." And he consistently fought any attempt to alter that stand. In a lecture on the subject, "Should A Political Labor Party Be Formed?," he reiterated at length the same idea. His first vote was for Grant for President. After that he left the Republican party of which he was a member and never joined any other. The real meaning of his objection to a political labor party lies in the fact that it would have entailed a Socialistic philosophy and would have had to incorporate into it some Marxian ideas, no matter how revised. In addition, the Socialists, whom Gompers hated, would have dominated the party and shorn Gompers of his dictatorial powers.

What Gompers wanted was not Socialism; he wanted to be a great American, and Socialism was surely not the way to become a respectable hero. If you want your picture on every American workingman's mantelpiece, you have to stand by the principle which brought a mantelpiece into every American workingman's parlor.

But though Gompers preached against political affiliation, his every activity as president of the Federation was colored by politics. He was one of the greatest individual lobbyists that this country has ever seen. All the measures he had put through Congress and the State legislatures show him a master ward-heeler. "I have accepted," he says, "political appointments to which no salary was attached." He seemed to think that the way to stay out of politics, the way to keep the A. F. of L. out of politics, at least nominally, was not to be paid for your services. Open-mindedness and no salary were synony-

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mous for Sam Gompers. That is usual with bourgeois mentality. What we do not get paid for cannot be too significant nor touch our lives too deeply.

But if he believed in "trade unionism pure and simple" and in independent labor organizations, his belief in democracy was fundamental to both. A weasel word like democracy offers spiritual pabulum for people like Sam Gompers. It was the verbal instrument which he used to combat the ideals of the Communist Revolution in Russia. In a work called "Out of Their Own Mouths, A Revelation and an Indictment of Sovietism," done in collaboration with that master mind, William English Walling, and published in 1921, he damned Lenin, Trotsky, and the Bolsheviks for overthrowing Kerensky. He loved Kerensky because he was a democrat. And he hated the Soviets because they were not democratic. He said:

> The all important thing that the Americans know about Russia is that in every sense the Soviet government and the philosophy back of it are absolute in their denial and repudiation of democracy. This is the principle that has been at stake in all the history of the contest between freedom and slavery, self-government and autocratic government, light and darkness . . . It was the issue when the first man, in answer to a spark that had been lighted in his soul, struck the first blow against imperial rule. It is the issue over which the agonies of the world have rolled. It is an issue on which Americans cannot be deceived and from which they will not be budged.

The thought of recognizing the government of the Bolsheviks drove him frantic:

> We have lifted trade bans. This is surely enough. If it is too much may be a fair subject for discussion. But we have gone that far. Surely, democratic America will take no further step in compromise with an autocracy the like of which the world has never seen.

Since Gompers had no organized philosophy, it was in the nature of things that after he grew to be a social light in America, universities and colleges should ask him to deliver lectures on the labor movement. For the students it was just a bit like slumming, but they tolerated it. The labor movement and capitalistic economics seemed far apart. But their fears were groundless. Sam Gompers was as much a part of their economic universe as the Marshallian synthesis. He addressed student groups at Yale, Harvard, California, Michigan, Chicago, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Ohio, Vassar, Oberlin, Cornell, Columbia, and Washington. And in his own modest way, Gompers said, "I must confess that my sessions with these student groups, many of them graduate students, were no easy encounter, but I feel that the practice has helped to vitalize university economics." But university economics, the future has shown, needed more than Sam Gompers to vitalize it. And one hopes that Sam did not quote Spencer when he addressed the graduate students.

Of his publications little need be said. They are filled with the same inanities as his speeches and his articles. He was editor of the *American Federationist* all the years of his affiliation with the A. F. of L. He never seemed to have learned to write really good English. His style was boring except when he grew angry; and then it was generally a hash of balderdash. The angrier Gompers got the less sense he spoke. That alone would deprive him of the right to be a revolutionary leader. Beside the work on "Labor and the Common Welfare," there is a companion volume, "Labor and the Employer," both comprising the larger work, "Labor Movements and Problems in America." There are several other works, but none of importance. The expression of his ideas was

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more significant for what it hid than for what it divulged.

Mr. Benjamin Stolberg has spoken of the extraordinary influence of women in Gompers's life. His first wife, his personal secretary, and his research secretary, all seemed to have acted as nurse-maids to him. He obviously liked women around him who would make a fuss over him. And these three did. His greatest personal, familial ideal was to have a home of his own, a "nest" as he calls it, where, in his own naïve language, he could hear the birds sing. This refrain occurs no less than three times in his autobiography and each time the picture is the same. He was a bewildered man, and hollow words, fussy women, and singing birds were his havens of refuge.

There seems to have been little humor in him, and certainly not a bit of self-humor. He always seemed afraid that somebody was taking something from him. That would be a difficult task, because he had so little intellectually and emotionally. He continually seems worried in his autobiography lest the reader think that he coveted fame and position. He reiterates time and time again that he never asked for any job or position, and that he never asked any man to vote for him. Coming thus gratuitously, it casts great doubt on his integrity. He also claims to have been a fair and square fighter, never being afraid to trade punches with any man, but every time he gives a punch you discover that he holds the upper hand.

As he grew older his desire to conform became greater and greater. He came to talk about "America" and "Americanism" more and more. The little Jewish immigrant wanted to feel at home in the new world. He never seems to have succeeded, or he would not have needed to insist upon it so much. Nobody has ever found out what he thought Americanism was, nor did it trouble him that he had no clear-cut idea of it himself. His last days were spent in pouring out encomia upon liberty and freedom.

His last words spoken on his death-bed were: "God bless American institutions. May they grow better day by day." Even if the condition of the American proletariat grows worse and worse.

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RESEARCHERS VS. SALESMEN

BY C. C. FURNAS

TIBERIUS, with regrets, beheaded one of his ingenious subjects who had invented a malleable glass which would dent but not break. Then, as now, virtue had to be its own reward. The invention, if developed, would have spoiled the glass market, practically an imperial monopoly. It's a good story. It might even be true. It cannot be disproven, since Tiberius destroyed the evidence. No one has re-invented malleable glass, but perhaps it is one of those things that is just around the corner, waiting to have a research man pick it up. It would be a safe invention now. The lucky boy might even get a lifetime annuity out of it instead of a hasty decapitation. Its advantages would be so obvious that it would sell itself—no salesmen required. What a blow—if the sales force found its services no longer needed!

That leads up to the Big Idea that I would like to submit to the concerns that sell automobiles, refrigerators, radios, clothing, canned foods, fuel, *ad. inf.*—cut the sales budget in half, spend half the saving to hire research men and buy research equipment, and give the customer the advantage of the other half saved. Results—new products (without doubt), better products (without doubt), cheaper production costs (without doubt), and more sales (probably).

Millions *are* being spent every year for industrial research, but, for every million going there, probably a hundred million goes up the chimney as sales smoke. After all, it is the research man who lays the eggs, but the sales department gets the pay for crowing in new and ingenious ways.

Researchers have been doing remarkably well considering the size of their budgets. Some of them have copied the sales artists and have themselves gone in for a bit of high pressure. On particularly momentous occasions as much as half a million pounds of pressure per square inch have been produced in laboratories. Molecules do new tricks at high pressures. DuPont Company engineers (and others) make synthetic methanol (wood alcohol) cheaply at 3000 pounds pressure. Wood alcohol used to be made, expensively, by the dry distillation of wood, just as the Lord intended that it should be made. A small amount is still made that way, but the wood distillation people are worried because they can't make money. Their salesmen never told them that this cheaper manufacturing process was coming, and so they never wasted money on research. Wood alcohol, by the way, will keep radiators from freezing, and is also used to make formaldehyde, which is used to make Bakelite and its kin. Everyone knows Bakelite.

The classic collapse of the last decade in the chemical world is that of Chile saltpeter—one Guggenheim family, to their financial sorrow, being the local representatives. Fixed nitrogen for explosives and fertilizers formerly came from the

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desert plains of Chile. Europe and the United States now make it right at home in high pressure reaction vessels, using the nitrogen of the air as raw material. Chile nitrate interests did not waste any money on research. They lost their shirts.

That's an old story and does not rightly belong here, but there is another chapter —just completed. Chile continued to sell its saltpeter for several years because of its principal impurity, iodine. We use iodine for diet, cuts, bruises, and photography. Chile has been supplying most of it. The Dow Chemical Company recently clamped a cheap extraction process onto some California brine wells for the removal of iodine. Chile and Guggenheim will have to find another important impurity in their product if they want to play with Uncle Sam any more.

This Dow Chemical Company is one of the outstanding examples of a sound and progressive organization based on research—not hooey. They specialize on brines. If there is anything in a brine that is gettable, they get it. Dow Metal pistons have their origin in the salt wells of the Thumb district of Michigan. Dow's most recent expansion has been into a region where there is plenty of room to expand—the ocean. They have constructed a plant on the North Carolina coast which is now extracting half a million pounds of bromine a month from the ocean water, where it is present to the extent of 60 parts in a million. Bromine is the vilest, but also one of the most useful, chemical elements. It goes into the making of photographic emulsions, the manufacture of ethyl gasoline—not to mention headache powders.

At the biennial gunning season for governmental economy, the Federal research bureaus always come in for a good share of the bird shot. The howl is: government bureaus are doing research for industries which they ought to do themselves. Granted. Don't forget the farmers, either. The Department of Agriculture spends millions and millions on research which the farmers ought to be spending themselves, but did you ever see a farmer doing fundamental research? I never did. The same goes for the majority of industries.

II

Compared to the amount spent on piffle, the money spent on research in this country is microscopic, and, if this industrial age is going to get anywhere, it has to do it by searching, researching, and searching again. Who is going to promote really extensive research? Not the average business concern. The average business is run by financiers and salesmen to the tune of the lullaby, "Buy Low—Sell High." Individuals cannot finance research. It is an expensive, discouraging, very difficult, and slow moving activity.

All the easy and obvious problems have been solved, but our path of progress has just begun. The largest advances still seem to be in the future. If we ever really conquer our physical environment, it is going to be at the expense of a prolonged and powerful program of research in chemistry, physics, and biology. It's a boot strap pulling proposition, and, if the governmental bureaus can wangle enough money out of the public pocket to get a little worthwhile research done—more power to them. The work they do is usually sound, with as little lost motion and following of blind alleys as can be found in any research organization. If some industry, or farmer, is bright enough to benefit by the results of governmental research, we shouldn't hold that against them. The public as a whole benefits, too,

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or else all this philosophy about the advantages of a high standard of living is so much rot.

Since 1928 the United States Bureau of Mines Experiment Station at New Brunswick, New Jersey, has been developing a commercially feasible process for the extraction of potash from Texas polyhalite. You remember that we almost starved for fertilizer potash during the war, because, for many decades, our supply has been coming from Stassfürt, Germany. The potash minerals in Texas underlie an area of at least 40,000 square miles. The size of the reserve is absolutely stupendous. The door is now open for American capital and technical skill to go in there and develop another key industry. Besides producing potash, the Bureau of Mines process gives a number of other valuable chemicals. Most important is sodium sulfate, which can be used in the kraft paper industry along the Gulf Coast. Outside of the Bureau circles there have been proposals to put such a potash industry on a pipe line basis. The soluble salts would be extracted with water solution at the mine and then, like the woman in the unexpurgated Lydia Pinkham song, they would "pipe her to the sea" and there finish the refining.

As a matter of fact, there is a considerable potash industry already operating in that district, but it isn't American. Since 1925 the United States Potash Company has been scratching around below ground, pottering around with a deposit of the mineral sylvite, from which the potash is easily extracted. The deposit has a known reserve of at least 100,000,000 tons. Last year the company came above ground and the plant located at Carlsbad, New Mexico, produced about ¼ of the potash for American use; with a most comfortable margin of profit, it is said. The title of this company is a misnomer. It is backed by British capital. American financiers were too shrewd to be sucked in on any wild-cat scheme that was only backed by study and research. They preferred South American bonds and oil wells.

The Bureau of Soils also has a potash extraction process that can be had for the asking. Their raw materials come from the Leucite Hills of Wyoming. At least a billion tons of workable ore are in sight. The Bureau of Soils also has a process for the ammoniation of peat to make an unusually valuable fertilizer. Millions, if not billions, of tons of peat are available in Northern United States. The Du Pont Company will be glad to sell ammonia at five cents a pound or less. Peat fertilizer will make a profitable business for someone who is willing to put money into the chemical engineering research necessary to put the process to work on a manufacturing scale.

A surprising proportion of the recent advances in applied chemistry have to do with the agricultural arts in their broadest sense. Dr. C. H. Herty has perfected a process for the making of paper pulp from Southern pine. Canadian paper interests, of course, are very much in love with that idea.

The Iowa State College at Ames, Iowa, has been particularly active in research on the utilization of agricultural materials. As shown by their work, corn stalks can be used to make wall board, paper, and alpha cellulose for the rayon industry. Corn cobs are raw material for various organic solvents and for furfural, a material used in oil refining and in the production of plastics similar to Bakelite. The tuber of the Jerusalem artichoke has been shown to be a practical cheap source of levulose, a sugar which is 50% sweeter than cane sugar and which can be eaten by

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diabetics with impunity. The plant is probably susceptible to great genetic improvement, but even now the yield can be fifteen tons to the acre. From 10 to 12% of the weight of the tubers is levulose, which apparently can be produced at a price competitive with cane or beet sugar, according to the operating experience with the small plant at Iowa State College. Another competitor in the sugar field would be as welcome to the present producers as skunk oil in a bottle of perfume, but it's a possibility for someone, if he is willing to put time, money, and headaches into the necessary process development.

One of the strongest natural fibers known, particularly when wet, is ramie, which can be grown in the South. It comes from an opinionated plant, stubborn as a congressman. It refuses to give up its outer protective hull by a simple rotting (more properly, "retting") process such as is used for flax. Workers at the University of Louisiana have recently published data on a laboratory process which has proven highly successful in the decortication of the plant and stalk. It opens up great possibilities to someone who is willing to spend good money on process research. Utilization of ramie would mean "wear forever" fabrics at low price. You wouldn't need salesmen to sell such wares, at least not to me; I would buy them on sight.

Successful artificial rubber, at last, is with us. The Du Pont Company is marketing a material, dubbed Duprene, which is superior to natural rubber in some respects, such as aging, resistance to temperature, solvents, and oxidation. Its elasticity is as satisfactory as rubber's, and its tensile strength is almost as good. For certain purposes, such as the lining for gasoline hose, it is far superior to the natural product. Experimental tires made of the material have chased ordinary tires out on a limb, as far as performance is concerned. Duprene has just one drawback. It costs a dollar a pound. However, when a large market develops, the price will go down considerably. The manufacturing process is inherently expensive, though the raw materials are cheap, so we cannot expect too much from Duprene in the matter of low cost. However, the last word has not been said, not by any means. Probably other synthetic compounds will be found which will have superior qualities. Someone will devise manufacturing processes for them which are less expensive. These advances will be made by researchers, certainly not by salesmen. Perhaps the price can never be brought down sufficiently to drive natural rubber out of the picture, but it is going to give it a run for its market. If I were in the natural rubber business, I would certainly meditate on the prospect now and then.

III

These random examples of what research has done, is doing, and would like to do, really give no idea of the stupendous magnitude of the field of probable future chemical development. The possible compounds are almost as numerous as the well-known sands of the sea. Several hundred thousand organic (containing carbon) compounds have been isolated, identified, and catalogued. It isn't even a beginning. The chemical world expanded its bounds many fold a relatively few months ago with the discovery of deuterium, a form of the elemental gas hydrogen, which is twice as heavy as ordinary hydrogen. That may not sound exciting, but it is—to chemists. It may prove to be almost as upsetting as the Curies' discovery of radium,

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thirty-two years ago. For unknown numbers of millennia, anthropoid creatures have been supposing that water was water. This dual weight of hydrogen coupled with the relatively recent discovery of at least three different kinds of oxygen, each of a different weight, makes it possible to have at least nine different kinds of water.

Benzene, the dry cleaner's friend, is no longer a single substance, but may occur in at least thirteen different forms, each probably having its own chemical properties. Ammonia, refrigerant, cleanser, raw material for fertilizer and explosives, now has at least four forms. The existence of the heavy form of hydrogen, deuterium, automatically increases the possible number of all classes of organic compounds. The known organic substances must some day be numbered by the millions instead of mere hundred thousands. Some investigators report that there is evidence of the existence of a third form of hydrogen, three times as heavy as the ordinary variety. Chemistry is no longer the simple subject it was, even a year ago.

"Heavy" water, containing deuterium instead of ordinary hydrogen, occurs in natural waters to the extent of about one part in 5,000. That small proportion makes it hard to obtain, but there is a great deal of water in the world, hence a great deal of deuterium. "Heavy" water, guaranteed 99.5% pure, may be purchased from the California Isotope Company for $2300 per ounce—reduced prices for large lots, 10 ounces or more. Deuterium is not yet seen in the published lists of commodity prices, but may some day appear as a heavy chemical, at a few cents a pound. Dye stuffs may then take on new meanings and complications. Those molecules which contain both kinds of hydrogen may be internally variegated, thus presenting hitherto unknown shades to the human eye. The possible effect on biology, industrial chemistry, and medicine is anyone's guess. One thing is certain; candidates for Ph.D. degrees in chemistry need not be at a loss for thesis subjects for many years to come.

With an almost infinite variety of new materials and processes in the field in the future, the businesses which survive are going to be those that have something to offer to the dear public besides the blandishments of persuasive and well-groomed tongue artists. In the budget battles of corporations there is usually a little difference of opinion as to the relative importance of sales and research. In the past, sales has practically always won at the direct expense of research. In the future, a great many presidents and chairmen of boards are going to find that they have been backing the wrong horse.

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A CHALLENGE TO SCIENCE

BY ALICE LIGHTNER

HEIRS of Prometheus and Isaac Newton,
Spoiled darlings of an old, exhausted world;
In every field of knowledge, specialists
Devising newer methods to extract
Efficiency from nature.
And still Man labors, blinded by exhaustion;
We suffocate and die in wasted millions.

But this is not our sphere,
You say. The stench and clamor of the struggle
Can hardly reach your gold and ivory towers;
Immaculate laboratories where you weigh
The fraction of an atom, or explore
The outer layers of a distant star.
Infinite futilities.
Transpose your brain,
Your fabulous calculations here and now
To the advancement of the living mass.

But this is not our sphere.
You see us through
The wrong end of the telescope. We dance,
Minute automatons, inconsequential
To your removed detachment—Scientific
Impartiality.
This is not our sphere!
Oh, blind and shirking open-mindedness!
Our masters are your masters. And you serve
Only their pleasure and their profit. See,
Where the best efforts of your minds are bent
To their enjoyment; your advanced machines
Sabotaged to the interests of a few;
Your well fought battles on disease and death
Betrayed by rising poverty and filth.
Only the mechanisms of destruction
Call forth their unequivocal applause:

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Stupendous prices, scrambling war departments,
Secret agreements—and a pall of silence.

This is your little progress; this your great
Devotion to Man's liberty!
Pitiful exploitation! Turn your eyes
Back to the world around you, to the common
Struggle against our mutual exploiters.

This is your sphere!
This glorious arena
Where the oppressed like gladiators shall
Call off the show and storm the coliseum,
Hurling their tyrants from the battlements.
Take up again your old, enlightened standards,
Heirs of Prometheus, a new world calls!

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CHINESE REDS

BY AGNES SMEDLEY

A LITTLE over two years ago, the German Consul-General in Shanghai summoned me to his office. He began the interview by informing me that he did not wish to interfere with my free expression of opinion in reports I was sending to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. Then for one full hour he proceeded to lecture me as to what kind of reports I should write. Among other things he said: "When a good German *Burger* opens the *Frankfurter Zeitung* over his breakfast coffee, he should read reports which fill him with the desire to export goods to China. But you write of famines, floods, wars, the decline of industry, and of the Chinese Red Army!"

So it has been for years. Foreign newspaper correspondents in China have reported, willingly or by force, as it pleased the interests of foreign business interests. They have referred to millions of struggling Chinese workers and peasants as "Red bandits."

To understand what the Chinese Red Army is and how it came to being, it is necessary to go back a few years and briefly review modern Chinese history. In 1924 the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen, father of the Chinese Republic, reorganized the Kuomintang, the nationalist party of which he was founder and chief. Up to that time the Kuomintang had been a weak, ineffectual party consisting almost exclusively of rich merchants and the rising capitalist class. The interests of these classes were often in conflict with the interests of privileged foreigners who lived, traded, and exploited China under the unequal treaties, through which China lost its sovereignty.

For decades the Chinese attempted to regain this lost sovereignty. But the Chinese bourgeoisie of which the Kuomintang was composed was weak and impotent, narrow-visioned, and mercenary. It controlled nothing but Kwangtung Province in the south, of which Canton was the capital. In 1924 Dr. Sun Yat-sen invited a number of Soviet Russian political and military advisers to Canton to help him reorganize the Canton government and the Kuomintang. The reorganization included, among other things, an alliance between the Kuomintang and the young Chinese Communist Party, the party of the working class which had already begun to emerge as a political force.

In forming an alliance with the Kuomintang, the Chinese Communist Party was guided by the thesis formulated by Lenin that for a certain period of time, at a certain stage in history, the interests of the national bourgeoisie in colonial or semi-colonial lands coincide with the interests of the workers and peasants. In China it was clearly to the interests of workers and peasants, as well as to the interests of the rising bourgeoisie, that the country be freed from foreign control. However, it was clear from the very beginning that this alliance would be but

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temporary. Because for years the Chinese factory workers, struggling for the minimum of human needs, had come into conflict not only with foreign capitalists in China, but with their own capitalist countrymen.

In the summer of 1926 the Southern Nationalist Army to which were attached Soviet Russian military advisers, began to march against the Chinese militarist armies who were supported by the foreign imperialists. Under promises of the Kuomintang to introduce immediate radical reforms, millions of peasants and workers sprang to the assistance of the Southern Army. It was this mass force which enabled the southerners to sweep from victory to victory—and each new victory opened up new territory in which the Communists organized new labor unions and Peasant Leagues.

Yet the very mass power which made the revolution possible was the very thing that aroused the fear and hatred of the Kuomintang. For the officers in the Southern Army were sons of the bourgeoisie. They saw the peasants on their landed estates organizing and refusing to pay half of their crops as rent, to pay usurious debts to the landlords, or taxes for their own subjection. These officers saw workers in their factories organizing into a force which would enable them to become an unconquerable force and assume leadership of the revolution itself.

When Chiang Kai-shek reached Shanghai in April, 1927, he faced a Chinese bourgeoisie, terrified of the Chinese working class which had been strong enough to arm itself and drive the old armies with their White-guard Russian regiments from the city.

And of Chiang Kai-shek they demanded that these "arrogant and dangerous" workers be disarmed, their labor unions destroyed, and that the Kuomintang-Communist united front be smashed. Chiang Kai-shek agreed. In former years he had been a stock broker in Shanghai, and at that time had become a member of the underworld of criminal gangsters who constitute the secret armed force of the Chinese bourgeoisie.

It was this Shanghai bourgeoisie, this semi-feudal colonial ruling class which is linked in so many ways to foreign imperialism, that made its demands on Chiang Kai-shek. These gentlemen offered Chiang an advance loan of $30,000,000 if he would establish a counter-revolutionary government in Nanking. The first duty of this government should be to force the workers and peasants back "in their places." Its second should be to bring to a halt all talk of an anti-imperialist war of emancipation, and to adopt, instead, a policy of "coöperation with friendly foreign powers."

The "friendly foreign powers" were Japan, America, Great Britain, Germany, France and other capitalist nations which have reduced all Asia to subjection. The one "unfriendly" foreign power was Soviet Russia.

II

Chiang Kai-shek could not trust his own soldiers to slaughter the workers. So he called to his aid the members of his old gang of "blood brothers" from the criminal underworld of Shanghai. On the night of April 11, 1927, thousands of these gangsters, armed to the teeth, were assisted by the foreigners to pass through the foreign concessions into Chinese territory and fall upon the sleeping workers. Within a week 1500 workers and revolutionary intellectuals were slaughtered in Shanghai. Thousands fled the city. It was these flee-

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ing workers who poured out into the villages and became the leaders of peasant partisans bands which later merged into branches of the Chinese Red Army. The Shanghai massacre became the signal for all counter-revolutionary elements throughout China. Peasant Leagues were crushed and thousands of peasants butchered. Conservative estimates place the number of workers, peasants, and intellectuals killed from 1927 to 1934 at over 1,000,000.

In the years that have passed since 1927 the Kuomintang and its organ, the Nanking government, have enthroned the landlords and capitalists. They smiled upon and obeyed foreign imperialism, and foreign imperialist governments hastened to recognize Nanking as the one and only Chinese government. The prisons became jammed with tens of thousands of chained men and women, and even of youth as young as thirteen and fourteen years of age.

To maintain itself the Nanking government began to pile new burdens upon the masses of the people. It floated speculative loans amounting to $2,000,000,000, as well as provincial and municipal loans ranging into the hundreds of millions. These loans yielded on an average 40 to 50% profit to the bankers who sponsored them. Foreigners made fortunes on them. Taxes by the score were piled on the backs of the people. On March 21, 1933, the *Ta Kung Pao*, a semi-independent commercial newspaper in Tientsin, published a report showing that the Chinese people are today staggering under a burden of 1,756 different kinds of taxes. In some provinces the land tax has been collected from the peasants some four or five decades in advance.

Military requisitions have stripped the peasants of their last lean pig, scrawny chicken or duck, so that when a famine or flood threatens, the peasants do not have enough energy or reserves in food to keep them alive a week.

In territories usually free from famine the militarists and landlords forced the peasants to grow opium instead of grain, because opium brings heavier profits. And the cultivation of the opium poppy in turn transformed great areas of the country into actual or potential famine districts. In 1932 the Nanking government introduced the public, licensed sale of opium, from which it is said to draw an annual income of $200,000,000 while those who manage this opium monopoly reap wealth far in excess of this sum. Nanking government spokesmen have openly said that the $200,000,000 income from opium was for use in suppressing the Chinese Red Army. In all territory guarded by the Chinese Red Army the Chinese Soviet government has made the traffic in opium an offence punishable by death.

In 1927 the Nanking government chose its friends and its enemies. Its friends were the imperialist powers, its enemies the Chinese masses. It broke off relations with the Soviet Russian government. By 1931 the powers which it declared to be "friendly foreigners" began the invasion and annexation of great tracts of the country. The Japanese took the North and have not yet stopped advancing and annexing. The British began the occupation of Western Chinese provinces. The French sat on the Southern border carefully watching that the puppet Chinese rulers in two Southern provinces did as ordered. And all the "friendly foreign powers" sat in positions of control in Shanghai and Nanking.

The only thing that has prevented them from dividing all Kuomintang territory among themselves is their inability to agree on the division of the loot.

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III

When the counter-revolution began in 1927 the Chinese Communist Party recognized that its temporary alliance with the Kuomintang was finally broken. The Chinese ruling classes had united with foreign imperialist interests without whose support they could not maintain themselves against the rising tide of the mass revolution. So the Chinese Communist Party issued a call to the entire Chinese people to take upon itself the tasks of completing the anti-imperialist and anti-feudal agrarian revolution. These steps were essential before China could progress to more advanced social forms. To make these possible, the workers and peasants were called upon to arm themselves by any and every means, to organize themselves into mass organizations, and to establish the Soviets as their administrative organs.

Driven underground, the All-China Federation of Labor and the Chinese Communist Party began organizing a network of secret cells in factories, workshops, and in the villages. Workers and revolutionary intellectuals were sent into the villages to aid the peasants, to help lead them during the uprisings which swept through central China in 1927 and 1928. During this period also the workers in many centers arose, formed small Red Armies, and fought.

At first the masses fought with spears, knives, hoes, or bamboo clubs; then rifles, pistols and hand machine-guns began to appear among them. They captured machine-guns but often did not know how to use them.

Women fought side by side with the men and among some of the first peasant leaders were women agricultural laborers who had been slaves of the landlords. Some of these women leaders later rose to high positions of command in the Chinese Red Army.

In December, 1927, the Canton Commune was established. It was defeated by the Chinese militarists and the foreign gunboats, but before it collapsed, it published a program which was to be the battle-cry for millions of workers and peasants in the years to follow. It called for the confiscation of all big landed estates and their division among the peasants; for the nationalization of large foreign and Chinese industries; and it issued a whole series of social decrees, including the eight hour day, social insurance, and the abolition of human slavery and of child labor.

In the spring of 1928 the Red Armies of Chu Teh and of Mau Tse-tung met on the borders of Hunan and Kiangsi Provinces and formed what was known as the Soviet Frontier regions, which extended over seven hsien, or districts, with their district cities. They reorganized and began the training of their united forces into what is today the Chinese Workers' and Peasants' Red Army. They founded the first Red military training school, Red Army hospitals, the first Red Army arsenal, and they organized and trained the masses in the entire region.

From its very inception, it was the propaganda of the Red Army that the Kuomintang officers feared even more than its bullets. This was because most of the soldiers in the Kuomintang armies were themselves poor peasants who had joined the army of the militarists in order to earn a bowl of rice. When these troops were sent against the Red Army, they were met not only with bullets and spears, with stones and scalding water, but also with propaganda. Peasants, fishermen, coolies, hand-workers, talked with them everywhere. When they finally fought in battle

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the Red soldiers and the peasant masses accompanied each bullet with a revolutionary slogan. In lulls in battle, or through the darkness of the night men, women and youth shouted to them in chorus:

"Brothers of the White troops, why do you fight for the landlords? . . . Brothers of the White troops, why do you fight for the capitalists and imperialists? . . . White brothers, we are poor peasants and workers fighting for your interests! . . . Land to the peasants and soldiers! . . . Eight hour day for the workers! . . . Pay no rent, no debts, no taxes! . . . Down with the landlords! . . . Down with the Kuomintang, running dogs of the imperialists! . . . Brothers, come over to us—bring your guns and bullets and fight for the revolution with us!"

The history of the Chinese Red Army has been the history of an Army built up not only by military victories, but by ideas which have caused whole Kuomintang divisions to lay down their arms, to mutiny and join the Reds, or listlessly to await capture. This accounts for what often seem miraculous victories for which foreign press correspondents in China can find no explanation. And it has been by such means also that the Red Army has armed itself. Cut off from all means of securing guns and bullets from the outside world, its only source of supplies has been the militarist armies sent to suppress it. For years the Red Army has referred to the Kuomintang Armies as its "transport troops."

However, the history of the Chinese Red Army has not been one long sweet song. It has been a history of great suffering, of superhuman endurance, of bloodshed, of disease and death. In the ferocious winters in the Kiangsi mountains in 1927, 1928, and 1929, the Red Army losses were heavy. It fought over almost every foot of territory in Kiangsi and in the Provinces bordering Kiangsi. With few or no bullets, it often had to fight in hand-to-hand battles with its clubbed rifles. Clad only in thin cotton rags, many froze to death on the mountain sides. Lung diseases carried off others. Men grew hollow-eyed and as lean as famished wolves, and yet they marched swiftly over great distances in bare feet swollen to twice their normal size. There have been times when they covered 90 li (30 miles) a day over icy mountains, and as much as 200 li (70 miles) a day on the plains in warm weather. They are the hardest and swiftest marchers on earth and because of this they struck terror to the Kuomintang armies sent against them.

Despite its great suffering and the fearful odds against which it fought, the Red Army's strength constantly grew. By the middle of 1930 nearly the whole Province of Kiangsi, with the borders of Fukien, Kwangtung and Hunan provinces, was Soviet. The Red Army had grown to an armed force of over 100,000 men guarding a firmly organized Soviet region in which feudalism had been destroyed and all elements upon which imperialism depended exterminated. Tens of thousands of Red Guards and Youth Vanguards, both men and women, armed with spears and a few scattered rifles, guarded Soviet towns and villages and all roads and paths. Other tens of thousands of peasant partisans fought for new Soviets. Partisans planted their red banner on high cliffs overhanging the Yangtze River along the northern borders of Kiangsi and further up river in Hupeh. And foreign gunboats patroled the Yangtze firing upon them, trying to drive back the revolutionary tide that threatened Kuomintang rule.

In the late summer of 1930 the Red

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Army had grown to such an extent that the foreigners openly intervened against it. This was in the city of Changsha, capital of Hunan Province, the stronghold of Hunan feudal landlords, usurers, merchants and militarists. On the last day of July the Red Army marched on this city. The population inside the city walls, together with some of the Kuomintang troops, arose, drove out the Kuomintang rulers, and opened the gates to welcome the Red Army. The Changsha Soviet government was organized amidst tremendous enthusiasm.

Four days later American, British, French, Italian and Japanese gunboats slid down the Siang River on which Changsha is situated, and began a bombardment which lasted for many days. Unable to hold out against the big guns of the foreigners, the Red Army and thousands of the city population retreated. Ho Chien, the local Kuomintang militarist, then entered Changsha at the head of reenforcements. While the foreign gunboats stood guard Ho Chien and his feudal-bourgeois government began a slaughter that claimed the lives of from four to five thousand men and women.

IV

The foreigners now began to demand, in no uncertain terms, that the Nanking government suppress the "Red bandits" of the interior. The Nanking government was quite willing to obey. But the workers and peasants, organized in the Red Army, had no intention whatever of allowing themselves to be suppressed. Already the Chinese Communist Party and the All-China Federation of Labor had called a conference in Shanghai to which delegates from illegal mass organizations all over China had come. These delegates included men from the Red Army and from the Soviet regions also. While hundreds of detectives scoured every nook and corner of the city looking for them, the delegates met, and drew up plans and drafted laws for the first All-China Congress of the Soviets scheduled to convene in Soviet Kiangsi on December 11, 1930, the anniversary of the Canton Commune.

But when winter came the Congress had to be postponed because the Nanking government had launched its first major offensive against the Red Army, hurling 100,000 well-armed troops into Kiangsi. The Red Army drew them deep into Soviet territory and then surrounded and almost annihilated them. The captured guns and bullets were used to arm new thousands of workers and peasants.

Kuomintang and foreign correspondents in China, however, reported that the Red Army had been completely "exterminated." But when March of 1931 came, Nanking launched its second Anti-Red campaign. General Ho Ying-ching, Minister of War of the Nanking government, commanded 200,000 Kuomintang troops in person. And again the Red Army surrounded them, destroyed many of the divisions outright, and captured thousands of new rifles, great quantities of bullets, food, medical supplies, silver, and a number of field telephone and radio sets.

By the late summer of 1931 General Chiang Kai-shek announced that he was going in person to Kiangsi to lead the Kuomintang armies in the final assault which would wipe all Communists in the interior out of existence. In a very loud speech he announced that he would never return to Nanking alive until this, his pledge to the "nation" was fulfilled. He intimated that he would march right at the head of his troops and would strike the first blow.

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To impress his determination still more deeply upon the foreigners, Chiang made a special trip to Shanghai and became a Christian. While Christian missionaries, gangsters and the bourgeoisie wept with relief on one another's shoulders, Chiang joined the American Southern Methodist Church. Then with a blare of trumpets he marched off to war.

In the third Anti-Red campaign Chiang used 350,000 men, armed with the best weapons the foreigners could supply him. With Jehovah by his side, he issued orders to his soldiers that they should destroy and slay everything in their path. They did so. In the late summer and autumn of 1931 they destroyed hundreds of Soviet towns and villages and slaughtered 200,000 men, women and children. Six thousand Red soldiers fell in battle, the strains of the International on their lips. In September the Red Army met the spear-head of the White troops and in a three-day battle broke them to pieces. In November the entire 26th Route Army of the Nanking Government, totalling over 30,000 men, revolted and went over with their officers to the Red Army. Not a shot was fired against them; they were won over by the masses of the peasants and workers.

Again Kuomintang and foreign newspaper men reported that the Red Army had been "exterminated." While these tales were being circulated, down in Shuikin, Southeastern Kiangsi, the first All-China Congress of the Soviets convened. The Congress had been postponed three times while the Red Army and the masses fought off the White invasions. But on November 7, 1931, a thousand men and women delegates from illegal mass organizations in Kuomintang-imperialist territory, from all Soviet regions and all Red Armies, gathered.

This first All-China Soviet Congress founded the provisional Central Soviet Republic of China. Mau Tse-tung was elected chairman of the Central Executive Committee and Chu Teh chairman of the Central Revolutionary Military Council and commander-in-chief of all the Red Armies in China. About them were grouped hundreds of the ablest and best-trained revolutionary leaders of the country. Many of them were men trained in European countries, including France, Germany, and Soviet Russia. Others were agricultural laborers, poor peasants, and industrial workers. One of the vice-chairmen, acting with Mau Tse-tung was Hang Ying, a printer from Shanghai, one of the earliest leaders of the All-China Federation of Labor. The Soviet Congress passed resolutions and laws regulating the new life of all the Soviet regions of China. The land, labor, financial, economic and educational laws are among the most remarkable and inspiring documents ever written. The resolution providing for the reorganization, extension, education and care of the Red Army soldiers and their families makes the most dramatic of reading.

V

The Kuomintang tried desperately to prevent the news of the founding of the Chinese Soviet Republic from reaching the rest of the Chinese people. Secret Kuomintang conferences were called in Nanking to devise new methods of carrying out the White Terror, of undermining the power of the Chinese Soviets and the Red Army, and of spreading lies about them. The Kuomintang then issued secret orders to the entire Chinese press, and requests to the foreign press, that all news reporting the success of the Five Year Plan in the Soviet Union be completely suppressed, because "such reports tend to in-

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spire the people." Another secret order suppressed all news of the arrest and execution of Communists, because these reports were arousing "unfavorable criticism in foreign countries." Every statement issued by Mrs. Sun Yat-sen—the loyal and magnificent friend of the Chinese Communists—was also ordered suppressed. Raids were made on new bookshops, publishing houses, and new theatres; all social literature was forbidden to be sold. The Kuomintang then began to circulate everywhere charges that the Chinese Red Army was supported by the Japanese government.

The Chinese Soviet Republic and the Central Revolutionary Military Council cut through this propaganda by issuing a series of manifestoes to the Chinese people. In April of 1932 they circulated for the second time a manifesto issued shortly after the Japanese invasion of Manchuria. This manifesto summarized the fearful exploitation of the masses in Kuomintang-imperialist territory, the disintegration of Chinese industry and agrarian economy with the merciless suffering this brought the people. It analyzed the foreign and internal policy of the Kuomintang which had paved the way for foreign imperialist invasion and the dismemberment of the country. Finally, the Red Army offered to form a united front with any individual Kuomintang military unit that was willing to fight the Japanese. Its three conditions for this united front were: (1) that the wars on the Soviet regions cease; (2) that democratic rights of free speech, press, assembly and organization be granted the Chinese people; and (3) that the people be permitted to arm themselves into anti-Japanese Volunteer Corps for the purpose of waging a national revolutionary war for the unity, integrity and independence of China.

This offer had such an effect upon the Chinese people that Chiang Kai-shek made a speech in Nanchang in which he threatened death to any man who advocated fighting the Japanese instead of the Chinese Red Army. His threat was passionately applauded by the foreigners, and a few days later Wang Ching-wei, political head of the Nanking government, supported it and attempted to "explain" it to the Chinese intellectuals who were clamoring for war on Japan to regain lost Chinese territory. Not one Nanking soldier, not one gun or bullet was sent to oppose the Japanese invasion, although the Chinese soldiers and the masses of the people were willing to arise and fight in a war which would have washed the Japanese from the country.

Throughout 1932, while Japanese armies tramped over all North China without meeting resistance, the Nanking government, under pressure of foreign imperialism, planned the greatest war which had yet been waged in China. This was the fourth Anti-Red campaign for which one million Kuomintang soldiers were mobilized. In the late summer these hordes were hurled against the Soviet regions in Hupeh Province, north of the Yangtze, against a small model Soviet region which has grown up on the borders of Honan, Hupeh and Anhwei Provinces, and against the Red Army in Kiangsi.

By sheer force of numbers the invaders over-ran a number of Soviet regions in Hupeh and laid them waste. They bombed Soviet towns and villages from the air, and although an attempt was made to keep it secret it was soon said that some of the Nanking military pilots were Americans.

This fourth offensive caused damage to millions of people, but it gave rise to what is today one of the most extensive and

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strongest Soviet territories. The Red Army protecting the model Soviet region on the border of Hupeh, Honan and Anhwei Provinces decided to retreat. It left behind about half of its forces to continue partisan warfare and build up the Soviet region again. The other half of the detachment swept to the Northwest, then into Szechuen Province, a territory where the masses live in indescribable destitution under a number of local militarists allied in one way or another with the Kuomintang. The masses arose to greet the Red Army, and within a few weeks a vast area was Soviet and the first Soviet Congress of Szechuen had been called.

This development sent the British Minister to China scurrying up the Yangtze. He gave a loan said to amount to twenty million pounds to one of the strongest Szechuen militarists. This money not only gave the militarist the courage to fight the Red Army, but it induced him to close his eyes to the British invasion of Western China and even of Western Szechuen Province—an invasion which has called forth not one word of protest from the Nanking government. Not only this, but while the British have openly established what they call an "independent" kingdom in Western China, with a British officer as "king," the Nanking government has charged that the disorders in the West are all the work of Soviet Russia!

The fourth anti-Red campaign ended in the early part of 1933. The Kuomintang and the foreigners happily reported that the Reds had been exterminated for the fourth time. However, the final results were these: 14 Soviet districts had been lost; 76 new ones were founded. 80,000 Nanking troops, 140,000 new rifles, 1,390 new machine-guns and six new airplanes had been captured by the Red Army. Eleven high Nanking military commanders were captured and nearly 30,000 captive Kuomintang troops were admitted to the Red Army after each had been carefully examined as to his social origin and his ideas. For the Red Army had long ceased admitting men to its ranks without discrimination.

VI

In 1933 and 1934 the Nanking government signed a series of treaties with the imperial Japanese government surrendering vast areas of Chinese territory to Japanese rule.

In 1933 Chiang Kai-shek brought to China the military pride and joy of German monarchism—General von Seeckt. This German killer, with some 70 German Fascist assistants are the gentlemen who draw up Chiang's wars against the Chinese people, who train and arm his troops at a handsome profit to themselves and the Kuomintang officers; some of them have commanded at the front.

In 1933 also the Nanking government, turning the executioner's knife against the Chinese people, sent its Minister of Finance abroad to secure the help of international financial and business sharks. This gentleman secured the notorious $50,000,000 American "wheat and cotton loan" which the Nanking government began selling to the Japanese, taking guns in exchange. This well-fed and rich minister also secured a $40,000,000 American aviation loan, after which the Nanking government announced that it would one day build up an air fleet of 3,000 planes. While some Americans pretended that these would be used against the Japanese, this was a stupid fabrication. In China, no man is foolish enough to think that the Nanking government will fly even so much as a kite against the Japanese. Quite

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to the contrary. Even in recent months it has openly surrendered every shred of sovereignty over North China to the Japanese.

Throughout 1933 warfare on the Chinese Soviet regions continued without interruption. The results were the same as in previous years—the Red Army continued to capture great quantities of arms and ammunition from the troops sent against it. With these new thousands of workers and peasants were armed. In the late summer of 1933 the foreigners stepped in once more, much as they had done in Changsha, to keep the Kuomintang in power. This was when the Red Army was within a few miles of the coastal city of Foochow; it appeared certain that it would occupy the city and be welcomed by the people. American, British, Japanese and French cruisers were rushed to Foochow and lay menacingly in the harbor, ready to bombard the city into dust if the Kuomintang were overthrown and a Soviet government organized. On August 3 and 4 of the present year, the Red Army was again within twelve miles of Foochow. Again American and other foreign cruisers rushed to this city under pretense of protecting foreign lives and property, but in reality to drive the Red Army out and to keep Chiang Kai-shek and his henchmen in power. What this means can best be understood by imagining foreign cruisers anchoring in New York harbor to prevent the American workers and farmers from overthrowing a possible Al Capone government.

This incident and countless others of a similar nature were proof enough that the foreigners would openly intervene in China if the Chinese Soviets extended their rule to any of the great cities on the rivers or coast. Realizing that the time was coming when this would happen, the Chinese Soviet government issued a manifesto in 1933 stating that the military goal of the Red Army was a million Red "ironsides" who would play the final and decisive rôle in the struggle for the national emancipation of the country. Volunteers were called for, and men began to pour into the Red Army from all parts of China. Factory workers in the big industrial cities under Kuomintang-imperialist rule secretly made their way into the Soviet regions and joined the Red Army. They formed whole shock industrial-proletarian divisions, Communist almost to the last man. Two whole new Red Army corps were formed in the small model Soviet regions on the Hupeh, Anhwei, Honan Provinces. Tens of thousands of men joined in the central Soviet region in Kiangsi; two shock divisions were composed entirely of members of the Young Communist League, and were called the "Y.C.L. Divisions." Other divisions were made up of workers, agricultural laborers and hand-workers.

At the time of the first Soviet Congress in November, 1931, the Chinese Red Army totalled 200,000 armed regulars with about double that number of reservists—Red Guards, Youth Vanguards, and Partisan units. The reservists were often imperfectly armed. Two years later—at the end of 1933—the Red Army had grown to a body of 360,000 regulars, with a reserve force of 600,000. The reservists are still badly armed, and only if arms are captured from the invading Whites can they be armed and drawn into the regular army. In a public report early this year Mau Tse-tung, President of the Chinese Soviet Republic, declared that the strengthening of the Red Army had proceeded with its enlargement.

While the Nanking government continued to wage war on the Red Army throughout 1933, the Soviet Republic

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strengthened its economic, cultural and military life. On December 11, Mau Tse-tung issued a manifesto to the whole Chinese people in which he called for the second All-China Congress of the Soviets. This second congress assembled in Shuikin, the capital, on January 22, 1934. In a lengthy report Mau Tse-tung reviewed the economic, political and cultural progress within the Soviet borders during the two preceding years. Speaking of the Red Army, Mau stated that every Chinese Soviet citizen recognizes that the fundamental task of the Soviets and the Red Army is to mobilize the Chinese masses to fight in the national revolutionary war for the destruction of every form of foreign control, and for the establishment of a powerful All-China Soviet Republic which will unify and guard its sovereignty and independence.

In order to achieve this he stated that the Soviets are faced with urgent problems. These include the practice of wide democracy; the suppression of every counter-revolutionary attempt within Soviet territory; the promotion of the class struggle of the workers; and the completion of the agrarian revolution in all areas where it has not yet been undertaken.

In May and June of the present year the sixth offensive against the Red Army was in full swing. The Kuomintang troops, specially trained by the German Fascists, were armed with the most modern weapons of war the foreigners could supply them. American military bombers, said to be piloted by American fliers, droned overhead. Yet in one battle the Red Army met six divisions of these crack troops and smashed them. Even foreign newspaper correspondents in China reported the defeat—which means it was a most devastating affair. The sixth war is now in full swing. Mau Tse-tung says of it: "Indeed, the struggle against the present Kuomintang-imperialist offensive is to determine whether China goes down to complete colonization by imperialist dismemberment, or becomes a Soviet China with complete independence, freedom, and territorial integrity."

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MYSELF UPON THE EARTH

BY WILLIAM SAROYAN

A BEGINNING is always difficult, for it is no simple matter to choose from language the one bright word which shall live forever; and every articulation of the solitary man is but a single word. Every poem, story, novel and essay, just as every dream is a word from that language we have not yet translated, that vast unspoken wisdom of night, that grammarless, lawless vocabulary of eternity. The earth, our mother, is vast. Let us remember this. And with the earth all things are vast, the skyscraper and the blade of grass. The eye will magnify if the mind and soul will command. And the mind may destroy time, brother of death, and brother, let us remember, of life as well. Vastest of all is the ego, the germ of humanity, from which is born God and the universe, heaven and hell, the earth, the face of man, my face and your face; our eyes. For myself, I say with piety, rejoice.

I am a young man in an old city. It is morning and I am in a small room. I am standing over a bundle of yellow writing paper, the only kind I can afford, the kind that sells at the rate of 170 sheets for ten cents. All this paper is bare of language, clean and perfect, and I am a young writer about to begin my work. It is Monday . . . September 25, 1933 . . . how glorious it is to be alive, to be still living. (I am a very old young man; I have walked along many streets, through many cities, through many days and many nights. And now I have come home to myself. Over me, on the wall of this small, disordered room, is the photograph of my dead father, and I have come up from the earth with his face and his eyes and I am writing in English what he would have written in our native language. And we are the same man, one dead and one alive.)

Furiously I am smoking a cigarette, for the moment is one of great importance to me, and therefore of great importance to everyone. I am about to place language, my language, upon a clean sheet of paper, and I am trembling. It is so much of a responsibility to be a user of words. I do not want to say the wrong thing. I do not want to be clever. I am horribly afraid of this. I have never been clever in life, and now that I have come to a labor even more magnificent than living itself I do not want to utter a single false word. For months I have been telling myself, "You must be humble. Above all things, you must be humble." I am determined not to lose my character.

I am a story-teller, and I have but a single story, myself. I want to tell this simple story in my own way, forgetting the rules of rhetoric, the tricks of composition. I have something to say and I do not wish to speak like Balzac. I am not an artist; I do not believe in civilization. I am not at all enthusiastic about progress. When a great bridge is built I do not cheer, and when airplanes cross the Atlantic I do not think, "What a marvelous age this is!"

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I am not interested in the destiny of nations, and history bores me. What do they mean by history, those who write it and believe in it? How has it happened that man, that humble and lovable creature, has been exploited for the purpose of monstrous documents? How has it happened that his solitude has been destroyed, his godliness herded into a hideous riot of murder and destruction? And I do not believe in commerce. I regard all machinery as junk, the adding-machine, the automobile, the railway engine, the airplane, yes, and the bicycle. I do not believe in transportation, in going places with the body, and I would like to know where anyone has ever gone. Have you ever left yourself? Is any journey so vast and interesting as the journey of the mind through life? Is the end of any journey so beautiful as death?

II

I am interested only in man. Life I love, and before death I am humble. I cannot fear death because it is purely physical. Is it not true that today both I and my father are living, and that in my flesh is assembled all the past of man? But I despise violence and I hate bitterly those who perpetrate and practise it. The injury of a living man's small finger I regard as infinitely more disastrous and ghastly than his natural death. And when multitudes of men are hurt to death in wars I am driven to a grief which borders on insanity. I become impotent with rage. My only weapon is language, and while I know it is stronger than machine-guns, I despair because I cannot single-handed annihilate the notion of destruction which propagandists awaken in men. I myself, however, am a propagandist, and in this story I am trying to restore man to his natural dignity and gentleness. I want to restore man to himself. I want to send him from the mob to his own body and mind. I want to lift him from the nightmare of history to the calm dream of his own soul, the true chronicle of his kind. I want him to be himself. It is proper only to herd cattle. When the spirit of a single man is taken from him and he is made a member of a mob, the body of God suffers a ghastly pain, and therefore the act is a blasphemy.

I am opposed to mediocrity. If a man is an honest idiot, I can love him, but I cannot love a dishonest genius. All my life I have laughed at rules and mocked traditions, styles and mannerisms. How can a rule be applied to such a wonderful invention as man? Every life is a contradiction, a new truth, a new miracle, and even frauds are interesting. I am not a philosopher and I do not believe in philosophies; the word itself I look upon with suspicion. I believe in the right of man to contradict himself. For instance, did I not say that I look upon machinery as junk, and yet do I not worship the typewriter? Is it not the dearest possession I own?

And now I am coming to the little story I set out to tell. It is about myself and my typewriter, and it is really a trivial story. You can turn to any of the national five-cent magazines and find much more artful stories, stories of love and passion and despair and ecstasy, stories about men called Elmer Fowler, Wilfred Diggens, and women called Florence Farwell, Agatha Hume, and so on.

If you turn to these magazines, you will find any number of perfect stories, full of plot, atmosphere, mood, style, character, and all those other things a good story is supposed to have, just as good mayonnaise is supposed to have so much pure olive oil, so much cream, and so much whipping. (Please do not imagine that I have forgotten myself and am trying to be clever. I

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am not laughing at these stories. I am not laughing at the people who read them. These works of prose and the men and women and children who read them constitute one of the most touching documents of our time, just as the motion pictures of Hollywood and those who spend the greatest portion of their secret lives watching them constitute one of the finest sources of raw material for the honest novelist. Invariably, let me explain, when I visit the theatre [and it is rarely that I have the price of admission], I am profoundly moved by the flood of emotion which surges from the crowd, and newsreels have always brought hot tears from my eyes. I cannot see floods, tornadoes, fires, wars and the faces of politicians without weeping. Even the tribulations of mickey mouse make my heart bleed, for I know that he, artificial as he may be, is actually a symbol of man.)

Therefore, do not misunderstand me. I am not a satirist. There is actually nothing to satirize, and everything fraudulent contains its own mockery. I wish to point out merely that I am a poor writer, an unpublished story-teller, and it will be nothing short of a miracle or a mistake if this story ever appears in print. Yet I go on writing as if all the periodicals in the country were clamoring for my work, offering me vast sums of money for anything I might choose to write. I sit in my room smoking one cigarette after another, writing this story of mine, which I know will never be able to meet the stiff competition of my more artful and talented contemporaries. Is it not strange? And why should I, an unpublished story-teller, be so attached to my typewriter? What earthly good is it to me? And what satisfaction do I get from writing stories I know will never be published?

Well, this is the story. Still, I do not want anyone to suppose that I am complaining. I do not want you to feel that I am a hero of some sort, or, on the other hand, that I am a sentimental fool. I am actually neither of these things. I have no objection to the *Saturday Evening Post*, and I do not believe the editor of *Scribner's* is an idiot because he will not publish my tales. I know precisely what every magazine in the country wants. I know the sort of material *Secret Stories* is seeking, and the sort THE AMERICAN MERCURY prefers, and the sort preferred by the literary journals like the *Saturday Review of Literature*. I read all magazines and I know what sort of stuff sells. Still, I am unpublished and poor. Is it that I cannot write the sort of stuff for which money is paid? I assure you that it is not. I can write any sort of story you can think of. If Edgar Rice Burroughs were to die this morning, I could go on writing about Tarzan and the Apes. Or if I felt inclined, I could write like John Dos Passos or William Faulkner or James Joyce.

But I have said that I want to preserve my identity. Well, I mean it. If in doing this it is essential for me to remain unpublished, I am satisfied. I do not believe in fame. It is a form of fraudulence, and any famous man will tell you so. Any honest man, at any rate. How can one living man possibly be greater than another? And what difference does it make if one man writes great novels which are printed and another writes great novels which are not? What has the printing of novels to do with their greatness? What has money or the lack of it to do with the character of a man?

But I will confess that you've got to be proud and religious to be the sort of writer I am. You've got to have an astounding amount of strength. And it takes years and years to become this sort of writer, sometimes centuries. I wouldn't advise any

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young man with a talent for words to try to write the way I do. I would suggest that he study Theodore Dreiser or Sinclair Lewis. I would suggest even that, rather than attempt my method, he follow in the footsteps of O. Henry or the contributors of the *Woman's Home Companion*. Because, briefly, I am not a writer at all. I have been laughing at the rules of writing ever since I started to write, ten, maybe fifteen, years ago. I am simply a young man. I write because for me there is nothing more civilized or decent to do.

III

Do you know that I do not believe there is such a thing as a poem-form, a story-form or a novel-form? I believe there is man only. The rest is trickery. I am trying to carry over into this story of mine the man that I am. And as much of my earth as I am able. I want more than anything else to be honest and fearless in my own way. Do you think I could not, if I chose, omit the remark I made about Dos Passos and Faulkner and Joyce, a remark which is both ridiculous and dangerous? Why, if someone were to say to me, "All right, you say you can write like Faulkner, well, then, let's see you do it." If someone were to say this to me, I would be positively stumped and I would have to admit timidly that I couldn't do the trick. Nevertheless, I make the statement and let it stand. And what is more, no one can prove that I am cracked; I could make the finest alienist in Vienna appear to be a raving maniac to his own disciples, or if I did not prefer this course, I could act as dull and stupid and sane as a Judge of the United States Supreme Court. Didn't I say that in my flesh is gathered all the past of man? And surely there have been dolts in that past.

I do not know, but there may be a law of some sort against this kind of writing. It may be a misdemeanor. I hope so. It is impossible for me to smash a fly which has tickled my nose, or to step on an ant, or to hurt the feelings of any man, idiot or genius, but I cannot resist the temptation to mock any law which is designed to hamper the spirit of man. It is essential for me to stick pins in pompous balloons. I love to make small explosions with the inflated bags of moralists, cowards, and wise men. Listen and you will hear such a small explosion in this paragraph.

All this rambling may seem pointless and a waste of time, but it is not. There is absolutely no haste—I can walk the hundred yard dash in a full day—and anyone who prefers may toss this story aside and take up something in the *Cosmopolitan*. I am not asking anyone to stand by. I am not promising golden apples to all who are patient. I am sitting in my room, living my life, tapping my typewriter. I am sitting in the presence of my young father, who has been gone from the earth so many years. Every two or three minutes I look up into his melancholy face to see how he is taking it all. It is like looking into a mirror, for I see myself. I am almost as old as he was when the photograph was taken and I am wearing the same moustache he wore at the time. I worship this man. All my life I have worshipped him. When both of us lived on the earth I was too young to exchange one word with him, consciously, but ever since I have come to consciousness and articulation we have had many long silent conversations. I say to him, "Ah, you melancholy Armenian, you; how marvelous your life has been!" And he replies gently, "Be humble, my son. Seek God."

My father was a writer too. He too was an unpublished writer. I have all his great manuscripts, his great poems and stories,

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written in our native language, which I cannot read. Two or three times each year I bring out all my father's papers and stare for hours at his contribution to the literature of the world. Like myself, I am pleased to say, he was desperately poor; poverty trailed him like a hound, as the expression is. Most of his poems and stories were written upon wrapping paper which he folded into small books. Only his journal is in English and it is full of lamentations. In New York, according to this journal, my father had only two moods; sad and very sad. About thirty years ago he was alone in that city, and he was trying to earn enough money to pay for the passage of his wife and three children to the new world. He was a janitor. Why should I try to withhold this fact? There is nothing shameful about a great man's being a janitor in America. In the old country he was a man of great honor, a professor, and he was called Agha, which means approximately lord. Unfortunately, he was also a revolutionist, as all good Armenians are. He wanted the handful of people of his old race to be free. He wanted them to enjoy liberty, and so he was placed in jail every now and then. Finally, it got so bad that if he did not leave the old country, he would kill and be killed. He knew English, he had read Shakespeare and Swift in English, so he came to this country. And they made a janitor of him.

IV

After a number of years of hard work his family joined him in New York. In California, according to my father's journal, matters for a while were slightly better for him; he mentioned a strong sun and magnificent bunches of grapes. So he tried farming. At first he worked for other farmers, then he made a down payment on a small farm of his own. But he was a rotten farmer. He was a man of books, a professor; he loved good clothes. He loved leisure and comfort, and like myself he hated machinery.

My father's vineyard was about eleven miles east of the nearest town, and all the farmers nearby were in the habit of going to town once or twice a week on bicycles, which were the vogue at that time and a trifle faster than a horse and buggy. One hot afternoon in August a tall individual in very fine clothes was seen moving forward in long leisurely strides over a hot and dusty country road. It was my father. My people told me this story about the man, so that I might understand what a fool he was and not be like him. Someone saw my father. It was a neighbor farmer who was returning from the city on a bicycle. This man was amazed.

"Agha," he said, "where are you going?"

"To town," my father said.

"But, Agha," said the farmer, "you cannot do this thing. It is eleven miles to town and you look . . . People will laugh at you in such clothes."

"Let them laugh," my father said. "These are my clothes. They fit me."

"Yes, yes, of course they fit you," said the farmer, "but such clothes do not seem right out here in this dust and heat. Everyone wears overalls out here, Agha."

"Nonsense," said my father. He went on walking. The farmer followed my father, whom he now regarded as slightly insane.

"At least," he said, "if you insist on wearing those clothes, at least you will not humiliate yourself by *walking* to town. You will at least accept the use of my bicycle."

This farmer was a close friend of my father's family, and he had great respect for my father. He meant well, but my father was dumbfounded. He stared at the man with horror and disgust.

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"What?" he shouted. "You ask me to mount one of those crazy contraptions? You ask me to tangle myself in that ungodly piece of junk?" (The Armenian equivalent of junk is a good deal more violent and horrible.) "Man was not made for such absurd inventions. Man was not placed on earth to tangle himself in junk. He was placed here to stand erect and to walk with his feet." And away he went.

Ah, you can be sure that I worship this man. And now, alone in this room, thinking of these things, tapping out this story, I want to show that I and my father are the same man.

I shall come soon to the matter of the typewriter, but there is no hurry. I am a story-teller, not an aviator. I am not carrying myself across the Atlantic in the cockpit of an airplane which moves at the rate of two hundred and fifty miles per hour.

It is Monday of this year, 1933, and I am trying to gather as much of eternity into this story as possible. When next this story is read I may be with my father in the earth we both love and I may have sons alive on the surface of this old earth, young fellows whom I shall ask to be humble as my father has asked me to be humble.

In a moment a century may have elapsed, and I am doing what I can to keep this moment solid and alive.

Musicians have been known to weep at the loss of a musical instrument, or at its injury. To a great violinist his violin is a part of his identity. I am a young man with a dark mind, and a dark way in general, a sullen and serious way. The earth is mine, but not the world. If I am taken away from language, if I am placed in the street, as one more living entity, I become nothing, not even a shadow. I have less honor than the grocer's clerk, less dignity than the doorman at the St. Francis Hotel, less identity than the driver of a taxi-cab.

And for the past six months I have been separated from my writing, and I have been nothing, or I have been walking about unalive, some indistinct shadow in a nightmare of the universe. It is simply that without conscious articulation, without words, without language, I do not exist as myself. I have no meaning, and I might just as well be dead and nameless. It is blasphemous for any living man to live in such a manner. It is an outrage to God. It means that we have got nowhere after all these years.

It is for this reason, now that I have my typewriter again, and have beside me a bundle of clean writing paper, and am sitting in my room, full of tobacco smoke, with my father's photograph watching over me—it is for this reason that I feel I have just been resurrected from the dead. I love and worship life, living senses, functioning minds. I love consciousness. I love precision. And life is to be created by every man who has the breath of God within him; and every man is to create his own consciousness, and his own precision, for these things do not exist of themselves. Only confusion and error and ugliness exist of themselves. I have said that I am deeply religious. I am. I believe that I live, and you've got to be religious to believe so miraculous a thing. And I am grateful and I am humble. I do live, so let the years repeat themselves eternally, for I am sitting in my room, stating in words the truth of my being, squeezing the fact from meaninglessness and imprecision. And the living of this moment can never be effaced. It is beyond time.

I despise commerce. I am a young man with no money. There are times when a young man can use a small sum of money to good advantage, there are times when money to him, because of what it can purchase, is the most important thing of

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his life. I despise commerce, but I admit that I have some respect for money. It is, after all, pretty important, and it was the lack of it, year after year, that finally killed my father. It wasn't right for a man so poor to wear the sort of clothes he knew he deserved; so my father died. I would like to have enough money to enable me to live simply and to write my life. Years ago, when I labored in behalf of industry and progress and so on, I purchased a small portable typewriter, brand new, for sixty-five dollars. (And what an enormous lot of money that is, if you are poor.) At first this machine was strange to me and I was annoyed by the racket it made when it was in use; late at night this racket was unbearably distressing. It resembled more than anything else silence which has been magnified a thousand times, if such a thing could be.

But after a year or two I began to feel a genuine attachment for the machine, and loved it as a good pianist, who respects music, loves his piano. I never troubled to clean the machine and no matter how persistently I pounded upon it, the machine did not weaken and start to fall to pieces. I had great respect for it.

V

And then, in a fit of despondency, I placed this small machine in its case and carried it to the city. I left it in the establishment of a money-lender, and walked through the city with fifteen dollars in my pocket. I was sick of being poor.

I went first to a bootblack and had my shoes polished. When a bootblack is shining my shoes I place him in the chair and I descend and polish his shoes. It is an experience in humility.

Then I went to a theatre. I sat among people to see myself in patterns of Hollywood. I sat and dreamed, looking into the faces of beautiful women. Then I went to a restaurant and sat at a table and ordered all the different kinds of food I ever thought I would like to eat. I ate two dollars' worth of food. The waiter thought I was out of my head, but I told him everything was going along first rate. I tipped the waiter. Then I went out into the city again and began walking along the dark streets, the streets where the women are. I was tired of being poor. I put my typewriter in hock and I began to spend the money. No one, not even the greatest writer, can go on being poor hour after hour, year after year. There is such a thing as saying to hell with art. That's what I said.

After a week I became sober. After a month I became very sober and I began to want my typewriter again. I began to want to put words on paper again. To make another beginning. To say something and see if it was the right thing. But I had no money. Day after day I had this longing for my typewriter.

This is the whole story. I don't suppose this ending is very artful, but it is the ending just the same. The point is this: day after day I longed for my typewriter.

This morning I got it back. It is before me now and I am tapping at it, and this is what I have written.

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ESPIONAGE IN THE BALEARICS

BY THEODORE PRATT

THE spy-scare of Europe, with the arrest and trial in France of several Americans said to be members of an international spy-ring, has reached pre-war proportions and gone even beyond them. It has been pointed out that the size of a war may be prophesied by the measurements of the spy-scare preceding it. Let us hope not, for even a casual traveler is often looked upon askance nowadays by poor old suspicious, bewildered Europe.

Nowhere has this boil on the neck of the old girl reached such heights of festering as in Spain's Balearic Islands in the Mediterranean. There, it is passionately and fearfully believed that half a dozen nations are laying plans to seize the islands. Plots and counter-plots are bruited about recklessly, arrests made by the dozen, deportations ordered, and decrees laid down.

The tourist business, which brought tens of thousands to Majorca, the chief island, is looked upon gravely as the source of more than it appears to be on the surface. A tourist recently leaving Majorca with a Picasso drawing in his possession was held on the accusation of trying to get away with a map of the fortifications. A painter leaving with his own canvases must deposit with the authorities five photographs of each picture in case the profile in a portrait is a reproduction of the coastline.

If a German builds a swimming pool, he is accused of constructing a depository for gasoline in case of war. If a Frenchman purchases a chalet near the shore, it is supposed to be a submarine base for war-time use. When British capital buys a hotel, it is expectedly planned as a future stronghold. If an Italian geologist studies the rock formation, he is jotting down nefarious information. If an American cruises about the islands in his sailboat, it is for no good purpose. Customary visits to the islands by ships of the French Navy are called off because of the strained feeling. Maneuvers of the British fleet off Gibraltar raise a hue and cry of alarm in the Spanish press.

To counteract this wholesale espionage, real or fancied, curiously strict measures have been provided. They are all meant to discourage the tourist trade and are aimed at the Balearic Islands alone, whereas the rest of Spain is free from them. Tourists are no longer very welcome in Majorca. Literal interpretation of the rules makes it plain that every difficulty is being put in their way to discourage them.

For most of the past year foreigners in Majorca were lined up, sometimes being made to stand in the rain, to meet the first regulation, which provided that an alien must, within twenty-four hours after arrival, personally register his passport at the Government Palace. This was in addition to having his passport stamped and his pedigree taken by the police the minute he stepped off the boat. He could then stay thirty days without further official procedure.

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Recently this regulation was tenderly modified, as a partial sop to the caterwauling of the merchants who have invested heavily in the tourist trade. The alien can now have his passport registered by his hotel or other agency, and he can remain several months instead of only the single month.

But if he wants to stay more than the set length of time indicated that he is to be tolerated, he must go through a lengthy abracadabra. He must prove that he has a very special reason for staying. He must prove that he is of good character. His income and morals are thoroughly investigated.

When all this has been established, he obtains, if he can, two Spaniards to vouch for his innocent intentions, and he applies for a *certificado de residencia.* These certificates of residence aren't being handed out right and left. The authorities make it just about as tough as possible to get them.

On top of that the foreigner is discouraged from leasing or purchasing property within a military zone extending back five miles from the entire coastline of the islands. This zone is under the dictatorial jurisdiction of army authority. Under its regulations many foreigners who have built homes within this extensive area are subject to having their property confiscated at a moment's notice. The right to search any dwelling at any time is invested in the military authority. The demolition of a house, without compensation and at the owner's expense, may be ordered.

To erect a new house, permission must be obtained from the military authority. Foreigners are no longer allowed to purchase property in the islands, anyway, so any idea they have of settling there is pretty well covered by restrictions.

II

Two separate and various motives are put forward for the taking of all these precautions in the world's hot-bed of alleged espionage. The first is historically and geographically reasonable, though not to the extent nor the manner in which the precautions have been taken. Before submarines and airplanes proved themselves such powerful weapons of war, Gibraltar, held by the British, was looked upon as controlling the Mediterranean with its long-range guns. With air and underwater warfare, however, that is no longer true. The Balearic Islands, situated in the middle of the Western Mediterranean, have assumed the geographic importance they once had when Phoenicians, Romans, Carthaginians, Vandals, and Moors fought over them.

Spain's inability in the Nineteenth Century to hold Menorca, the northern island, against successive occupation by the French and the British, is now sharply remembered. In case of present-day warfare the islands would be perhaps the most strategic naval and air base in all of Europe. Certainly it would hold the Mediterranean.

The islands would be especially valuable to France in transporting troops from her African possessions. It was whispered behind diplomatic doors several years ago that France, in return for pegging the Spanish peseta with gold loans, tried to make a deal with Spain to use the islands for this purpose in case of war. At any rate, the deal didn't go through, largely because the youth of Spain suspected it and demonstrated hotly against it. But the fact that German submarines surreptitiously obtained supplies in the World War from private individuals in the Balearic Islands is no comfortable recollection for naval offices. No European power

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could afford to let the islands be used again in this manner, or seized, by its opponents.

It therefore follows that, unless the islands are held by a neutral power strong enough to retain them, a race for their possession would almost inevitably follow the outbreak of another general war. Spain is rather determined to be that power. She is fortifying the islands strongly at all points. That is one reason for her rules and regulations against possible espionage on them, all of which emanate from Madrid.

The other motive for the discouragement of tourists on such a wide scale is more obscure, and once again has to do with Spain's powerful neighbor, France. The tourist business of France, one of the leading industries of the country, lost heavily when Majorca became the place to go. Paris felt it keenly, and many places on the lucrative Riviera were appreciably depleted in favor of the cheaper island. Shortly after this occurred France tightened up on the amount of Spanish wines allowed importation into France. This trade is extremely important to Spain, and much more important to influential mainland vintners than the Majorca tourist trade.

Another deal between the two countries was whispered. If Spain discouraged tourism in the Balearics, sending travelers back to France, France would loosen up on Spanish wine quotas. This time the deal was supposed to have gone through, for a new and generous commercial agreement was recently signed by both countries.

That, at least, is what Majorcan business men believe. They point out the absurdity of the tourist regulations, saying that foreigners from many nations have been permitted to live and settle in the islands for the past twenty years without molestation, and that if they don't know all about them by now, they never will. They indicate with scorn the detention of a man with a Picasso drawing suspected of being a map, when a complete military map of the islands may be purchased at any sidewalk kiosk for less than a dollar.

They deride the general espionage charges, admitting that any sightseer could obtain the essential details of the archipelago within a few days' time. They even go so far as to admit that several major powers could seize the islands, at no great trouble, whenever they felt so inclined. They point out additionally that even if every foreigner was driven off the islands, there would always be Spaniards whose services could be purchased to do any spy work there happened to be around. That is an unenviable fact true of any country.

The situation complicates itself. It is difficult for anyone to determine, if these charges are true, where legitimate precautions end and where commercial agreements begin. One aggravates the other, until a fantastic condition of affairs arises. Spain's desire to keep the Balearic Islands neutral in case of another war is only to be commended. The more she can assert herself on this stand the greater will be her service toward world peace. But her method of preparing to carry out the plan can be regarded as being quizzical, and accepted as a commentary on the possibility that her efforts may prove futile.

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THE DILEMMA OF AUSTRIA

BY M. W. FODOR

SEVEN nations divided among themselves the heritage of the collapsed Empire of the Hapsburgs. And where seven heirs quarrel, one or two at least must fare badly. Austria and Hungary had to pay the piper, and while Hungary was left in possession of rich lowlands which at least could produce food for the impoverished population, Austria inherited only what was left by the others: magnificent mountains with snow-covered peaks, but no tangible resources. The Austrian parts were the kernel of the old Empire, and the smaller nations blamed Vienna for all their misfortunes during the past centuries. Meanwhile Vienna, possibly because she was tired of her ten centuries' rôle as a shaper of the fate of the neighboring nations, made no attempt to elbow herself out of the mess into which she had been pushed. She accepted melancholically and silently the sentence of Versailles.

This silence, however, did not mean approval. The peacemakers soon had to realize that they had created a new question which wanted urgent solution and which was unsolvable because of the jealousy of the various Powers—the Austrian question. The makers of the Versailles Treaties knew nothing, or very little, about Austria. When Czechs and Poles quarreled vituperatively about the spoils left over by ramshackle Austria, and each wanted the best coal deposits of Silesia for herself, Lloyd George is supposed to have asked with an innocent face: "And where is Teschen?" (Teschen being the center of those coal deposits in the Ostrava-Dombrava coal district.) Clemenceau knew very little more about Austria, though he had visited Vienna while he was still an active journalist. But he certainly knew that Vienna was Potsdam's ally in the war, and this was enough to make Vienna an eye-sore for him.

Those who rose to power, dictatorial or otherwise, after the war, knew much more about Austria. Some of them knew too much. This was and remains both good and bad for Austria at the same time. Thus Adolf Hitler, the German Chancellor, knows much more about Austria than Bethmann-Hollweg, Germany's war-time Chancellor, ever did. Hitler is a native of Austria and left Vienna only in 1912. His knowledge about Austria, however, does not benefit the present possessors of power in Vienna.

Compared with Mussolini, what did Orlando know about Austria? Only what he could learn in books or what he read in the reports of the Foreign Office in Rome. But Mussolini can boast of more than two years' experience in Austria. He was from 1908 onward editor of a Socialist paper in Trento, then Austria; and he was able to collect a great deal of inside knowledge about the Hapsburgs, even at the price of spending some time in the prisons of old Austria. When he came to the conclusion, and he openly dared to express it

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in his paper, that "Italy's frontier was not at Ala"—Ala being, before the war, the Austro-Italian frontier station—he was politely requested to leave Austrian territory. And this knowledge is still useful to him. If he realized already in 1909 that Italy's frontier was not at Ala, he today also realizes that German's frontier must not be at Ala, or, to put it in other words: he today is fighting for Austrian independence because twenty-five years ago he was able to come to the conclusion, on the basis of personal experiences, that Italy's territory did not end at the old Austrian frontier. And Ala today is Italian, and so is Trento where Mussolini spent two years of his youth.

Even Trotsky learned more about Austria—and Lenin, too—than Sasanoff or Izwolsky used to know about the Empire of Francis Joseph. Trotsky spent many years of his exile in Vienna (while Lenin spent his in Cracow) and diligently practised chess at the Café Central. When just before the outbreak of the war the Austrian Premier, Count Stuergkh, discussed the situation with a deputy, this friend tried to persuade the Premier that a war was impossible because it would cause the outbreak of a revolution in Russia.

"And who shall make this revolution? Perhaps Herr Bronstein in the Café Central?" asked ironically Count Stuergkh. Bronstein was Trotsky's family name. But Stuergkh did not live to see the revolution "made by Herr Bronstein," for he was shot in a Vienna restaurant one year prior by the Socialist Friedrich Adler.

And if Lenin watched things in Cracow (then Austria), so did Pilsudski. Even Mustapha Kemal was a frequent guest in Vienna during and after the war. He came to consult a famous professor for his kidney troubles. And this specialist, Professor Zuckerkandl, told Kemal: "You must go every year for six weeks to Karlsbad to take the waters. If you don't, you will be a dead man in two years." Kemal did not go to Karlsbad; and sixteen years after Zuckerkandl's prophecy he is still very much alive while poor Zuckerkandl is since long dead and buried.

MacDonald, the British Premier, loved to spend his holidays in Vienna. "I came to see the Breughels and the drawings of Dürer," he told me when I inquired about the purpose of his journey to Vienna some years ago. And the French ex-Premier, M. Herriot, loved to spend a few days or weeks in Vienna where he used to seek the places connected with the name of the great Beethoven.

II

With so many of Europe's dictators and Premiers loving and hating Vienna for "Auld Lang Syne," something must be done for her. Or against her? But what can be the solution? In this connection there are generally three alternative possibilities discussed: 1. the Anschluss (the union of Germany and Austria); 2. the restoration of the Hapsburgs; and 3. the Danubian economic coöperation.

The first question, that of the union of Germany and Austria, is a very old one. For six hundred years the Hapsburg Emperors were also the Emperors of the Holy Roman-German Empire. Only Napoleon's victory over the Austrians in 1805 caused Emperor Franz to lose this title. But even right up to 1866 there existed the German Bund (Federation), with Austria as its leading member. When Bismarck's Prussia defeated Francis Joseph's Austria at Koenigraetz in 1866 Vienna was forced to renounce her leading position in the Bund; and five years later the South-German states entered the second German Empire,

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the creator of which was Bismarck and the ruler of which was Wilhelm I of Hohenzollern. But there remained in the Austrian parts a German minority which demanded that the Germans of Austria should secede from the Hapsburg Empire and join Hohenzollern Germany. Austria, to their mind, was a curious motley of Slav, Magyar and Latin nationalities, whereas the rightful place of the Germans was inclusion in the Empire beyond the Bohemian Alps.

When, therefore, in November, 1918, the Hapsburg Empire collapsed, small Austria was desirous of uniting her lot with the great German Reich. In both countries a democratic régime was established; in both states the Socialists had a predominant word in shaping the destinies of the new republics; and when on November 12, 1918, the republic was proclaimed in Austria, a resolution was inserted into the constitution that "the German-Austrian Republic was part of the democratic German Republic."

The Supreme Council in Versailles, however, was of a different opinion, and forced Austria to strike this sentence from the records. The Austrian Foreign Minister, the Socialist Dr. Otto Bauer (now an exile in Brno, Czechoslovakia), resigned as a protest against the dictate of the Supreme Council, but the peace treaty of St. Germain (as well as of Versailles) contained article 88 which explicitly stated that "Austria cannot forfeit her independence."

Despite this prohibitive clause in the treaty the Austrian population did not cease to look across the frontier. On April 24, 1921, eighteen months after the signing of the treaty, a plebiscite held in Tyrol recorded a vote of over 90% in favor of Tyrol's union with Germany. A few weeks later Salzburg voted for the same. Students and gymnasts tore down the landmarks between Austria and Germany and a wave of enthusiasm greeted the results of the plebiscites. But the victors reminded the government of the treaty, and Austria was forced to continue her life of "independent existence," without economic means being provided for the maintenance of such an independent life.

A loan of the League of Nations, agreed upon in October, 1922, aimed at the security of this "independence." But the League loan, followed by another seven years later, proved to be only a palliative, and when the economic situation in Austria again became precarious, another attempt was made to circumvent the treaty prohibition. The two Foreign Ministers, Messrs. Curtius and Schober, signed an agreement for a customs' union between Germany and Austria, which was published on March 21, 1931. The Germans argued that only the political independence of Austria was "guaranteed" by the peace treaty. France and her allies, bent on frustrating this union at any price, brought the question first before the League, then before the Hague International Court. This high court ruled against the Austro-German customs' union scheme, but not because of article 88 of the treaty—the majority opinion was based on the Geneva loan protocol of October, 1922, which contained a passage in which Austria pledged not to forfeit her economic independence before 1943. The votes cast in The Hague were eight against seven, and Germany, perhaps rightly, grumbled that the votes of small Central American states had prevented her from concluding an economic union with a sister nation.

The situation changed very considerably when in January, 1933, the Austrian-born Adolf Hitler became Chancellor of Germany. One of the fundamental theses of the National Socialist Bible was that race was above country frontiers, and that all

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who belonged to the privileged and holy German race—Wotan's own people—were to be incorporated into the Third Empire (or rather, Third Realm) of Adolf Hitler.

The constantly growing Hitler movement in Germany naturally had its repercussion in neighboring Austria; and when Hitler came to power, at least one-fourth of the Austrian population, including the greatest part of the provincial intelligentsia and the overwhelmingly large part of the students of the universities, were already in the camp of the Nazis. At first the Dollfuss government was by no means hostile to the "rejuvenation" in Germany. But when the Nationalist members were ousted from the government, and when the persecution of the Roman Catholic church in Germany started, the Austrian régime turned decidedly against Hitler. The persecution of the Socialists in Germany caused the Austrian Social-Democrats, though they hated and distrusted the Dollfuss government, to reverse their former attitude concerning the Anschluss. And one must not forget that at the last parliamentary elections the Socialists obtained 42% of the total votes in Austria. Fear of Nazi atrocities caused 70% of the Austrian population to become now more or less opposed to the Anschluss; however, since February 12 of this year, when the Fascist Heimwehr succeeded in launching a campaign of annihilation of the Austrian Social-Democrats, the hostility of the Socialists has been as much directed against Dollfuss as against the Nazis.

In view of her precarious foreign political situation, Germany did not dare to proclaim a union of Austria and Germany. They now weakened their demands to a *Gleichschaltung* (assimilation), namely the Nazification of Austria as a Germanic nation without regard to Anschluss or independence. But the fundamental pillars of the Nazi creed, namely the racial and religious ideas, have created the greatest opposition in Austria. Even in Germany the racial theory was revealed to have feet of clay. How much more was this the case in Austria! There are more than a quarter-of-a-million Jews in Vienna—Jews by religion. But on a racial basis, because of the frequent intermarriages of Jews and Gentiles before the war, the number of Jews in a Nazi-ruled Austria would amount to almost one million, or one-sixth of the population!

And with respect to Aryan origin there is also, from the Nazi point of view, much found wanting in Austria. It is well known that a large part of the original indigenous population of ancient Austria was Slavic; they were Aryans, true enough, but not Teutons or Nordics. But, after all, the Prussians were originally also Latvian-Slavs. In Salzburg and Tyrol, however, a large part of the population originates from a stock which is believed to have descended from the Asiatic Awars. One of the modern Nazi scientists, Professor Gunther of one of the South-German universities, in his recent anthropological book asserted that these mountain-Austrians were of Hittite-Dinarian origin and thus closely related to the "inferior" race of the Jews. After the appearance of Professor Gunther's study, Count Polzer-Hoditz, the former chef-de-cabinet of Emperor Karl of Hapsburg, wrote a letter to a Vienna newspaper in which he, ironically, expressed his amazement at this "terrible" discovery but added that there remained at least the consolation that the Chancellor of Germany, Hitler, originated from the same folk which had such a low ancestry.

At present the Nazis continue to flood Austria with money and propaganda, with agitators and bombs. Every day somewhere a bomb explodes, breaking windows and

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damaging walls of buildings, but these explosives are generally placed in such a way and at such a time that no damage is done to human life. While terror acts of such kind were apt to bring down governments in the past, in post-war Balkanized Central Europe the explosion of a bomb shakes as little the power of a government which rules by force as did the Macedonian bombs in the past.

The murder of Dr. Dollfuss by the Austrian Nazi storm-trooper ex-sergeant Otto Planetta, the abortive putsch in Vienna and the quickly collapsed National Socialist rising in Carinthia on July 25 have considerably weakened the Nazi movement in Austria. The unsuccessful putsch clearly demonstrated that the National-Socialists did not enjoy the support of the population to that extent which they always claimed to have, and it will take undoubtedly several months before they can gather once more their scattered forces in the country.

III

The Hapsburg question is a problem which continues to cause much headache and worry in the various chancelleries of Europe. "On revient toujours à son première amour," says the French song, and to this first love, the Hapsburgs, many people in Austria have returned. Old sins are often forgotten, and one is apt to overrate the faults of the present mistress. And so there exists quite a movement which aims at bringing back the Hapsburgs to the throne of their ancestors. Since the late Emperor Karl's two unsuccessful attempts to regain the Hungarian throne in the spring and fall of 1921 the prospects of a Hapsburg restoration have never seemed likelier of fulfillment than at present. The Dollfuss dictatorship reduced the opposition to a restoration almost to nothing. The destruction of the Austrian Social-democrats and the outlawing of the National Socialist party in Austria have removed the two most formidable forces opposing restoration. The present government in Austria is not only Monarchist in feeling but many of its prominent members are active legitimists.

Dr. Kurt von Schuschnigg, the new Austrian Chancellor, is a convinced Monarchist. Nobody knew the precise attitude of Chancellor Dollfuss on the question of restoration, but Dr. von Schuschnigg always confessed to be a Monarchist. Yet he is a careful man, and it is certain that he will not be willing to embark on any Monarchist experiment without absolute support from abroad. Dr. von Schuschnigg was the organizer of the Monarchist and Catholic Ostmaerkische Sturmscharen, one of the most important military groups in Austria.

The Vice-Chancellor, Prince Ernst Ruediger Stahremberg, must emphasize his Monarchist feelings, but hurries to add that he does not consider the question as opportune. In the secret chamber of his heart, however, he considers his family as a much more ancient and better one than the Hapsburgs. His ancestor, Ottakar, was Count of Steyr in the Tenth Century; hence for him the Hapsburgs are newly-arrived immigrants who came to Austria only in 1278!

The other important man in the Cabinet, Major Emil Fey, is a professional soldier of the old imperial army, and so he is "Schwarz-gelb bis an die Knochen"—Imperialist to the marrow.

There is scarcely any legal obstacle to Hapsburg restoration. The Treaty of St. Germain contained no provisions depriving the Hapsburgs of access to the Austrian throne. The new Dollfuss consti-

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tution no longer describes Austria as a Republic, and the constitutional character of the law which expelled the Hapsburgs has also been abrogated. This law of April 3, 1919, which expelled the Hapsburgs, deprived them of Austrian citizenship rights and confiscated their properties, still exists as a simple law but no longer possesses a constitutional character. As soon as this simple law is repealed, any and all the Hapsburgs can return freely to Austria, just as the German Crown Prince returned to Germany some years ago.

There was an interesting test case some weeks ago. The Austrian government permitted Archduke Eugen to return to Austria from his Swiss exile. Eugen is only a distant relative of the late Emperor Karl, but he himself was a very popular prince, and apparently this popularity has faded but little. Before settling in his new Austrian residence in Gumpoldskirchen he spent about ten days in Vienna, and each time he appeared in the streets he was received with ovations and cheers. But the appearance of the Archduke in Vienna, his formal visits with the President and with Dollfuss, his prominent participation in the Corpus Christi procession, aroused the suspicion of the neighboring countries.

The plan of the Austrian Monarchists appears to be as follows: After the repeal of the law which expelled the Hapsburgs, the family of the Emperor Karl will regain their Austrian citizenship, which will enable Archduke Otto and his family—his mother, the ex-Empress Zita, and his seven brothers and sisters—to return to the country as private persons. They probably will take up their residence in Villa Wartholz in Reichenau, Lower-Austria, the only private property left to them in this country. With this castle they have many traditional and sentimental ties. Otto's father, the late Emperor, spent his childhood there, and the small hut is still in the park which Karl, as a child, built with the help of his brother. Also Emperor Karl resided here with his family during the war.

Subsequent events will then be left to propaganda. The attempt will be made to foment a popular movement in favor of Otto's ascent to the throne. This propaganda will have some prospects of success. The Austrian peasants, especially in the west of the country, were always Monarchists in sentiment; many Socialists will prefer a restoration to the alternative of Nazi rule, or even to the present régime.

The peace treaties present no obstacles to a Hapsburg restoration in Austria, but there are several international treaties (to most of which, however, Austria was no partner) which set out to prevent it. The Pact of Rapallo (November 12, 1920) and the Pact of Rome (January 27, 1924) between Italy and Yugoslavia have both expired. The treaty of Lana between Austria and Czechoslovakia in December, 1921, and which also intended to prevent a Hapsburg restoration, has expired, too. The Little Entente treaties which also aimed at the prevention of the return of the Hapsburgs to Austria have been renewed every five years ever since 1920-21. The treaty of "friendship and alliance" between France and Czechoslovakia (January 25, 1924) contains provisions against a Hapsburg restoration and is also still in force.

One of the chief obstacles to restoration in Austria is the present régime in Hungary. Premier General Goemboes has always been violently opposed to any return of the Hapsburgs. He showed this in October, 1921, when he collected troops to oppose the untimely attempt of Emperor Karl to regain the throne of Hungary. Goemboes wants to assure Hungary's com-

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plete independence, and considers that a Hapsburg restoration in Austria would endanger it. As Chancellor Dollfuss knew this attitude of Goemboes, he took cognizance of the feelings of his friend, with whom he had only recently deepened his friendship through the signing of the Rome Pacts.

Czechoslovakia views with uneasiness the propaganda which is being developed in Austria for a Hapsburg restoration. But probably she would not resort to armed force to prevent it. Much greater is the uneasiness in Yugoslavia. The celebrations in honor of Archduke Eugen in Austria produced great perturbation in government circles in Belgrade. But while Yugoslavia is apparently determined to prevent such a restoration even at the cost of war, her ally and neighbor, Rumania, is less anxious. King Carol of Rumania apparently believes that there is safety in numbers, and the ascent of another monarch would help to fortify the thrones of all existing kings in these parts. Thus, while the Yugoslavs went into hysterics at the return of Eugen to Vienna, Princess Ileana, the sister of King Carol (she is married to an Austrian archduke) was present at the reception of Eugen at the Vienna station, and with her was the Minister of Rumania in Vienna, M. C. Bredicianu. . . .

IV

Such is the dilemma of Austria. The Anschluss which for fifteen years seemed to be the most likely solution for all her troubles, is not wanted any more by those who rule Austria at present, or by a large part of the population. There is an analogy with the Saar. Before the advent of National-Socialism the vote in the Saar would have been overwhelmingly in favor of Germany. Now, with Hitler in power, who knows? The union of Austria and Germany is not wanted either by France or by Italy, or by Czechoslovakia and Rumania. Hungary wishes to be on friendly terms with Nazi Germany, but would rather see an independent Austria separating her from a militant and expansive Germany.

The German attack on Austria drove a wedge between Berlin and Rome, formerly close friends and would-be allies. In the beginning Italy thought that her moral influence might induce Germany to refrain from attacking Austria. Hitler, in fact, promised many years ago to Mussolini's envoy that he would renounce the Anschluss if he came to power. When last year the same envoy reminded Hitler of his promise, the Chancellor answered: "I stick to my promise: I do not want the Anschluss; I want only *Gleichschaltung*." This unfair twisting of words, of course, created a bad impression in Rome. And when the German assault, despite repeated Italian warnings, did not cease in Austria, Mussolini pushed the mighty motorized army corps of Verona to Bolzano, only forty miles distant from the Austrian frontier.

The attacks of Germany on Austrian independence also brought France and Italy nearer to each other. And though for a decade the two Latin Powers had fought each other through their respective allies in these parts, now they have approached to find a solution—the third solution. If Anschluss is taboo, and if Hapsburg restoration is taboo, there remains only the alternative of the economic coöperation of the Danubian countries.

But how to approach it? France was for multilateral pacts. Italy resented. "Europe suffered from an inflation of pacts," remarked a statesman the other day in

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Geneva, while another described "pactomania" as Europe's greatest present ailment. And it is alleged that Mussolini coined the phrase: "The last war was a war to end war; the next war will be a war to end pacts."

Multilateral pacts being considered impractical by Italy, there remained the alternative of bi- and tri-lateral treaties such as proposed by Mussolini. Of course, it was a difficult thing to make good the mistakes of the past, and yet these mistakes were numerous and almost irreparable.

The chance offered by article 222 of the St. Germain treaty, which provided the possibility of a preferential tariff arrangement between Czechoslovakia, Austria and Hungary for the first five years of the treaty was never exploited.

It was the world crisis which later on compelled the various Central- and South-Eastern European states to meditate about the possibility of a closer coöperation. And as the agricultural crisis showed its effects there sooner and probably in the worst form, the three agricultural countries, Hungary, Yugoslavia and Rumania met at a conference in Bucharest in June, 1930, to discuss ways and means for the alleviation of their plight. At this moment the Geneva Economic Conference was in session, and answering a questionnaire of the conference, the three countries demanded the introduction of a one-sided preferential tariff system for the agricultural produce of South-Eastern Europe—such a solution to be effected, naturally, at the expense of the American grain producing countries, namely the United States, Canada and the Argentine. At the Warsaw conference in August of the same year, in addition to the aforementioned countries, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Finland, Latvia and Esthonia also participated, but no real progress could be made.

Then suddenly the Austro-German customs' union plan of Herren Curtius and Schober frightened both the Great Powers and their small neighbors. And though Italy's representative, Signor Anzilotti, gave the decisive eighth vote at The Hague Court to kill the Austro-German customs' union scheme, Italy realized that with pure negation nothing could be achieved—it was necessary to make a creative scheme to help Austria.

Immediately after the announcement of the Austro-German customs' union plan the economic expert of the Italian government, Signor Alessandro Brocchi, closeted himself with the Austrian expert, Dr. Richard Schueller, and together they worked out an absolutely watertight scheme for an economic coöperation between Italy, Austria and Hungary on the basis of preferential tariffs. To circumvent the most favored nation treatment, the Brocchi-Schueller scheme used as a cornerstone the decision of the Geneva Economic Conference to the effect that credit facilities and freight reductions were not violating the most favored nation clauses. The three-cornered treaty between Italy, Austria and Hungary which was initialled already in May, 1931, could not come into force because of the crisis created by the difficulties of the creditanstalt in Vienna. But the Brocchi-Schueller treaties remained the basis of later negotiations, and resulted finally in the Rome Pacts this year.

But while Brocchi and Schueller were busy putting their plan into operation, the French launched, in March, 1932, the so-called Tardieu plan which proposed an economic coöperation based on preferential tariffs between the five Danubian countries—Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania. At the Four Power conference in London (April,

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1932) which was called to discuss the Tardieu plan, England was undecided because her hands were already tied by the coming Ottawa conference which contemplated the establishment of a preferential tariff system between England and her Dominions. Italy suspected a political scheme and feared that Czechoslovakia would gain the supremacy in the coöperation of the five countries. Germany objected to the Tardieu plan, but proposed that she was willing to grant one-sided preferential tariffs for Austrian industrial products and for South-Eastern European agricultural products. France saw in this offer a revival of the ill-fated Austro-German customs' union scheme under another disguise, and refused to accept the German offer.

The Stresa conference in September, 1932, started with ambitious plans, fifteen countries, including the European Great Powers, being represented, but in the end the results dwindled to mere recommendations about preferences in favor of Austria and a scheme of indirect preferences for South-Eastern European grain.

In Stresa I had the opportunity to talk with one of the leading Italian delegates. Apropos my query about the fate of the conference he answered:

"You know, we are the hosts here and so we must be polite. But, between ourselves, the conference should and must declare itself a failure, and the sooner the better."

A year later Mussolini, faced with the German danger to Austria and compelled to act for a Central-European coöperation, took the results of Stresa and made them the basis of his Danubian memorandum. At Easter-time, 1933, Austria's "vest-pocket" Chancellor, Dr. Dollfuss, went in a large airplane to Rome. The alleged purpose of his visit was to carry out religious exercises during the Holy Year. But besides visiting the Pope and the churches, Dollfuss found time also to see Mussolini; and one could assume that he had conversed with the Duce about other than religious questions. A few weeks later the Hungarian Premier Goemboes took the train for Rome. In August, 1933, little Dollfuss once more flew to Italy and while yachting and bathing in Riccione discussed the situation with Mussolini. When, therefore, on March 17 of this year Goemboes and Dollfuss jointly visited the Duce, the result was the signing of the Rome Pacts, the detailed supplementary agreements of which were signed on May 14.

These pacts provide for a preferential tariff régime for 105 Austrian products, while many other products receive preferences in disguised form under the Brocchi-Schueller scheme. Italy and Austria agreed to take over 4,200,000 metric hundredweights of wheat from Hungary at agreed high prices, this solving Hungary's export wheat problem, as the rest of Hungary's surplus had already been sold to Germany.

The Rome Pacts contained a provision that the three contracting partners were willing to make similar treaties with other countries as well. But these other neighboring countries were somewhat frightened. Already in February, 1933, the Little Entente countries had signed the Pact of Organization in Geneva, which not only brought them closer to each other politically, but proposed a far-reaching economic coöperation. The German assault on Austria, however, had compelled France to bring pressure on Czechoslovakia to offer her help to this hard-pressed country.

France desired to maintain Austrian independence; and this constituted a common platform with Italy. Thus, at present, efforts are being made to bring the French

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alliance system nearer to the countries of the Italian sphere of interest. And, while in the beginning she showed suspicion and resistance against the Rome Pacts, Czechoslovakia is now prepared to treat with them. There is some hope therefore that the negotiations between Czechoslovakia on the one side and Austria and Hungary on the other, may yield some satisfactory results.

Czechoslovakia's changed attitude can be attributed partly also to the Balkan Pact. Two of her allies, Rumania and Yugoslavia, have joined with Turkey and Greece in the Balkan Pact which was signed in December, 1933. With the change of régime in Bulgaria, which is undoubtedly for the moment favorable to France, Bulgaria may join a second Balkan Pact, or at least sign non-aggression treaties with the other partners in the Balkan Pact. As the motto of the Balkan Pact signatories is "The Balkans for the Balkan peoples," it is likely that the two Southern partners in the Little Entente will lose some of the interest in the former alliance in favor of developing closer relations under the ægis of the Balkan Pact.

Thus under the present circumstances one can observe the growth of two economic, and partly political, groupings: a Central-European coöperation, the nucleus of which is the Rome Pact and in which Czechoslovakia may find her place too; and the Balkan Pact, in which the South-Eastern European countries, that is Yugoslavia, Rumania, Turkey, Greece and Bulgaria may try to unite and improve their economic existence and to preserve peace in this powderbox of Europe.

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SOUND FACTS ABOUT CONSTIPATION

BY W. W. BAUER

THE colon has been made the scapegoat for a large proportion of the ills of man. The evils of constipation are cried literally from the house-tops, often with the aid of electrically animated signs. The theories of autointoxication, now in large part discredited, were once charged up against the colon, which was dubbed lazy. It has been lubricated with oils, coddled with bland diets or stuffed and prodded with roughage. It has been examined, worried about and photographed. At one time its total removal was practised by certain groups of enthusiasts. It is still being harried with purges and laxatives from above, assaulted with enemata and irrigations from below. Still it struggles on; that's intestinal fortitude!

Boasting of constipation has superseded speaking of operations. A keen physician has remarked that civilization has multiplied the occasions for filling the intestinal tract, and reduced the opportunities for emptying it. Requirements of convention prevent us from forsaking the company of our friends in a simple and natural way, for necessary purposes of elimination. But we talk about it enough, sometimes unctuously, more often anxiously, but always voluminously. We ignore the admonition of Dr. Samuel Johnson: "Do not be like the spider, man, and spin conversation incessantly out of thine own bowels."

The evils of constipation, though grievously exaggerated, are real, when there is constipation. Too much enthusiasm about health education by ukase, has resulted in a totally false popular conception of what really constitutes constipation. Everybody believes that a bowel action every day is a consummation devoutly to be desired. That is not true! As if that were not bad enough, there is a still more exacting standard promulgated in a very popular book on hygiene, which demands not less than three bowel actions daily as a normal standard of intestinal health.

The word *standard* itself, be it once a day or thrice or any other number, ought to be anathema in any consideration of human health. The human being, comparisons with machinery to the contrary notwithstanding, is no standardized mechanism with interchangeable parts. Except within very broad limits, normality for an individual is not to be judged by comparison with any standard. Each man and woman should be a law unto himself or herself. The normal state of each is that which is best for the efficient functioning of that person. There are individuals who have habitually three bowel actions daily; let them! There are others who have but one every other day or even once a week, feel perfectly well and are perfectly well; to disturb such an established rhythm is worse than criminal, it is stupid. Most Americans do not know what their own normal bowel function is, because they are forever disturbing the normal cycle with laxatives, purges, "health" foods, enemata or irrigations. The

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healthy colon, left to itself and not abused, is a self-cleansing and self-regulating organ; the diseased colon needs skilled treatment, not inept fussing.

II

Normal bowel action depends on six principal factors. The diet must contain sufficient food with enough indigestible residue to give the colon something to work on. The establishment of a normal habitual rhythm is favored by the recurrent onward motion of the intestinal contents stimulated by the taking of food. Enough water must be taken to keep the large intestine and its contents from drying out; the colon is a thirsty organ, absorbing water from its contents continually. Exercise also may help, but exercise alone is less important than the other factors. The differences in size and in absorptive action in different individuals influence the frequency of necessity for emptying the bowel. Last but by no means least, the mental factor in constipation must be considered. Laxatives have no place in any rational consideration of the problem, except as they are prescribed for temporary use under the intelligent supervision of a physician, who after due examination and consideration, advises the limited use of a selected drug for a sufficient reason and over a specified length of time. Laxative drugs, correctly used, may be superior, under certain circumstances, to many of the so-called "natural" foods.

From time immemorial the use of physic has been resorted to in the treatment of disease, and it is still recognized that good elimination is a necessary part of the treatment of most if not all diseases. Laxative drugs have been known since ancient times; many of the herbs and simples known to folk-lore owed what action they had to their laxative effect. Purgatives such as aloes, rhubarb, senna, cascara, phenolphthalein, castor oil and calomel have their definite place in the medical armamentarium, as have the drastics elaterium, colocynth, jalap, scammony, croton oil and mercurials stronger than calomel. The milder laxatives include the salines such as Epsom or Glauber's salts, and compounds of magnesium. The laxative salts are to be found in the highly popular crystals of various sorts now being exploited for what have you. Laxative foods and lubricants also make a great appeal to the introspectives whose minds are largely centered in their large intestines.

Many if not most secret proprietary cures for stomach trouble or intestinal distress are nothing but laxatives. They give an apparent temporary benefit which deceives the patient; this soon wears off, and recourse is had to something else. The intestine requires stronger and stronger and more frequent stimuli before there is a response. The laxative habit is thus established, and the outcome often is constipation of the most stubborn and resistant type. This in turn may be followed by ulceration of the colon or colitis, which is of several types. Ulcerative colitis is difficult to treat successfully, especially when sufferers from it are assailed on all sides with demands that they try this, that and the other thing for constipation. Constipation is only a symptom; the correct treatment for one kind of constipation may be the very thing to make another kind worse. The use of roughage is an example in point.

Roughage is useful and necessary for bowel function. The normal diet supplies roughage through its residue of indigestible material, mainly the cellulose in

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fruits and vegetables. Additional roughage, derived from bran, psyllium seed, flaxseed or kelp, or any of the combinations and variations of the same dressed up in ornate packages and sold under fanciful claims, may be needed in some types of constipation, but in others it is just another insult to an already wearied and despairing colon which has been roughed more than enough. The human digestive system is not built on the bovine model, and cannot handle roughage in the same manner. Diet faddists have something to answer for in the American addiction to diets that are rough and tough on the colon.

Popular forms of roughage include bran, agar (a product of Japanese seaweed), kelp or seaweed itself, flaxseed or psyllium seed. It is now well known, at least to physicians, that bran has a restricted usefulness and very definite limitations; that there are patients with certain types of irritable intestines who should never add bran to the roughage that normally occurs in the fruits and vegetables in their diets, and who may even have to restrict their intake of such normal roughage. Agar, psyllium seed and flaxseed become mucilaginous when water is added. They are less likely than bran to irritate, but even such relatively bland roughage may be unsuitable for certain types of patients. Yet such patients, responding to the lure of the advertising prospectus, go blithely on, taking rough stuff for the elimination of sore spots. If anyone suggested to such a person that the correct treatment for a very painful boil is a swift kick, he would regard the advisor with horror and loathing.

Among the least objectionable of the laxatives is mineral oil. This is inert, therefore not irritating. It is not absorbed. It acts simply to soften the mass of food and residue and ease its progress along the intestinal tract. Yet even mineral oil is accused of being responsible for interference with digestion by spreading a thin film of oil over the food and thus excluding the action of the digestive juices and in time favoring fermentation of undigested food, with gas and distress as a result.

A great vogue has grown up for the use of phenolphthalein, a supposedly mild and inoffensive laxative. This drug is found in gum and candy laxatives, and is widely sold in pleasant-tasting preparations. The drug itself is tasteless. Yet it is not harmless in all instances. Severe poisoning has resulted from overdoses accidentally taken by children mistaking the preparation for candy. Certain persons have suffered illness apparently due to abnormal sensitization; symptoms include skin eruptions and evidences of injury to the liver. The drug may be responsible for severe constipation due to spasticity of the colon.

The use of laxatives is especially to be deplored in the presence of abdominal pain. While appendicitis is only one cause of pain in the abdomen, it is a common one, and appears to be growing more common. Appendicitis responds to a laxative with results which are often disastrous; the appendix may be ruptured by the taking of a laxative. The medical society of Philadelphia county has proved that by discouraging the use of laxatives and encouraging earlier surgery in appendicitis, the mortality can be reduced definitely. The State medical societies of Pennsylvania and Wisconsin are using this information as the basis of public campaigns against the disease, using stickers bearing the advice, in the presence of abdominal pain, to take nothing by mouth, apply cold over the site of the pain, and call a physician if relief is not experienced in a few hours.

Less objectionable than any laxative for the relief of occasional constipation is the

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enema. Not the de luxe enema containing all sorts of supposedly nutritious materials, which are not absorbed, nor yet the irritating though popular soapsuds and the equally unsuitable plain water, but an enema of a rounding tablespoonful of salt to two quarts of warm water. This gives a gentle cleansing to the lower bowel without disturbing twenty feet or more of the small intestine.

The enema also may be subject to abuse, especially the formation of a habit. Particularly unwholesome is that variation known as the colonic irrigation, in the form in which it is being exploited by cultist healers. The colonic irrigation has its place, a limited one, in therapeutics, under proper circumstances. It is, however, being made the means of appealing to the neurasthenic by a lot of twaddle about internal cleanliness, internal bathing, and other pseudo-scientific buncombe of that character. Excessive irrigation of the colon can do serious harm. The healthy colon requires no bathing.

III

Last but not least, a factor which is of great importance but rarely considered, is the relationship of the mental state to constipation and general disability of the intestinal function. Mention has already been made of colitis, that is, inflammation of the bowel, sometimes with ulceration. Unfortunately, the term colitis has also been applied to certain functional conditions in which the large bowel gets into a state of high tension and stubbornly refuses to let go. There is pain and discomfort, the stools are infrequent and small, often ribbon-like or pencil-thin, then watery, mucoid and diarrheal. Worrying over the condition, with over-zealous attention to the details of symptoms accompanying the constipation, is a prominent characteristic of such patients. Laxatives and roughage make the condition worse, and so does practically everything that is done for it.

This so-called spastic colitis is a common manifestation of high nervous tension. Dr. Josephine Jackson says that a spastic colon in every instance is evidence of a spastic mind, and she treats her patients accordingly. Whether one wishes to go as far as that or not, the fact remains that many high-strung persons have this symptom, and that it responds only to treatment which reduces the nervous tension. It seems to have increased greatly in prevalence during the current depression, especially in persons under stress of uncertainty and anxiety. Yet it is not new. Dr. Axel Munthe in his "Story of San Michele" tells about employing the term long before the World War—though he confessed he did not know what the disease might be—to accommodate his fashionable Parisian patients who had to have some satisfactory disease to replace appendicitis after American surgeons began inconsiderately to cure that perfectly delightful drawing-room affliction by removing the appendix. Since the disease, in the case of Dr. Munthe's fashionable ladies, was in the head anyway, colitis was a perfectly good substitute for appendicitis. A satisfactory bridge-table disease, be it remembered, is one which lasts a long time, causes excruciating suffering but no mortality, responds to no treatment except sympathy administered at regular intervals, and never gets well.

Lest this may sound like an unsympathetic attitude toward what constitutes very real suffering to the patient, I hasten to add that the cynical description of the complaints of idle women seeking outlet for their futility in neurasthenic vaporings, is a far cry from the very genuine neu-

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rogenic disturbances of the eliminative function which afflict persons of all economic strata in America today, among them many hard-working and useful citizens. According to the Freudian conception, spastic colitis may be a revolt of the unconscious against circumstances which bear too hard upon the sufferer; thus the disease represents escape. It is not to be confused with conscious malingering. In such types of constipation the most careful examination, including röntgenography, shows no physical lesions except that the colon is contracted virtually to the thinness of a cord by muscle spasm.

The only relief is in measures directed to overcoming the underlying anxiety, whatever it may be. These patients want a great deal of information about their condition; they write letters to health columnists; they scour the libraries for books; they pounce upon news items in the daily press. The best prescription for them is to be examined to be sure that there is no organic disease, then to do whatever their doctors tell them, and give the matter no further thought. They had better read detective stories and the sporting news than medical literature of any kind. Their true salavation lies in the resolution of their situation in life, whether by solving the problems which vex them or facing the worst and developing a philosophy which will lift them at one and the same time above their troubles and their colons.

There are enough patients with colonic disease which needs medical treatment. What the healthy American colon needs is a reasonable diet, a good supply of drinking water, a fair chance to function, and a merciful letting alone.

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THE STATE OF THE UNION

THE CORRUPT LOWER COURTS OF PHILADELPHIA

By J. T. Salter

Philadelphia

If one reads about the grievous shortcomings of the magistrates in the city founded by Penn and (until recently) governed by Vare—and if he reads the Philadelphia newspapers at all these days he is certain to read about them—he may wonder: "What difference does it make, who the magistrates are or what they do?" He may know that for more than a century magistrates' courts or their predecessors, aldermen's courts, have been seriously criticized for their partisanship, arbitrary action, ignorance of the law and corruption. So well qualified an observer as former District Attorney Fox publicly declared in 1928 that the magistrates, "instead of being professional men, are plumbers or undertakers, salesmen, or men noted for their sporting proclivities."

The most celebrated judgment of Solomon was delivered in a case that would today, in all probability, be brought in the first instance before a magistrates' court. Charles Evans Hughes gave his answer to the question of the importance of these courts in his presidential address to the New York Bar Association. He said, "I never speak of this work of our higher courts without the reflection that after all it is the courts of minor jurisdiction which count the most so far as respect for the institutions of justice is concerned. The Supreme Court of the United States and the Court of Appeals will take care of themselves. Look after the courts of the poor, who stand most in need of justice."

There are about 150,000 arrests each year in Philadelphia; all of these cases are considered and about half of them are finally disposed of by the magistrates. Many arrested individuals and their friends and enemies get their opinion of the nature of American justice from their first hand experiences in magistrates' courts. If their observation at this point of the judicial process leads them to believe that the legal merits of a case count but faintly and the sponsors of the "judge" or defendant count powerfully the citizens' training in lawlessness has begun. And because these tribunes of the people are "the emergency hospitals of the law, to which all cases go for first treatment," much if not everything depends on the action taken there. They exert more influence on the attitude of the citizen in a great city than does the Supreme Court which the individual may never see.

There are twenty-eight magistrates in Philadelphia. They have a dual rôle in the life of their city. They are, with rare exceptions, ward or division leaders—integral and often substantial parts of one of the most powerful party organizations in the United States. They are both politicians and judges, and they are not permitted to forget that they could never have been judges if they had not first been successful politicians. This is the reason that the core of their thinking is politics, not law. They may ignore the mandates of Coke and Blackstone or of the Pennsylvania law and survive, but their places

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on the minor bench are in jeopardy if they neglect the Boss.

One of my friends, who is an attorney and a ward politician, recently appeared before an old time magistrate whom I shall call Doe. Magistrate Doe is a synthetic ward leader, a lieutenant of a powerful State Senator. My friend, the attorney, represented two different clients on two different matters. He had felt confident of winning case No. 1 because both the law and justice were on his side. He felt dubious about case No. 2 for here everything was against him save the fact that the decision was to be made by his friend —Billy Doe. With great confidence he started to explain case No. 1. His Honor interrupted to decide against him. The attorney was amazed. He and the magistrate were regulars in the organization and his cause was good; yet he was not even given an opportunity to present it. When case No. 2, the very doubtful one, was called, the attorney again started to speak, and again he was interrupted. This time, however, a decision was given in his favor. The attorney remained until after the hearings. He asked: "How come that you didn't let me talk this morning, and then gave me a bad decision on a good case and a good decision on a bad one, Judge?"

"Hell, councillor," said the magistrate, "do you know who was behind the first case? The Senator."

This simple formula explains the basis for more decisions in these minor courts than an outsider can ever know. Why does a leader in politics put a magistrate in office? Certainly not so the "judge" will give the leader the "worst of it" in decisions in which he is interested. That would be very much as though a salesman at Wanamaker's were frequently to recommend merchandise sold at Gimbel Brothers—or Strawbridge and Clothiers. The analogy is not exact but it is descriptive. The election of magistrates in a city of 2,000,000 invariably means that those elected have the coveted organization support.

Philadelphia is not one community, but many communities in one political area. No one individual interested in becoming a magistrate is likely to have so commanding a personality or record of achievement that he can capture the attention of so vast an electorate. Therefore those elected are usually the grade B political leaders who have the support of a controlling number of party workers in various sections of the metropolis. The designated ones have earned recognition to the office through arduous and successful work at the polls over a period of years; and through the fact that they are loyal to the party organization and the particular leader who arranged their "appointment."

The ward politician who too bluntly asked a magistrate for the discharge of his voter in custody gave the authentic answer of party leaders and workers, when His Honor heatedly inquired, "Who is running this court—you or I?" "You are running this court," patly replied the party worker, "because I gave you five hundred votes to put you there."

Of course, this point of view is a negation of the idea that a public office is a public trust, or that all men stand equal before the law. The fact that this attitude (that the magistrates belong to the party organization) is widely held goes far to explain the nature of the evils arising under the system.

A short time ago Magistrate X[1] was held in $500 bail for court. The arrested magistrate, who is the Republican organization

[1] I do not use the names of individual magistrates because I think that the devil here is an institution not any specific "judge."

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leader of a slum ward, is technically charged with having committed a misdemeanor in office. It is alleged that he changed the date on a bail bond so that a powerful gambler would not be required to come up until the next term of court. (Judge James Gay Gordon of the present term of court is dealing severely with gamblers.) Also, that this magistrate failed to swear the witnesses who signed the bail bond, and that he accepted inadequate bond for the release of the prisoner. The only unusual thing about this case is the fact that a vigorous drive is being conducted against number writers and their bankers (*i.e.*, gamblers) and that this rather important one under arrest fled to Canada. The district attorney then examined the records and found that the gambler's bail bond could not yet be collected.

Gambling is illegal in Philadelphia, but the party organization is often the government that runs the government. Some members of the party organization are financially interested in the number racket; also, some of their important supporters are actively engaged in this form of gambling. An arrest is made, the individual that is trapped gets in touch with his political leader. The leader speaks to the magistrate. The judge understands—this involves a personal favor that the organization or leader can do for a voter. His success is based on the wants that he satisfies.

And, furthermore, for a number of magistrates it follows, as the night the day, that if justice is bestowed as a political favor it will also be sold for cash. This is why two magistrates have been sent to prison during the last seven years. But I am here concerned with those minor judges who have stayed out of jail and are now holding court. Some of these might have soliloquized as their colleagues were taken away, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." Recently Judge James Jay Gordon presided at a trial at which two gamblers were promptly convicted and sentenced. These same two individuals had formerly been discharged when brought before Magistrate Z (one of them had remarked to the officer making the arrest, "It's no use locking me up—I'll be discharged."). Judge Gordon reprimanded the magistrate, saying in part, "No magistrate hearing and seeing such evidence could discharge these people and be in his right mind at the time. You either acted in ignorance or worse."

Nor is corruption all. One day while I talked to a magistrate ward leader surrounded by his friends in a City Hall office I inquired about his preference in books. He quickly replied, "I've never read a book in my life," and then turning to a friend exclaimed, "My God, that is a strange thing to say, haint it?" Only one of Philadelphia's twenty-eight magistrates is an attorney, and the others (and also this one) have the physiques and temperaments and intellects best adapted to a life where mental superiority counts less than indefatigable energy and willingness to stay close to the people. Here a trained intellect may be a luxury but good lungs, a good liver, a strong stomach, and a tough skin are invaluable. There isn't time or inclination for reading books or speculating upon abstract problems. It is a life of countless interruptions. I have been present at the homes of magistrates for two-hour periods in the evening; there were always visitors, sometimes as many as ten, to see about cases coming up in the future. All of this might be interesting but not important if it were not for the public's stake in what the magistrates do. As John Alan Hamilton remarked, "A suit involv-

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ing $100 may contain as difficult points of law as one involving $100,000, and if a litigant lack the means of appeal, of what avail to him is all the learning of the Supreme Court?" A man cannot lose more than he has. If a magistrate's action deprives him of his property or liberty the loss is as great as though the action had been taken by nine men in long black robes.

The overwhelming majority of the twenty-eight magistrates are men of strong characteristics, if not of strong character. In a police station hearing before these men, a quip, smart crack or effective repartee may be worth more to the defendant than learned legal argument. The following incident, which was reported in the Philadelphia *Record* of last April, provides an illustration of the sort of evidence that sometimes wins an acquittal.

"It happened at the Sunday morning line-up of Saturday night inebriates before Magistrate X. Pat, as usual, was there with the rest, but with the worst hangover of the lot. 'Judge,' the arresting officer testified, 'this man is a menace to the community. He will not stay sober and when he drinks he fights. I'm tired of bringing him in."

"Here the captain interrupted. 'May I add a few words, Magistrate? What the officer says is true. He's a chronic drunk, and if you send him up for a year you'd be doing his family and the neighborhood a favor.'

" 'Well,' said the Judge, addressing the prisoner, 'you don't seem to have any friends here—what have you got to say for yourself?'

"Pat took time out to sneer at his accusers. 'Judge,' he said, 'as long as you're my friend, I don't give a tinker's damn for these gentlemen.' "

He was discharged.

The Republican organization in Philadelphia faced its most inexorable opponent, The Great Depression, in the election of November 7, 1933. And like Tammany Hall on the same day, and Herbert Hoover a year earlier, was defeated. Only sixteen of twenty-eight magisterial offices were to be filled at this time. The other twelve are to be filled later. Furthermore, the Pennsylvania Constitution of 1873 provides for minority representation of magistrates by denying any voter the right to vote for more than two-thirds of the number of persons to be elected when more than one are to be chosen. Ordinarily this means that the Republican organization can determine the choice of the Democratic magistrates as well as those of the Republican party.

But in the precedent-breaking election of 1933 the Republicans had the unique experience of being forced into second place. The Democrats captured ten magisterial places, leaving only six to the Republicans.

The adverse Republican vote was part of the *Zeitgeist*. It was a protest against Vare, the Organization, and existing conditions rather than a vote for ten Democrats, good and true. However, the popularity of Roosevelt and his New Deal program increased the volume of the protest.

But it is of no real consequence that Democrats have replaced Republicans. Subsequent events show that the institution—the traditions of the magistrates' office—is stronger than any official, regardless of party.

The newly elected Democratic magistrates are typical, rather than unique. The depression has cut off many services that the organization traditionally extends; jobs are rare now, money is limited (though welfare relief is an asset to both

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the unemployed and the organization), but the magistrates do business as in peace times. They are a service institution not affected one iota by the N.R.A., P.W.A., the tariff, the price of wheat in Minnesota, or the indices of unemployment or car loadings. Whether in times of prosperity or depression, a night or a year behind prison bars is unpleasant. The prisoner in the dock naturally says, "I give my vote, now and forevermore, to the politician that obtains my immediate release."

Nick, a particularly resourceful ward politician, is so useful to a controlling number of voters in his political kingdom that he won his elections in 1933 and 1934 as well as in the prosperous years when all Republican leaders won. Last March he told me that eight out of the ten Democratic magistrates "were as good to me, as our Republican magistrates." I quote one case that illustrates several dozen, any one of which he is apt to talk about with gusto and pride before his feudal family at his saloon or club.

"One of my voters was caught. The charge on the police blotter read—*breaking* and *entering*. This magistrate held my man for $1000 bail for further hearing for a week.

During that week I talked to that Democrat magistrate, and when the hearing came up the following day he was discharged."

All of the books and records of one of the other recently elected Democratic magistrates were seized by the district attorney for investigation during the first week in May of this year. On May 7 Judge Harry S. McDevitt of Common Pleas Court No. 1 said, "I believe I may safely say that the judges will ask the City Controller to audit the books of every magistrate in the city. . . . Such extraordinary high charges in bail bond cases are nothing more than highway robbery. Such practices should be cleaned up without delay. The city must have respectable and self-respecting magistrates."

The magistrates cannot be reformed or separated from political favoritism so long as their right to hold office depends on popular election. In an overwhelming number of cases only those individuals are elected who have demonstrated their ability to win votes, and who thereby have earned their recognition (by the organization) at the ballot box. The very qualities that might make one a worthy magistrate are likely to weigh against one as a candidate or vice versa. In addition, Philadelphia is too large a community or is made up of too many communities to enable the electorate to know the character and ability of the candidates for the magistracy.

The voter can support the organization slate or trust to luck in voting for an unknown.

Therefore I think that the magistrate's courts should be abolished and their work, both civil and criminal, transferred to one central court of record, with all of its judges trained in law. The mere fact that justice would be administered in one great court, for all to come to, rather than in dirty police stations and obscure magistrate offices in various parts of the city will improve the morale of both the public and the judge. The visibility of the judicial process will be increased and therefore there will be a more hospitable atmosphere for the consideration of legal questions.

At present, however, many Americans want favoritism instead of justice. And official favoritism, like the dew and the rain, is part of man's heritage from earliest times.

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THE FARMERS GET TOUGH

By Carey McWilliams

Imperial Valley, California

THAT blissful liberal dream—a farm-labor alliance—has been violently dispelled by a recent outbreak of rural civil war in California. The alignment of forces in this conflict has left slight ground for the belief that the farmer is a potential ally, or even a friend, of labor. The most striking illustration of farmer-Fascism in California has been the revolt in Imperial Valley. For the Imperial Valley farmers have not protested: they have "revolted," in the Fascist sense. Community avowals and testimonials to the contrary, this great section of California has virtually seceded from the union.

To understand what has happpened in Imperial Valley, one must be able to visualize the region: an enormous inner-valley sink, reclaimed from desert and converted into a huge truck garden. A considerable portion of the valley is below sea level. Its southern boundary extends along the Mexican border. On July 11 of this year the mercury touched 122°—a fair average for the summer months in the valley. The current water shortage is so acute that it is planned to ship 200,000 gallons of water daily into the region for domestic demands alone. Naturally enough, the early settlers (and most of them are still alive) who conquered this forbidding land have, over a period of years, feverishly exalted their rights and privileges. It is even quite easy to sympathize with their vehement localism. "We suffered the torments of hell," they say, "to make this region productive. Why, now, should we let a lot of outsiders dictate to us? We'll do what we damn please in the valley." And they have.

This strenuous country has no settled way of life. Social antagonisms stand forth, in sculptural simplicity, against a barren, harshly illuminated, background. Life is a hard business in the valley. Difficulties that might be appeased by the celebrated amenities of rural life elsewhere, break out as the clamor of class-warfare—ugly and tense—in Imperial Valley. Wealth has been wrung from the land at the price of unending, bitter conflict. Violence is what one somehow expects from the place.

Most of the valley's valuable crops, such as cantaloupes (over 35,000 acres), lettuce, peas (the current crop was valued at $300,000), are perishable. They must be harvested swiftly and marketed without interruption. Somewhat similar conditions throughout California have resulted in the creation of a floating army of "fruit tramps," inelegantly and indignantly described by the Los Angeles *Times* as "itinerant, ignorant, and irresponsible." Most of these workers have been, and are, recruited from Mexico. For years now the farmers of Imperial Valley have easily and profitably capitalized the seasonal character of their labor demands. When they needed pickers, the Mexicans were summoned across the line. After they had been used, they retreated into Mexico. In no small measure (and this is a circumstance usually overlooked by the impassioned farmers of the valley) Mexican labor—cheap, ever-available, plentiful—has made agriculture in the region both possible and profitable. Recently labor organizers have moved in on California agriculture, taking advantage of the perishable nature of its crops and the existence of an uprooted army of workers, and have sought to organize the fruit, vegetable, cotton, and cannery workers.

In the fall of 1933, the San Joaquin Valley experienced a serious and violent strike during the cotton-picking season. This was followed by the recent efforts of

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the Cannery and Agricultural Workers Industrial Union, a militant organization with Communist leadership, to organize an effective strike in Imperial Valley during the harvest of the pea crop. The strike was violently suppressed; in fact, a state of civil war existed for about six months, nor has the terror entirely abated. The campaign of suppression launched by the farmers indicated careful planning. Its immediate objectives were twofold: an effective suppression of all constitutional rights; and, second, the organization of a smoothly functioning vigilante (*i.e.*, Fascist) unit. If any one thinks that the farmers have not read the signs of the times with care, let him visit Imperial Valley.

The reign of terror began in January. Acting upon the advice of Capt. "Bill" Hynes of the Los Angeles Police Red Squad—"Clean 'em out first and then arbitrate"—the farmers opened the campaign by arresting eighty-six workers and jailing them for no offence other than attempting to organize a union. Field meetings of workers throughout the valley were routed with the aid of clubs, guns, and tear gas bombs. On February 19 the strike was crushed when an armed force, composed of the sheriff, local police, State police, and vigilantes, "under instructions of the County Health Officer," cleaned-out a desert camp of strikers. The shacks of the strikers were burned and over 2,000 men, women, and children were forcibly evicted. An attorney for the International Labor Defence was arrested, and told to get out of the valley when released and to quit defending arrested strikers. An attorney from Arizona was promptly arrested, on entering the valley, charged with vagrancy and held for thirty-five days in jail. On January 23 A. L. Wirin, an attorney, was kidnapped from a hotel in Brawley, California, beaten, and "escorted" to San Diego; his car was dumped over a bluff and ruined. Although Mr. Wirin was scheduled to speak at a meeting which had theoretically been sanctioned by an injunction issued by Judge Kerrigan in the United States District Court, Federal officials did nothing to investigate the kidnapping or the indirect violation of the injunction.

On February 18 a delegation of Southern California liberals was trailed through the valley by an armed caravan. On February 21 Miss Emma Cutler of the I. L. D. was convicted of vagrancy and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, although she had been in the valley only for a few hours prior to her arrest. Vigilantes tried to force a belligerent visiting minister to kneel on the desert sands and repent for his liberalism. The Rev. Beverley Oaten, a demure Y. M. C. A. secretary, was searched at the point of twenty-seven guns in front of his hotel. Police protection was refused every unidentified visitor to the valley. On March 15 Dorothy Rae and Stanley Hancock, union organizers, were sentenced to jail for six months, under a fancy ordinance making it unlawful for two people to stop and talk on a street when, in the opinion of the chief of police, they have no business to be talking. Bond in each case was set at $3,100; defense witnesses were arrested, intimidated, and then released.

An investigator for the American Civil Liberties Union, fleeing from a mob of several hundred people, had to seek refuge in the county jail. On March 28 Attorney Grover Johnson, after he had obtained the release of two strikers on writs of habeas corpus, was beaten by "vigilantes" in front of the county court house. The intimidation campaign worked without a hitch at the outset. But the farmers, having a hilarious time brandishing pistols at women and

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throwing tear gas bombs at children, forgot the Federal government.

The National Labor Board sent a commission, consisting of Professor J. L. Leonard, Simon J. Lubin, and Will J. French, into Imperial Valley. The Leonard Commission made some interesting findings. It found that constitutional rights were openly disregarded by law enforcement agencies within the valley; that workers had been indiscriminately arrested; that the right of free speech and free assemblage had been wholly suppressed; that excessive bail was demanded of arrested strikers; that the State vagrancy law had been prostituted; that firearms had been dangerously and unnecessarily displayed by valley officials; and that a Federal court injunction had been flouted in the local press. One of the commissioners in a subsequent speech observed: "They [the farmers] are paying less than a starvation wage. I have a tabulation of the pay checks of 204 pea pickers showing an average daily wage of 56¢. The earnings were somewhat larger at the peak of the harvest; but never were sufficient to satisfy even the most primitive needs." A reporter for the Illustrated *Daily News,* of Los Angeles, found that families of ten were making but $2.00 a day.

The Leonard Commission Report provoked a great uproar. The farmers promptly appointed a commission of their own to make a counter-report. And then, to the detriment of their blood-pressure, came word from Washington that Brigadier-General Pelham D. Glassford had been appointed Conciliator of Labor and Agricultural Disputes in Imperial Valley. After this announcement was made, the Secretary of Labor was deluged with wires of protest, demanding that the appointment be canceled. Said the Los Angeles *Times:* "There is nothing to conciliate, and if there were, General Glassford would not be the man for the position; he has had no experience in that sort of work, nor is his record one to qualify him for it." It is interesting to note that the publisher of the *Times* is, indirectly, one of the largest land-owners in Imperial Valley. The late Governor Rolph, now a saint in the hierarchy of California heroes, obligingly protested the appointment.

When Glassford first entered the valley, he gave every indication of having succumbed to its high-pressure propaganda. But, judging by his statements to the press, the longer he stayed, the madder he got. Shortly before his departure, he even intimated that a threat had been made upon his life. In a report released on June 26 he scored working conditions and wage levels in the valley. But, going beyond the genteel limitations of the generality of such reports, he spoke a few unpleasant truths. "After more than two months of observation and investigation in Imperial Valley, it is my conviction that a group of growers have exploited a Communist hysteria for the advancement of their own interests; that they have welcomed labor agitation which they could brand as 'red,' as a means of sustaining the supremacy of mob rule, thereby preserving what is so essential to their profits—cheap labor; that they have succeeded in drawing into their conspiracy certain county officials, who have become the principal tools of their machine." The report continues: "Spread upon the pages of recent Imperial Valley history are certain lawless and illegal events which have been suppressed or distorted in local news accounts, and which have not been investigated by officials who are charged by law with that responsibility. Reputable clergymen, lawyers, business men, and other citizens of Imperial Valley have informed me of their

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personal knowledge and observations, insisting upon a promise of confidence, so great was their fear of retaliation, boycott or actual violence."

The strike in the San Joaquin Valley taught the Imperial Valley farmers a timely lesson. From this experience they reasoned somewhat as follows: because our crops are perishable, we must market rapidly; no strikes can be tolerated. The established law enforcement agencies, no matter how subservient, cannot function efficiently in their constitutional harness, although they may go so far as to flout the first principles of constitutional government. Therefore, it is necessary to set up an organization outside the constitutional framework to do the real business at hand. We, the farmers, never did get our money's worth out of the constituted authorities; occasionally they tried us for murder, as they did in the San Joaquin Valley, and, while our men were acquitted, the experience was a warning. Vigilantes, on the other hand, never place their sponsors on trial. Hence, using the regular officials as a blind, we can function efficiently through our vigilante organization. For this reason the liberals were playing into the hands of the growers by securing a Federal court injunction; they were, in effect, giving the sheriff an alibi.

Before the pea pickers had been on strike a week, the Imperial Valley Anti-Communist Association had been formed. The growers were assessed to sustain its activities. Its membership, in so far as the "good people" of the valley are concerned, is all-inclusive. So sharply are class lines drawn in the valley that the Anti-Communist Association takes on the superficial appearance of being the community, and the threat of the workers a blow at society itself. For the workers have never been regarded as a part of the community. With this organization functioning, the sheriff could go on a holiday.

It is interesting to see who it was that the growers got to form the storm troops of the new unit. The Calexico *Chronicle* of January 12, 1934, reported the "mobilization of the American Legion reserve—to keep down the rising tide of strike sentiment." The Brawley *News* of January 11 commended the American Legion for its readiness "to go to the bat." Said Chapin Hall in the Los Angeles *Times* of January 15: "It's a secret, but the vigilantes are really Legionnaires, and do they have fun!" And the American Legion *Weekly Bulletin*, published in Los Angeles, in its issue of February 3, indiscreetly carried "The Inside Story of the Imperial Valley Lettuce Strike." The article reported a speech made by a past commander of the El Centro Post, who was quoted as saying: "The veterans of the valley, finding that the police agencies were unable to cope with the situation, took matters into their own hands and solved the situation in their own way. Now the valley is free from all un-American influences."

How "American" were the forces used to accomplish this pious end? One of the first tricks of the growers, after the strike had been suppressed, was to induce Mexican Consul Joaquin Terrazas to form the Mexican Workers Association, the equivalent of a company union, "legitimate and without Communistic tendencies." As originally organized, membership was limited to Mexican citizens. Realizing that this was going pretty far, even as a strike-breaking gag, the rules were later relaxed to include members who were Mexican by birth, American by naturalization. The growers now announce that they will give preference in employment to members of this organization; and valley workers are complaining bitterly that they are being

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forced to join it. As to the Americanism of the Anti-Communist Association, a quotation from a speech made by Charles E. Nice, its commander, is illuminating: "Our organization does not intend to go out and string up anybody, but it wouldn't affect my eye-sight if they did."

Similar organizations have been formed throughout California. The Fillmore *Herald* of February 23 announced that the sheriff of Ventura County had formed a county-wide vigilante group "for the purpose of handling emergencies as they arise." The Western Growers Protective Association, and the Imperial Valley Shippers and Growers Protective Association, have announced their intention of "coördinating" activities with those of the Anti-Communist Association. All this agitation has crystallized in the formation of the Associated Farmers of California. The purposes of this State-wide organization are, first, to fight Communism (*i.e.*, any form of labor agitation) in and out of season; and, second, to create strong-arm methods for crop protection. The propaganda released by this organization is infantile: a Communist, so-called, has been induced to confess the plans and schemes of the party in California. This ruse has been used for over a decade.

Then, also, the American Institutions, Inc., an affiliated organization of Associated Farmers, has been formed. Its secretary, Guernsey Frazer, has been active in American Legion affairs and State politics for years. American Institutions, Inc., proposes to "legislate" against Communism: immediate deportation of radical aliens, dismissal of all "Communistically inclined school teachers," and similar measures are advocated. Incidentally, the Teachers Tenure Act of California has been amended so as to make "the commission or aiding or advocating the commission of acts of criminal syndicalism" a ground for the dismissal of a teacher with permanent rating. "Acts of criminal syndicalism," of course, is broad enough to include nearly any expression of undesirable opinion. The Associated Farmers have announced that they intend "to furnish what assistance the farmers may require," and they make no attempt to conceal the fact that this necessarily includes the mobilization of specially deputized armed forces to move and protect crops.

And, finally, it is amusing to detect the whiskers of the farmers protruding from behind the war-paint and head-dresses of California Indians. The Improved Order of Redmen issues militant anti-Communistic manifestoes, and the Old Glory Braves, a patriotic order formed "in the Santa Barbara Mountains to fight Communism," is a Farmer-Fascist group.

To those who have watched the swift movement of recent events in California, it is apparent that the modern farmer is no friend of the laboring man. On the contrary, he is the best-organized enemy that the working man has to fight. Even by taking advantage of crop conditions, it has been extremely difficult to organize an effective strike of farm workers in California. But what is still more significant is this: the old-fashioned farmer has been supplanted by a type to which the term can no longer be applied with accuracy. The new farmer is a grower. He is only semi-rural. Often he regards his farm as a business and has it incorporated. He belongs to a number of wealthy produce exchanges; he is a director of several "protective associations." Moreover, he has a hand in State politics. He employs a bookkeeper, and, in sober truth, he looks rather like a banker. He dabbles in publicity and has learned the trick of mob-baiting. He will never be an ally of labor.

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The Coming American Revolution

THE COMING AMERICAN REVOLUTION, by George Soule. $2.50. 5½ x 8⅛; 314 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

Mr. Soule begins with a study of the nature of revolution, in which he considers the basic patterns of the Puritan, American, French, and Bolshevik revolutions. Then he examines the framework of capitalistic economy, with special reference to the rate of productivity and the division of social classes. Immediately thereafter he plunges into an analysis of the economic collapse of the thirties, in which he has much to say about the pathetic flounderings of Mr. Hoover and the equally hopeless gropings of President Roosevelt. Finally, he leaps into the arena of prophecy, and attempts to answer the question as to what the United States may look forward to in the immediate and remote future.

The book has many merits. It betrays a wide reading and more than a modest understanding of revolutionary history, it contains one of the best analyses of capitalistic production ever put on paper in so brief a space, and its dissection of the colossal fraud and failure of the New Deal is so complete and so calmly presented as to shake the most devout believer in the Roosevelt hokum. The writing, unfortunately, is not so lively as it might be. Mr. Soule also is apparently not very familiar with the field of international finance and trade, and his prophecy, I incline to think, is more timid than the facts warrant.

The technical development of industry during the past few decades has been stupendous. A committee of investigators sponsored by President Butler of Columbia University recently came to the conclusion that "without any new inventions, but simply by the universal application of the best-known existing methods, industry could increase the products made in every year by three-quarters. And this increase would be counted, not from the depression level of total output, but from the highest preceding one." In other words, and in more general terms, "fewer men, working fewer hours, could every year turn out more goods for every inhabitant." Theoretically, we have the wherewithal to produce "enough to give everyone comparative abundance." What prevents this happy outcome is the capitalistic organization of society.

A society so highly advanced technologically as the present one "requires mobility of labor and capital from declining industries to growing ones. It requires continual changes within the structure of costs and prices." But there is no body to direct these highly important shifts. The private ownership of capital leads to "ever larger and larger concentrations of wealth and power on the part of a few." In 1929, as Gardiner C. Means and Adolph A. Berle, Jr., have shown, 200 business corporations, or less than 1% of the total number of corporations in the United States, had nearly half the corporate wealth of the country. The few corporations and individuals who have such a stranglehold on the economy of the land, because of their sole interest in private profit, do nothing to readjust labor and capital in accordance with the rapidly

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changing movements in industry as brought about by technical progress. Whatever they do is solely in their own interest, which seldom coincides with the public interest. In other words, they practise sabotage upon the politico-economic machinery. As Mr. Soule says:

> The net effect of the centralized capitalistic control is to intensify booms and depressions, to concentrate the gains of the system when we are on the upgrade, and, when we are on the downgrade, to throw the first and major losses upon the less protected and less powerful sections of the population—wage-earners and small salary earners through unemployment and wage-cuts, farmers through drastic price reductions consequent upon their lack of control over output. Eventually, however, this loss returns upon the owners of capital themselves, because profits or even interest payments cannot be maintained in a highly developed technical industry without selling large quantities of goods to the masses of the people.

Mr. Soule, were he more at home in the international scene, might have added that the periodical and catastrophic maladjustment inherent in the workings of capitalism has during the past twenty-five years been enhanced by the drying up of foreign markets for "surplus" goods. There are still foreign markets left, but they are getting fewer every year, and stealing them from competing nations through war is becoming too expensive a business, as the World War abundantly showed.

The capitalist economists are not unaware of the mess their system has brought the world to, but they seem to think that some form of planning or state regulation would straighten matters out. But here again they delude themselves. As Mr. Soule shrewdly says: "Planning is by nature antagonistic to the basic requirements of capitalism. Capitalism, as it ripens for its fall, is driven to try to plan, but it cannot plan successfully without shedding the traits which have made it what it is." In other words, planning in a capitalistic society is a contradiction in terms. Planning under capitalism is impossible by definition; it demands a collectivistic society.

It is this fundamental fact which vitiated all the desperate efforts of Mr. Hoover in the last two years of his presidency, and which has made a mockery of all of Mr. Roosevelt's grandiose schemes. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation was really an excellent idea, but not for capitalistic America. It helped the giants of the system stagger on for a while longer, but the basic misery and maladjustment remained. Lending Federal money to insolvent banks and railroads only helps prolong their bankruptcy. The stockholders get a few more dividend checks, but industry continues at a standstill. I am not presenting a theory; I am stating a fact that is familiar to every newspaper reader.

The failure of Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal was inevitable, for the very simple reason that planning, even of the rudimentary N.R.A. variety, is impossible in a capitalistic society. The more you plan in an economy based upon private profit, the greater does the basic maladjustment become. The chief result of the N.R.A. nonsense was a growth in the profits of the big corporations. The National City Bank recently made an analysis of the financial statements of 810 large industrial corporations in 37 industries. "Whereas these corporations showed an aggregate net deficit of $45,802,000 in 1932, they had an aggregate net profit of $440,643,000 in 1933. Of the 37 industries, 21 lost money in 1932, but only 9 did so in the succeeding year." This trend has continued into 1934. I have before me the figures for the month of July. Dividend checks mailed out during that month came to $132,909,000, whereas the high figure for

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the preceding year was $127,985,000. Twenty-seven companies declared extra dividends this July, as compared with 17 companies last July.

Let us now turn to the man in the street. He has not had such a good time of it. His lot has, in fact, been getting worse. Figures issued by the Federal Department of Commerce show that the dollar volume of grocery sales in June, 1934, was 19.5% lower than in June, 1932, 23.5% lower than in June, 1930, and 26.5% lower than in June, 1929. The steady drop in the dollar volume of sales was even more significant than these figures indicate, for there has been a steady increase in prices. While the corporations have been adding to their profits, the average free American citizens have been forced to eat less and less. Many of them have been able to eat the little they did eat only by the grace of relief money, which is to say, the dole. Over and above everything there is the fact, admitted by everybody, that we still have more than 10,000,000 unemployed.

What does it all mean, in so far as the immediate and remote future of the United States is concerned? Capitalism is bankrupt, but it is not yet dead. It will try inflation, more rigid state regulation, and God knows what else, and it will live on for another two or three decades, or perhaps even longer, but it is doomed. As Mr. Soule says: "Capitalism is fighting a rear-guard action; the more it succeeds in saving itself, the further it must retreat. Every time it advances, it invites a rout. The territory in which it now finds itself is fundamentally hostile. By one route or another it must eventually retire and leave the field to collectivism." This, it seems to me, is the only conclusion a close and honest examination of the facts can possibly lead to.

But how and when will collectivism come about in this country? Mr. Soule is somewhat vague on both questions. He seems to think that capitalism will last another two generations, and that it will finally be overthrown with little bloodshed. I am not so sure. Ten years ago I would have said that capitalism will be with us for at least 100 years more, but since then things have happened. The capitalists are an extremely resourceful lot, but the disease which has overtaken their system is apparently far more serious than they originally suspected. It is an open secret to all who follow such things that many of the biggest houses in Wall Street are in grave financial difficulties, and that if it had not been for our abandonment of the gold standard several of them would have gone to the rocks a few months ago. Some of them are still extremely shaky. They will all probably survive in the end, but they will come out of it badly damaged financially and morally, which, as Mr. Soule points out, will be true of the capitalist system as a whole.

Then there is the question of strikes. There are at least 2000 of them going on all over the country at this writing. The biggest of them have been crushed, though there still remains the approaching steel strike, which all competent observers think will be upon us before very long. In all probability the steel strike will also be crushed. But such victories have little comfort in them for the capitalists, and the more intelligent among them know it. A starving country with 2000 strikes crushed had better look out for itself. Particularly since the crushing was done mainly by soldiers.

American capitalists are so dumb a lot that they always use the worst possible means of winning their ends. They almost never give in, and they almost never are willing to submit to genuine arbitration with the unions. They immediately call for

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troops. The troops, of course, do their dirty work soon enough, but they instil a new object of hatred into the breasts of the defeated workers. Hereafter the workers will know that they have to fight, not only their employers, but also the government, which supplied the troops. Once this feeling spreads over the country in a time of depression, serious business is ahead.

That feeling is being nourished from another source, from the intellectual front. One of the most significant facts of contemporary America is the spread of radicalism among writers, as Mr. Soule points out. Many of them don't know the first thing about economics or politics, but the seed of revolt is in them all. They carry on childish battles among themselves, but on one thing they all agree, namely, that capitalism must go. This conviction has already taken root in many of the writers for the so-called better magazines. As soon as it hits the writers for the pulps and the popular smooth-paper magazines, you will have a force more powerful than anything known on earth. Intellectuals have always been the makers of revolutions.

The American Revolution, to take one example, would probably never have come about, were it not for the pamphleteering of Thomas Mayhew, Samuel Adams, and Thomas Paine. "The Crisis," by Tom Paine, did more to bring about the historic event of 1776 than all the stupidities of George III. The common man can stand almost any degree of oppression, but once an idea gets hold of him—whether it be liberty, democracy, or collectivism—he will fight bitterly until he gets what he thinks is in accordance with that idea.

Because of the stupidity of the capitalists and because of the spreading radicalism among the intellectuals, which latter will soon or late filter down to the masses, we shall have many serious problems to settle before long. All intelligent people must hope that the settlement will be a peaceful one. The logic of events, most unfortunately, seems to point to a different path. Social questions nowadays resolve themselves into military questions. It has been so for the past 500 years, and I greatly fear that it will be so for some time to come. The capitalists, as Mr. Soule says, have forever proven their incompetence to govern a complex industrial civilization. If they submit peacefully to the inevitable, they will save the American people a lot of bloodshed and thus win the eternal respect of the whole world.

CHARLES ANGOFF

Child Prodigy

TENDER IS THE NIGHT, by Scott Fitzgerald. $2.50. 5¼ x 7⅞; 408 pp. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

SOME years ago the English literary world was astonished by the appearance of a novel called "The Young Visiters," the work of Daisy Ashford, a nine-year-old Victorian prodigy. "The Young Visiters" —which recounted the adventures of a certain Mr. Salteena and his girl-friend, who were paying a visit in the home of a young man "inclined to be rich"—was a truly remarkable book. It had all the brazen audaciousness of a bright child's comment on adult matters. It was wicked, with that special wickedness which is developed by precocious little girls who have done some eavesdropping on their elders, and know how cute it is to blurt out what they have seen. And it had, in addition, a superb materialism—the materialism of the well-bred Victorian child, who is preoccupied with good manners, with what people own, what they eat and what they wear.

F. Scott Fitzgerald is another precocious child. In the *American Magazine* for September, 1922, when he was twenty-five

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years old, and had already earned a reputation for being America's most verbalized adolescent, he registered his intention of never growing up. Only youth was interesting, he said. Growing-up was a bore. And the quality of his latest novel reveals that Fitzgerald has become a perennial child prodigy. "Tender Is the Night," which details the antics of an American colony in Europe, the wild parties, the motor rides, the yachting trips, the progress from seashore to spa and from spa to seashore, should have been sub-titled "The Young American Visiters to the Riviera." It has the ring and accent of Daisy Ashford. Except that for the nursery mischievousness of Daisy, we have cruelty—incidents of a sophisticated brutality that arise, nevertheless, from the same immature desire to shock. For the innocent romanticism of nine-years-old, self-conscious sentimentality. And the naïve snobbery of the well-bred Victorian child has progressed to a grand American scale—a delight in large-scale spending, in lavish décors, in Hollywood splendors.

The method of character-creation in the novel is also that of the child-writer. How does the child-writer go about it? By the simple device of allocating character to a class or occupation. Thus a villainous person would be A Highwayman, a hero would be A Life-saver, a brave man would be A Soldier, a pure one, A Minister. An artificial form of documentation, which nevertheless achieves a certain verisimilitude. And thus have the four principal characters in Mr. Fitzgerald's novel been created. There is Rosemary Hoyt, young and of a dewy innocence, virginal yet full of allure, the object of all men's desire—a composite of qualities that is expressed stenographically by calling her A Young Motion-Picture Actress. (She has achieved world-wide fame, and, incidentally, a world-wide sale of her innocence in a picture called "Daddy's Girl.") Rosemary experiences her first sensations of love for, and eventually sleeps with, Richard Diver, a man who sees into the souls of other people, a sort of benevolent Svengali, and therefore A Psychoanalyst. (Dick is making an epochal contribution to the world's psychiatric thought: an ultimate classification of the psychoses and the neuroses, though one just doesn't see where he gets the time for it. Apparently he does it between parties. But then, Dick is a genius.)

Dick is married to Nicole Warren, a complex and enigmatic personality, in fact, A Schizophrenic. (She has been raped by her father, a Mid-West industrialist.) Nicole eventually falls out of love with Dick, and turns to Tommy Barban, a brave man, and therefore A Soldier. (He suffers from recurring compulsions to kill, and goes around Europe looking for wars to join.)

Having thus paid his respects to the adult world, having labelled his characters by occupational and psychological tags, Mr. Fitzgerald is free to discard the whole apparatus, and to use the characters simply as vehicles for his own adolescent sentimentalities. In this the characters collaborate beautifully. They are people who have no relation to any social reality. They are footloose emotionally, expropriated of their own traditions, recognizing only one necessity—to spend as much money as possible. Without the ballast of national or occupational loyalties, they are completely at a loss for what to feel; and Mr. Fitzgerald solves their confusion for them by causing them to over-react to every situation, by making them vulnerable to every sentimentality.

At the sight of a group of gold-star mothers in a café, Rosemary bursts into tears, and Dick, pausing in his drinking,

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"momentarily sat on his father's knee, while the old loyalties and devotions fought around him." A column of war-veterans filing under his window causes Dick's lungs "to burst for a moment with regret for his own youth of ten years ago." Going to America for his father's funeral, "for an hour the magnificent façade of the homeland, the harbor of New York, seemed all sad and glorious to Dick." (The time element is important, for whatever these people feel it is only for the moment or the hour. They must play all poses, they are emotional tourists, and they cannot therefore spend much time with any one state of mind.) Saying good-bye to a friend departing for America, they revel in a sense of doom. A chance shot heard in the railway station oppresses them, and "enters into their lives" with its echoes of violence. They live vicariously, over-react like children, make a cult of unhappiness with astonishing ingenuity, raise unreal problems about their lives, for which they have only two, equally unreal, solutions: to get drunk and effect a change of bed partners.

After some four hundred pages of their antics we are asked to believe that Dick's life is a drama of frustration, and that Rosemary's loss of innocence is somehow tragic. Yet Mr. Fitzgerald has not given us the premises on which to base these conclusions. These people cannot experience defeat, because they have never striven for anything; and they cannot suffer disillusionment, because they have never really believed in anything. The psychological drama is wholly adventitious, a last sentimental indulgence on the part of the author.

Yet trivial as the novel is in content, it reveals certain interesting aspects of the American child-mind. The novel is an exposition of the American attitude toward money, and this attitude is most clearly revealed in the tragedy of Richard Diver (a tragedy that Mr. Fitzgerald posits by implication, but which is not worked out in terms of character). We are given to understand that Richard Diver's career was ruined simply because he married a woman with money. Though Nicole's wealth guaranteed Richard a life-time of leisure in which to pursue his researches, and fabulous means for practice—he built a gorgeous clinic in Switzerland, and had the neurotics of two continents tramping to his door—his sensitive soul seems to have suffered from the mere proximity to wealth, and his career, the moment it had the means to further itself, went into a decline. Since this is a situation that violates reason and common sense, the logic of it must be sought on the neurotic plane.

Apparently Richard suffered from a money complex, from both a love of money and a sense of guilt in the possession of it. On the one hand he revealed a snobbish loyalty to wealth, on the other hand a misgiving that money and personal integrity, money and "the finer things of life" are incompatible. It is a uniquely American psychology and one that arises from the conditions under which wealth has been acquired in this country. But it is only in this indirect commentary that the novel has meaning. If Mr. Fitzgerald's work represents, as the critics would have it, a "revolt from the village," it is a revolt only in the sense that it expresses, in a glorified version, the day-dream of every village adolescent.

GERTRUDE DIAMANT

White Indians

WHITE INDIANS OF DARIEN, by Richard Oglesby Marsh. $3. 5¾ x 8¾; 276 pp. New York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

THE little strip of land which stretches beyond the Panama Canal to the Republic of Colombia seems far too narrow to accommodate two separate mountain ranges, un-

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explored jungles and marshes, with at least three different races of men maintaining established settlements in a state of continuous hostility. When to these ingredients is added an exploring expedition, all complete with gifts, guns and gasoline, bent on tracking to its source the fabled race of untinted natives, it is apparent that "White Indians of Darien" has all the materials for a lively narrative.

For several lively narratives, in fact. Mr. Marsh sketches his three different descents —commercial, scientific and martial—upon little known Darien. Between the second and third expeditions came the interlude which the author describes as "the battle of the scientists."

This controversy of a few years ago—Mr. Marsh is chary of dates—is thus brought to mind. Scientific journal and Sunday supplement were alike exercised as to whether these blonde young natives of Panama were albinos, "Mendelian recessives," or just plain white folk. Anthropologists measured them and linguists investigated their native tongue. With their return to the isthmus the discussion languished, and "white Indians" again, for the average person, fell back into the realms of myth.

It was on a hunt for rubber plantation possibilities that the author first caught a glimpse of these peculiar people. At Yavisa, at the mouth of Darien's unexplored interior valley, he had sight of three little girls, golden-haired, hazel-eyed. That they were Indians was evident.

Marsh's second expedition came with scientific purpose. After some weeks in a base camp near Yavisa, with visits of friendship to neighboring tribes, the "big push" up the Chacunaque was undertaken. Beyond a certain point, the natives warned, no one would be permitted by the hostile tribes.

The river and jungle proved more serious obstacles. The chief of the terrifying "Cunos Bravos" greeted them, "How are you, boys? Glad to see you." Twenty years a seafaring man, he had learned his English in New York City.

Still no white Indians. Instead, there were disaffections and desertions, and finally the serious illness of Dr. John L. Baer of the Smithsonian. Across the second mountain range to the Atlantic Coast the sick man was taken. Wireless and airplane came too late, and the unfortunate scientist found a tropical grave. The book is dedicated to him.

Here at last, the expedition all but disbanded. Marsh found what he had sought. These Tule Indians, long in semi-rebellion against Panama, were persuaded that a mission to Washington might gain them intercession. Above all, Indians with white skins would call for the sympathies of the white people of the North.

This was the Open Sesame. The white Indian had been tabu, banished to the interior, forbidden to mix with his brown relatives. Now the despised ones were welcomed. Speedily they came down in numbers to see the man who had brought about the change. A group of them went with Marsh to the States to become a nine days' wonder.

More unusual still was the third expedition. It was in effect a filibustering party. Advised by Marsh, the Indians drew up a declaration of independence and proclaimed themselves the Republic of Tule. They then descended in force upon various coast villages and drove out the surprised inhabitants.

Briefly, the rebellion was successful, but it would be so only until reinforcements could come from the government of Panama. Marsh and the Tule Indians were counting on intervention from the United

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States, under the terms of its treaty with Panama.

But Marsh was not to fill a president's chair, like Sam Houston, or meet his fate like Walker in Nicaragua. When the expected American warship came, it brought high officials of Panama as well as the American minister to that republic. Any intervention would be to maintain one republic on the Isthmus, not to create a second. The Indians were pacified with a treaty and Marsh was permitted to throw himself upon the protection of the American minister. The government of Panama pronounced him an outlaw by official decree, and presumably there will not be a fourth visit to any peak of Darien.

These last chapters really deserve a book in themselves. Mr. Marsh tells amazing things in a very matter-of-fact way. There is much to be read between the lines. The "San Blas war" is perhaps but an episode, but it has its qualities as epic, or satire, or what you will. FLORA WARREN SEYMOUR

John Dewey's Æsthetics

ART AS EXPERIENCE, by John Dewey. $4. 6½ x 9½; 355 pp. New York: *Minton, Balch & Company.*

JOHN DEWEY'S "Art as Experience" has the double interest of being at once the crown of his philosophy and the most important contribution to æsthetics that America has yet produced. Those hasty critics who have insistently regarded Dewey's instrumentalism as a typically American exaltation of the practical will be confounded by a volume that sets up æsthetic experience as that which gives meaning to the whole process of living, while those who have followed his thought more sympathetically will be delighted at the thoroughness with which he has developed what were the logical implications of his philosophy from the beginning.

That beginning, over thirty years ago, occurred when we were just emerging from the static conceptions of our Victorian period and the chief enemy to progress in every field of thought was the idealist's notion of a divine pattern somewhere in or behind the universe, a superior kind of non-temporal Reality which it was the duty of artist, philosopher, and moralist to copy so far as miserable mortals could. This idealistic position was assailed by many others besides John Dewey, but it was he who developed the new logical method to justify the pluralistic attitude of science, and thus better than any of his contemporaries succeeded in extirpating transcendentalism from philosophy. He took his stand on actual experience and showed that human reason, or inference, far from being devoted to a quest for absolute knowledge, is concerned with the solution of human problems on the human plane, and that it arises out of action and leads to further action.

This attempt to define the fallible but useful function of reason in a changing world was so revolutionary that it was promptly dubbed "irrationalism" by all the religious-minded folk accustomed to think of reason as a system of infallible inference from a set of infallible premises guaranteed by the Scriptures, by mystical intuition, or by the simple fact that they had never been critically examined. As a consequence, Dewey was for years kept so busy defending and solidifying the logical basis of his thought that he had little time to develop the implications of that larger experience of which both reason and action are only functional aspects. Yet it should have been obvious from his hostility to over-specialization and all the compartmentalizing influences of modern life that his ideal was that of a unified and enriched experience to which both knowledge

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and action are instrumental. Since art is concerned directly with this unification and enrichment, whereas science is a roundabout, though often necessary, route toward the same goal, the working out of Dewey's thought led inevitably to the startling proclamation in "Experience and Nature" some years ago that art is "the complete culmination of nature" while science is merely the "handmaiden" of nature and of art. His latest book is an expansion and demonstration of those statements.

According to Dewey, æsthetic experience, instead of being something ethereal or mystical or an exclusive possession of artistic temperaments, is rooted in the normal life of everyone. Obviously, however, not all experience is æsthetic. When the biological response to stimulus is direct and unimpeded it takes the form of physical action, which is, of course, recorded in the nervous system and so is an "experience" of a sort, but is hardly conscious, while the same action later repeated in almost identical circumstances breeds that mechanical habit of response which is especially developed by the conditions of modern industry and is at the very opposite pole from art. But where the later circumstances, though similar, cannot be met by the same type of response, the organism is, as we say, thrown back upon itself, the earlier experience is recalled and modified, and consciousness is born through imagination, which is precisely the revival and transformation of a past experience to meet a present situation. The essence of consciousness is imagination, not logic, and art, the supreme expression of heightened consciousness and imagination, is present in germ wherever consciousness is present.

Between this germ of art and art itself, however, there is the same difference as that between the acorn and the oak tree. Laborious adaptations and weary rebuffs, all serving to enlarge the reservoir of subconscious material from which the artist draws, gradually create a funded experience for understanding the outer nature of the world and the inner meaning of one's own life. It is the welding of these two which constitutes, for Dewey, æsthetic expression.

The mere discharge of personal emotion is not art, he insists, asserting with a wit which occasionally dots his writings, that "what is sometimes called an act of self-expression might better be called one of self-exposure."

Genuine artistic expression works through an objective medium and results in an objective creation. With this creation, expression becomes communication and takes on social value. The artist himself may, like James Joyce or Gertrude Stein, be quite indifferent to the communicative aspect of his work, but willy-nilly his work must have this aspect before it can be recognized, by any other than the author, as a work of art at all. In fact, Dewey argues, the true work of art is not the colored canvas, printed page, or contoured marble, but the re-creation through these in the beholder of something analogous to the original æsthetic experience of the artist. Art thus has the social function of sharpening the perceptions and educating the imagination. Its moral value Dewey finds to be exactly that enunciated by Shelley in his "Defence of Poetry": "The imagination is the great instrument of moral good, and poetry [under which Shelley included, of course, all art] administers to the effect by acting upon the cause."

Within his general scheme, Dewey considers in the course of the volume nearly all the moot æsthetic problems that philos-

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ophers have pondered with so little profit since the time of Aristotle. Most of these turn out from Dewey's standpoint of dynamic unity to be pseudo-problems, generated by mistaking mere distinctions of emphasis for absolute distinctions. Instances of this are the distinctions between form and substance, beauty and sublimity, poetry and prose, tragedy and comedy. Here as elsewhere, Dewey's teaching is a gospel of liberation from academicism and pedantry.

He finds the same fault of one-sided emphasis in all the various types of contemporary artistic criticism. Particularly interesting is his comment upon Humanism. "There are critics who confuse æsthetic values with philosophic values, especially with those laid down by philosophic moralists. T. S. Eliot, for example, says that 'the truest philosophy is the best material for the greatest poet,' and implies that what the poet does is to make philosophic content more viable by addition of sensuous and emotional qualities. Just what the 'truest philosophy' is, is a matter of some dispute. But critics of this school do not lack definite, not to say, dogmatic, convictions on this point. Without any particular special competency in philosophic thought, they are ready to pronounce *ex cathedra* judgments, because they are committed to some conception of the relation of man to the universe that flourished in some past epoch." *A fortiori,* what is here said of T. S. Eliot would also apply to such more violent reactionaries as Julien Benda, Paul Elmer More, and the late Irving Babbitt. In opposition to all of these, the function of the true critic, according to Dewey, is "the reëducation of the perception of works of art," the bringing to light, as did Goethe in his celebrated essay on Hamlet, of some new or neglected quality in the work itself.

For those who have followed Dewey's æsthetics sympathetically, his last chapter, "Art and Civilization," will perhaps be the most stimulating in the whole book. Originally, the arts were communal, expressing through magic, ritual, festival, and dance the life of the community. Today, they have become the possession of a special class which has allowed them to degenerate into "the beauty parlor of civilization."

We live in a broken and mentally impoverished society ruled by the industrial ideals of specialization, private profit, and external aggrandizement, all of them fatal to the intrinsically human values that are the life-blood of art. Deeper than any defence of "proletarian literature" or "propaganda art," for neither of which, one may gather, would Dewey have much enthusiasm, runs his fundamental indictment of the present economic system as destructive of the æsthetic experience itself, destructive, that is, of the only kind of experience that makes experience at all valuable. "The psychological conditions resulting from private control of the labor of other men for the sake of private gain . . . are the forces that suppress and limit æsthetic quality . . ."

Whoever is more interested in the fortunes of humanity than in his own personal career—whoever understands the relationship of art to life—whoever, even, appreciates the significance of the best moments of his own life—can hardly fail to respond to the immense appeal of "Experience as Art."

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES, *Ph.D. (Columbia), has been professor of English at the Universities of Arizona and Oregon. He is the author of "Study of Shelley's The Cenci," "The Friend of Jesus," and "This Land of Liberty."*

W. W. BAUER, M. D., *is director of the Bureau of Health and Public Instruction of the American Medical Association. He is the author of "Contagious Diseases: What They Are and How to Deal With Them."*

S. MILES BOUTON *was born in New York State, where he practised law for four years. He drifted into newspaper work and became foreign correspondent for several American papers. He was stationed in Berlin for more than twenty years.*

GERTRUDE DIAMANT *lives in New York.*

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN *is the leading authority in the United States on social insurance. His latest book is "Insecurity: a Challenge to America."*

M. W. FODOR *is living in Vienna. For the past fifteen years he has been foreign correspondent for the Manchester* Guardian.

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CAREY MCWILLIAMS *is the author of a standard biography of Ambrose Bierce. He is a Los Angeles lawyer.*

RUTH L. PORTERFIELD *is a graduate of Vassar College, and has done editorial work for seven years.*

THEODORE PRATT'S *first novel, "Spring From Downward," was issued last year in England.*

JULES ROMAINS *has published two volumes in his "Men of Good Will" series. "Surrender by Sympathy" is part of "The Proud and the Meek," third volume in the series.*

J. T. SALTER *is associate professor of political science at the University of Wisconsin.*

WILLIAM SAROYAN'S *first published book, "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze and Other Stories," will be out this month.*

FLORA WARREN SEYMOUR *served for many years on Indian reservations in Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona, and was a member of President Harding's Board of Indian Commissioners. She is the author of "The Story of the Red Man."*

GEORGE SIMPSON, Ph.D. (Columbia), *is the author of "Conflict and Community," which is soon to be published, and the editor and translator of "Emile Durkheim on the Division of Labor in Society."*

AGNES SMEDLEY *was for many years Chinese correspondent for a number of German newspapers. Her latest book is "China's Red Army Marches."*

ANNA LOUISE STRONG *has lived in Moscow for more than twelve years.*

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page xv

ten, in "The Real New York," of the city proper, and decided that her knowledge would not be complete until she walked around the island. The present book is the result of that walk, taken with her friend, Mrs. Theodore Steinway. Starting at the Battery, they continued East and North, stopping to talk to sailors and hucksters, Negroes and newsboys; marveling at the preservation of old buildings and deploring the loss of historical landmarks. There is an intimacy and enthusiasm to the writing, which saves it from the merely commonplace. There are many illustrations by the author. An index is appended.

ANTHOLOGIES

THE PLEASURES OF POETRY.
Edited by Edith Sitwell.
W. W. Norton & Company
5 x 7½; 3 vols.; 236 + 266 + 204 pp.
$2.00 each volume *New York*

A critical anthology of poems from "Milton and the Augustan Age," "The Romantic Revival," and "The Victorian Age." Each volume includes a long essay by Edith Sitwell. Though she has aimed to select poems that do not appear in most other anthologies, she is, on the whole, quite orthodox. When she slips into heresy, she often becomes guilty of injustice—as in the case of Robert Browning, who is represented in the third volume by one flimsy piece of skillful verse-making. The chief value of the anthology lies in the thorough expository and critical essays that precede each volume. Her own delicate perception of rhythms and harmonies enables her to show how a certain poem achieves the particular effect that the reader perceives but does not generally understand.

NEWS STORIES OF 1933.
Edited by Frank Luther Mott. *The Clio Press*
$2.25 5⅛ x 7¾; 336 pp. *Iowa City, Iowa*

Mr. Mott, who is professor of journalism at the University of Iowa, had the advice of twenty-eight colleagues at other colleges in the selection of these specimens of the journalist's art. In the main, they are far from exhilarating. All the worn-out *clichés* appear in them, and it is seldom that they show any freshness in point of view. Perhaps the best piece of work in the lot is Tarleton Collier's story of the execution of Guiseppe Zangara at Raiford, Fla., March 20, 1933, done for the International News Service. There is also some excellent work, in a different mood and on a smaller scale, in H. Allen Smith's account of a Nudist colony, done for the United Press, and again in Charles Dunkley's interview with a prize-fighter, done for the Associated Press. Altogether, the press association boys give a good account of themselves. There was a day when they were forced to write badly, but that day is no more.

SOCIOLOGY

OUR PRIMITIVE CONTEMPORARIES.
By George Peter Murdock. *The Macmillan Company*
$3.60 5½ x 8; 614 pp. *New York*

Dr. Murdock has written a travelogue of eighteen cultures, several of which, he is forced to admit, are neither primitive nor contemporary, strictly speaking. Selected from all parts of the world and ranging in complexity of development from Tasmanian to Aztec, these peoples are depicted with but one aim in view: to show how they actually lived, or are living. In stating that the present volume is "largely a product of library research," the author reveals not only his aptitude for such work, but also a striking talent for making such material alive and interesting to the general reader. Indeed he amply demonstrates the truth of his conviction that "primitive culture is intrinsically interesting, as the author knows from years of teaching experience with classes in anthropology and sociology. The facts of ethnography need no sugar coating." The style is scholarly and dignified, but never dull. Theory is relegated to the background, though excellent bibliographies at the end of each chapter invite one to further study along these lines. There is also a good index.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES. *Vol. XII: Par-Pun.*
Edited by Edwin R. A. Seligman & Alvin Johnson.
The Macmillan Company
$7.50 7½ x 10½; 716 pp. *New York*

Ten American learned societies have a hand in this useful work, which now approaches its final volume. Beside, there is a board of advisory editors, including seventeen Americans, four Englishmen, two Frenchmen, two Germans, two Italians, and a Swiss. It is competently edited, and beautifully turned out. The present volume includes articles on Paternalism, Penal Institutions, Pensions, Population, the Price System, the Priesthood, Probation and Parole, and Property, and among the contributors are Horace

Continued on page xx

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Continued from page xviii

M. Kallen, H. N. Brailsford, Edward Sapir, John Dewey, Joseph Jastrow, Allan Nevins, Roger N. Baldwin and Clark Wissler. There is apparent a pleasant tendency to avoid mere bigwigs, and most of the articles show diligent inquiry and are well written.

MISCELLANEOUS

BEALE STREET.

By George W. Lee. *Robert O. Ballou*
$2.50 5¾ x 8¼; 296 pp. *New York*

An engaging history of one of the most famous streets in America: Beale Street, in Memphis, Tennessee. Its population to a large extent epitomizes the life of the urban Negro in this country, and Mr. Lee—himself a Negro of cultivation—presents an interesting study of some of its most colorful personalities while tracing at the same time the slow but certain progress which his race is presently making in the South. Educational, political, and religious aspects of the Negro problem are carefully considered, and there are stirring accounts of racial injustice—including the story of how the Klan tried unsuccessfully to ruin the National Negro Insurance Association, with policies totaling upwards of $150,000,000. Although somewhat unevenly written, the book plainly has definite value as a sociological document.

JONAH'S GOURD VINE.

By Zora Neale Hurston.

The J. B. Lippincott Company
$2.00 5 x 7½; 312 pp. *Philadelphia*

An extraordinary Negro novel. The story follows the career of a typical Georgian black, John Pearson, who is driven from home by his father because there is white blood in his veins, and who subsequently goes across the creek to work on a large plantation. He falls in love and he marries, he becomes the pastor of Zion Hope Church, and he rises to the leadership of his community. But John has a weakness for pretty legs which ultimately proves his undoing. Miss Hurston has remained objective throughout, and her book presents the Southern Negro as he actually is—not as the white man has imagined him to be. The dialect is superb, and both John Pearson and his first wife, Lucy, are intensely real as the two chief characters in the story. The author, who is a Negro, is a graduate of Barnard College. She warrants careful watching. She is one of the very few newcomers in the field of fiction who shows an insight into character and a maturity of style that are truly remarkable.

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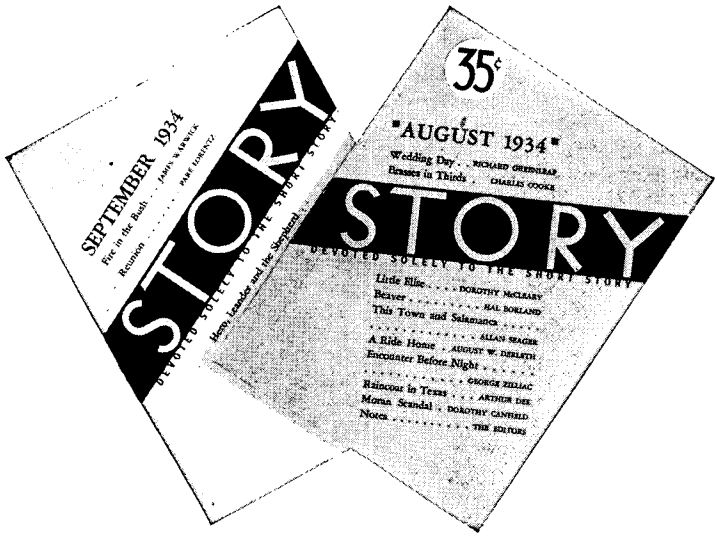

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By César Franck. *R.C.A.-Victor*
$8 *Camden, N. J.*
8 parts; 4 12-inch records

Franck has been dead for nearly fifty years, but his music is now more firmly established than ever. Its simplicity, purity, and honesty will appeal to more and more listeners as the years go on, for no other composer of recent times has come within throwing distance of him in these qualities. He is completely devoid of the abysmal vulgarity of Wagner and his imitators, and there is not a trace in him of the tonal monkeyshines of Richard Strauss. His D-minor symphony is a lasting delight, and so in his sonata in A-major for violin and piano. The first and third movements are models of deep and dignified quietude, and the fourth allegreto movement, one of Franck's liveliest and happiest inspirations, is full of a cloistered and almost otherworldly gaiety. There were no grand irresponsible thunderations in Franck, as in the three B's, but his holy bewilderment, when it burst into the open, as in the third movement of the present sonata, had a richness that will for long remain irresistible. Mr. Albert Spaulding's playing is of high competency, though the present reviewer has heard other violinists play it with more conviction. M. André Benoist assists ably at the piano.

QUARTET IN C-MINOR. *Op. 51, No. 1.*
By Johannes Brahms. *Columbia*
$6 *New York*
8 parts; 4 12-inch records

The legend that Brahms was, musically, little more than an austere mathematician is having a hard death, and the present superb quartet is still regarded in some quarters as virtuosity of composition rather than inspiration. The truth is the precise opposite. The second movement is a prayer overflowing with devout passion, and almost Bach-like in the response it evokes; and the third movement is a resigned meditation that has seldom been equalled in musical history. Its exultant ending is, true enough, technically austere, but emotionally it is as moving as the memory of a heroic deed. The quartet is played by the Léner String Quartet, which is to say, it is played magnificently. The playing of the first violin is especially to be commended.

Continued on page xxiv

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RECORDED MUSIC

Continued from page xxiii

TZIGANE. *Rapsodie de Concert.*
By Maurice Ravel. *R.C.A.-Victor*
$2 2 parts; 1 12-inch record *Camden, N. J.*

O SOLE MIO.
SENZA NISCIUNO.
R.C.A.-Victor
$1.50 2 parts; 1 10-inch record *Camden, N. J.*

These three pieces are old war horses of the concert stage, but the two songs, despite their immense popularity, still have considerable appeal. Beniamino Gigli sings them with fine artistry, and is assisted by members of the La Scala Orchestra, Milan, conducted by Dino Olivieri. The Ravel work is, of course, mere legerdemain. As for the manner in which it is played, it should be enough to say that Jascha Heifetz is the violinist.

DER ERLKÖNIG.
DAS LIED IM GRUNEN.
By Franz Schubert. *R.C.A.-Victor*
$2 2 parts; 1 12-inch record *Camden, N. J.*

These two songs are sung by Sigrid Onegin. In "Der Erlkönig" she is assisted at the piano by Franz Rupp, and in "Das Lied im Grunen" the piano accompaniment is by Clemens Schmalstich. Of Madame Onegin's art there is now hardly any difference of opinion. There are few contraltos in this country who can equal her in musicianship. The present recording does justice to her voice, in so far as a mere recording can.

SIX GERMAN DANCES. (K. 509).
By W. A. Mozart. *Columbia*
$1 *Bridgeport, Conn.*
2 parts; 1 10-inch record

Mozart wrote twenty-three sets of dances for orchestra, and this set of six appears in Köchel's catalogue as No. 509. They are all beautifully rowdy, and Hanz Knappertsbusch and his symphony orchestra do them full justice. It is a pity that this set of dances is so seldom played in the American symphony halls. They would make a fine opening number.

SONATINAS.
By Domenico Scarlatti. *R.C.A.-Victor*
TOCCATA & PEQUEÑA.
By J. Novarro. *R.C.A.-Victor*
$1 2 parts; 1 10-inch record *Camden, N. J.*

These piano pieces are all played by José Iturbi. The two sonatinas by Domenico Scarlatti, son of the more celebrated Alessandro, are in B-minor and in C-major. Mr. Iturbi plays them both very effectively. The two pieces from Novarro are Toccata in A-major and Pequeña (Danza Española). The first is only fair music, and the second is almost mere noise. Mr. Iturbi does about as well by them as is possible.

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Three New Slants on the New Deal in the October Scribner's

Who Started This Regimentation? *by John T. Flynn*

Flynn, the fighter, smashes a number of generally cherished beliefs about the course we are treading, and indicts Business as the basic source of our "regimentation" through its own long-continued efforts to control the flow of goods and services.

Revolution by Electricity *by Paul Hutchinson*

An analysis of the tremendous social and economic program now being initiated in the Tennessee Valley. Intensely interesting in its implications as indicating the thinking back of one phase of the New Deal.

Why Business Men Fear Washington *by W. M. Kiplinger*

Years of experience in Washington as an informal liaison officer between the agencies of government and business men large and small, gives a background from which the author can intelligently explain *why* (whether or not they *should be* is another matter) the average business man is frightened and confused.

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The Dark Tribunal *by Walter Gilkyson*

Also a number of other stories, articles, and reviews, including an anonymous article of singular beauty entitled *Under Sentence of Death;* an elucidation of the startling tenets of that Einstein of economists, Major Hugh Clifford Douglass; an authoritative critique of the leading theories of diet; and the ever-welcome comments on life and books of William Lyon Phelps.

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aak as i see it

On September 10 I published James P. Warburg's new book *It's Up To Us.* ($2.00).

Mr. Warburg's *The Money Muddle,* published last June, attracted immense and favorable attention because it succeeded in making what is generally considered a dry and difficult subject not only understandable but actually exciting. The book has sold six thousand copies—really a remarkable sale these days, without benefit of price cutting—and has recently been published in London by Routledge.

I am much more confident about *It's Up To Us* which deals with what Mr. Warburg considers the basic problem that confronts the American people today—"a choice between freedom and an attempt at security by Government planning."

Jim Warburg is not a reactionary. He "would regret a typical laissez-faire reaction from the present tendencies almost as much as their unmodified continuation." His quarrel with the New Deal is not "that it seeks to improve the pattern of our lives, but that it seeks to accomplish this end in blind disregard of the realities of human nature and without sufficient understanding of what the system is that is to be improved."

But he does not confine himself to criticism. After setting forth in plain language the inconsistencies and the dangerous hidden implications of the Administration's program—after he has answered the President's question—"What liberties have you lost?"—and pointed out the dangers of the course we are pursuing—*he does not hesitate to state a positive alternative.*

He states clearly and simply ten general principles, which he thinks should govern our future action. Having stated them he proceeds to apply them specifically to agriculture, industry, banking, taxation, government expenditure, and foreign trade. Finally, in a chapter from which the book derives its title, he issues a ringing call to action, and tells the reader in no uncertain terms "how to find out where you stand and how to make your stand mean something."

On his title page Mr. Warburg quotes the following: "If we could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do, and how to do it." Who wrote that? Consult *It's Up To Us* at your bookseller's.

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A little book that would be of great interest to all newspaper readers—if they ever heard of it, as they should through the booksellers—is *An Atlas of Current Affairs* by J. F. Horrabin ($1.50). It consists of a series of seventy-four clearly drawn, easily understood maps of key places and key problems in the world of today: maps which aim at emphasizing only essential facts, simplified by the omission of irrelevant detail. On the page opposite each map is a brief passage in which are given the most pertinent and revealing facts concerning each place and problem.

Among the subjects so dealt with are the position of Austria, the new puppet state of Manchukuo, the Saar Basin, Germany's eastern frontier, the Ukraine, Japan and Far Eastern Russia, conflicting interests in the Mediterranean, Soviet areas in China, the United States in the Caribbean, the Bolivia-Paraguay war, etc.

The usefulness and interest of such a volume—small enough to be handled with ease and inexpensive enough to be within the reach of every newspaper-reader—should be obvious. The author is already well known to many hundreds of thousands by the maps and plans which he drew for H. G. Wells's *Outline of History*.

Dr. Charles A. Beard writes of it: "Horrabin's *Atlas* is just the right little book to have at the elbow when reading the day's news from the four corners of the earth." Professor James T. Shotwell writes: "Two things in Mr. Horrabin's *Atlas of Current Affairs* strike me as calling for comment, the extreme simplification of the maps and the wide range of the subjects with which they deal. For the non-technical reader, interested only in the major facts of current history, the book will be of distinct value."

Arsenal For Skeptics by Richard W. Hinton is something yet again. Here for the first time anywhere, are brought together within the space of one volume the high points of the thinking that has been done in the last three hundred years about religion. Mr. Hinton includes sections dealing with such things as the Holy Inquisition, the witchcraft craze in Europe and America, the trade in fraudulent Christian relics, the forgeries of the Bible, and the sanction organized religion has always given to the institution of slavery. Regarding the latter point he shows that during the Civil War it was the Southern Methodist and Presbyterian churches that were the strongest opponents of Abolition. Among the other features of the book are a full list of the early Colonial blue laws and of the repressive laws extant in the United States prejudicial to non-believers. In addition Mr. Hinton supplies a full and thorough analysis of the Old and New Testaments, listing the chief contradictions, immoralities, obscenities, and barbarities, always giving the exact chapter and verse. He follows this up with a discussion of the Higher Criticism, after

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which come pointed quotations from Lecky, Andrew White, Gibbon, Paine, Nietzsche, Wheless, and many others dealing with the age-old warfare of science with religion. There is a full index.

Who by the way is Mr. Hinton? I have never met him but received his manuscript through a friend. (380 pages, $2.50.)

Last year Lewis Gannett of the *New York Herald Tribune,* with his wife and fourteen-year-old son, made a trip across the country in a V-8 Ford. Mr. Gannett has written an account of this trip in a thoroughly delightful little book published by Doubleday Doran under the title of *Sweet Land.* Not the least interesting chapter is the last entitled "If You Have Time To Read"—an annotated reading list of books dealing with different parts of the U.S.A., compiled with the particular assistance of some thirty of the better Western bookshops. For the curious I reprint the following:

"Los Angeles: I should put Morrow Mayo's lively *Los Angeles** at the top of my list. It did not appear on ————'s" (here Mr. Gannett names a leading Los Angeles bookseller).

Again: "I note with interest that none of the San Francisco bookstores suggest Herbert Asbury's *The Barbary Coast,* certainly one of the most readable if not the most complimentary book about their city."

Talk about biting the hand that feeds you! I estimate that of the fourteen thousand copies sold to date of Asbury's book, probably twenty-five per cent were sold in and around San Francisco.

If you want a light but civilized novel I recommend *Entirely Surrounded* by Charles Brackett. It will plunge you into one of those fashionable artistic groups whose members seem to have a better time than anyone else nowadays. It moves at roller coaster speed and in it one finds an unusual thing: brilliant and successful people so depicted that one believes implicitly in their brilliance and success. Alexander Woollcott says of it: "I have read with mixed emotions this delicately murderous account of life on a Devil's Island in New England and fear it may be only because I have rhinoceros blood in my veins that I was able to find it so richly and continuously entertaining. In its behalf, my hat, already off in a gesture of homage to the skill of the author, is hereby formally thrown into the air." ($2.00 at all bookshops.)

Alexander Woollcott

* An excellent book which I published in March, 1933, and which has sold to the tune of seven hundred copies to July 31, 1934. Los Angeles papers please copy.

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The book has been enthusiastically praised by Irving Bacheller, Walter Duranty, Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart, Frank Simonds, Norman Thomas, Channing Pollock, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, and Charles G. Dawes. Such recommendations should insure your enjoyment—but be your own judge. Order it at your bookstore, or fill out the convenient coupon below at no extra cost. If not delighted, return one or both of the books after 5 days' FREE EXAMINATION and your money will be promptly refunded.

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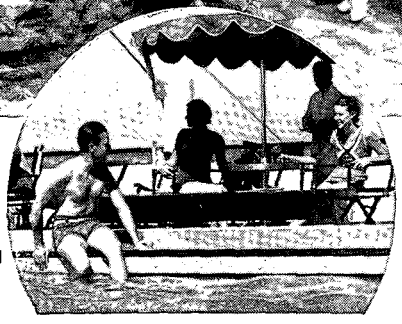

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